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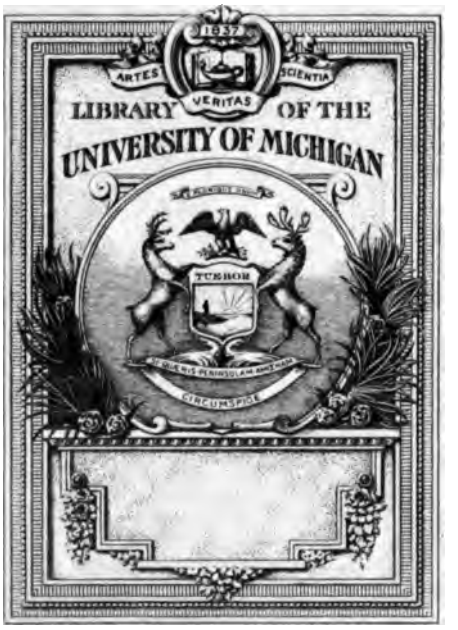
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THE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

THE WORKS

OF

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

WITH A

PREFATORY CHAPTER OF BIOGRAPHICAL CRITICISM

BY

LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
LONDON: 136 STRAND—36 PICCADILLY.
MANCHESTER: 49 CROSS STREET.
MDCCCLXXXIII.

THE HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

In a Series of Letters.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,
LONDON: 136 STRAND—36 PICCADILLY.
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THE HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, BART.

—o—

LETTER I.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

MISS GRANDISON desired me to return to the company. I did. She soon followed me; took her seat; and, with an air of mingled dignity and concern, delivered herself after this manner.

If it be not too late, after a perseverance in error so obstinate, to reinstate myself in my brother's good opinion, dearer to me than that of the whole world besides, my ingenuousness shall make atonement for that error.

Sir Ch. I would spare my sister the——

Miss Gr. I will not be spared, sir—Pray hear me—I would not, in order to extenuate my own faults (I hope I have not many), seek to throw blame upon the absent; much less upon the *everlastingly* absent: and yet my brother's piety must not be offended, if I am obliged to say something that may seem to cast a shade on a memory—Be not hurt, sir—I will be favourable to that memory, and just to my own fault. You, Harriet, would no more excuse me, than my brother, if I failed in either.

I bowed, and blushed. Sir Charles looked at me with a benign aspect.

My *father*, proceeded she, thought fit to be, or to *seem* to be, displeased with something that passed between him and

Lord L—— on the application made by my lord to him for my sister.

Sir Ch. He was not willing, perhaps, that a treaty of marriage should be begun but at his own first motion, however unexceptionable the man, or the proposal.

Miss Gr. Every one knows that my father had great abilities; and they were adorned with a vivacity and spirit, that, wherever pointed, there was no resisting. He took his two daughters to task upon this occasion; and being desirous to discourage in them, at that time, any thoughts of marriage, he exerted, besides his authority, on this occasion (which, I can truly say, had *due* weight with us both), that vein of humour and raillery for which he was noted; insomuch that his poor girls were confounded, and unable to hold up their heads. My sister, in particular, was made to be ashamed of a passion, that surely no young woman, the object so worthy, ought to be ashamed of. My father also thought fit (perhaps for wise reasons) to acquaint us, that he designed for us but small fortunes: and this depreciated me with myself. My sister had a stronger mind, and had better prospects. I could not but apprehend, from what my *sister* suffered, what must be *my* sufferings in turn; and I thought I could be induced to take any step, however rash, where virtue was not to be wounded, rather than undergo what she underwent from the raillery of a man so lively, and so humorous, and who stood in so venerable a degree of relation to me. While these impressions were strong in my mind, Captain Anderson, who was quartered near us, had an opportunity to fall into my company at an assembly. He is a sprightly man, and was well received by everybody; and particularly a favourite of three young ladies, who could hardly be civil to each other, on his account: and this, I own, when he made assiduous court to me, in preference to them, and to every other woman, gave him some consequence with me: and then, being the principal officer in that part of the country, he was caressed as if he were a general. A daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison was deemed a prize worthy of his ambition, by everybody, as well as by himself: while this poor daughter, dreading the difficulties that her sister had met with, and being led to think, by what her father declared to both sisters, that two or three

thousand pounds would be the height of her fortune, had only to apprehend, that a captain either of horse or foot, who had been perhaps for years a frequenter of public places, both in town and country, in hopes of raising his fortune, would think himself but poorly paid for his pains (were she even to obtain her father's pardon), should she engage without waiting for his consent; as she was urged to do, by letters, which he found ways unsuspectedly to send her.—I hope, sir; I hope, my lord; and you, my two sisters; that you will *now*, from what I have said, acquit me of insincerity, though you cannot of *past* indiscretion.

Nevertheless, my pride at times was piqued: sometimes I declared off; at other times was prevailed upon, by arts which men are masters of, to go on again; till I found myself entangled, and at a loss to know how to go either backward or forward. The gentleman was indeed of a genteel family: but the object of my sister's regard had so much to be said for *him;* stood so well with my brother; and even with my father; was so much the man of quality, in every respect; that a rash step in me, I could not but think, would be looked upon as the more disgraceful on that account; and that if I married Captain Anderson I must be rejected, scorned, for one while, if not for ever.

And what title, often thought I, when I permitted myself seriously to think, have I to give my father a *son*, my brother, my sister, my Lord L—— (should he and my sister marry), a *brother*, whom they would not have chosen, nor will probably own?—Have not they a better *right* to reject him for *their* relation, than I have to choose him for my husband? And shall Charlotte Grandison, the daughter of the most prudent of mothers, take a step that shall make her be looked upon as the disgrace of her family? Shall *she* be obliged to follow a soldier's fortune into different quarters, and perhaps distant regions?

Such as these were, at times, my reasonings; and perhaps they would have had the less force with me, had I, in giving myself a *husband*, had none of these relations living, on whom to obtrude a new one, to their dislike, by my marriage.

Hence I could not bear to reveal the matter to my sister, who, in *her* choice, had so much advantage over me. I

thought within these few weeks past, I could reyea it to my new-found sister; and it was one of my motives to come hither, at your invitation, Lord and Lady L——, when you told me she was so obliging as to accompany you down: but she was *everlastingly* writing; and I was shy of *forcing* an opportunity, as none agreeably offered.

Sir Ch. I would not interrupt you, Charlotte.—But may I ask, if this whole affair was carried on by letter? Did you not sometimes see each other?

Miss Gr. We did. But our meetings were not frequent, because he was at one time quartered in Scotland; at another, was sent to Ireland, where he stayed six or seven months; at others, in distant parts of the kingdom.

Sir Ch. In what part of the king's dominions is the captain now?

Miss Gr. Dear sir, could not the person who acquainted you with the affair inform you of that?

Sir Ch. [Smiling.] The person *could*, madam; and *did*. He is in London.

Miss Gr. I hope my brother, after the freedom of my confession, and an ingenuousness that is not often found in such cases as *this*, will not be so unkind as to imagine, that I ought to have traps laid for me, as if I were not now at last frank and unreserved.

Sir Ch. Exceedingly just, Charlotte! exceedingly just!—I beg your pardon. I said, we had all something to be forgiven for. I am not however questioning you, with intent to *cast a stone;* but to *lend you a hand.*

Miss Gr. Oh that we had had liberty granted to us, having *such* a brother, to correspond with him!—Happy shall I be, if I can atone——

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. Proceed with your story, my dear Charlotte.—Greatly does the atonement overbalance the fault!

Miss Gr. [Bowing to her brother.] Captain Anderson *is* in town. I have seen him twice. I was to have seen him at the play had I not come down to Colnebrook. Not a tittle of the truth will I hide from you. Now I have recovered the right path, not one wry step will I ever again wilfully take. I have suffered enough by those I had taken,

though I endeavoured to carry it off as well as I could (even sometimes by a spirit of bravery), when it lay heavy *here*—putting her hand to her heart.

Sir Charles rose from his seat; and taking one of his sister's hands between both his, Worthy sister! amiable Charlotte! after this noble frankness, I must not permit you to accuse yourself. An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won. If you think Captain Anderson worthy of *your* heart, he shall have a place in *mine;* and I will use my interest with Lord and Lady L—— to allow of his relation to *them.* Miss Byron and Dr. Bartlett will look upon him as their friend.

He sat down again; his countenance shining with brotherly love.

Miss Gr. Oh, sir! what shall I say? You add to my difficulties by your goodness. I have told you how I had entangled myself. Captain Anderson's address began with hopes of a great fortune, which he imagined a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison could not fail, first or last, to have. That this was his principal motive, has been, on many occasions (on too many for his advantage), visible to me. *My* allowance of his address, as I have hinted, was owing to my apprehensions, that I should not be a fortune worthy of a more generous man. At that time, our life was a confined one; and I girlishly wished for liberty—MATRIMONY and LIBERTY—Girlish connexion! as I have since thought.

We could none of us help smiling at this lively sally: but she went on more seriously.

I thought at first, that I could break with him when I would: but he holds me to it; and the more, since he has heard of your goodness to me; and builds great hopes of future preferment on the alliance.

Sir Ch. But do you not love Captain Anderson, my sister?

Miss Gr. I believe I love him as well as he loves me. His principal view, as I have said, has come out, avowedly, to be my fortune. If I regulate my esteem for him by his for me, I ought not, for the very reason he likes me to approve of him.

Sir Ch. I do not wonder that the captain is desirous to *hold you to it,* to use your words: but, my dear Charlotte,

answer me, have you had less liking to Captain Anderson since your fortune is ascertained, and absolutely in your own power, than you had before?

Miss Gr. Not on *that* account, if I know my heart: but he has been a much more earnest suitor since your goodness to me was generally known than before. When public report had made me absolutely dependent on my brother; and diminished (beyond the truth, as it has proved) the circumstances of the family; and when my sister and I were unhappy between our fears and our hopes; I then heard but little from Captain Anderson; and that little was *so* prudent, and *so* cold—but I had found out the man before.

Lord and Lady L——, with warmth of voice, called him unworthy man. I thought him so; and so, by his looks, did Dr. Bartlett.

Sir Ch. Poor man!—He seems to have been too prudent to trust even to Providence. But what, my sister, *are now* your difficulties?

Miss Gr. They proceed from my folly. Captain Anderson appeared to me, at first, a man of sense, as well as an agreeable man in his person and air. He had a lively and easy elocution. *He* spoke without doubt; and *I* had, therefore, the less doubt of his understanding. The man who knows how to say agreeable things to a woman, in an agreeable manner, has her vanity on his side; since, to doubt his veracity, would be to question her own merit. When he came to *write*, my judgment was even still more engaged in his favour than before. But when he thought himself on a *safe footing* with me, he then lost his handwriting, and his style, and even his orthography. I blush to say it; and then I blushed to see it.

Sir Ch. Men will be men. It is natural for us, when we find out our imperfections, to endeavour to supply them, or to gloss them over to those, whose good opinion of us we wish to engage. I have known men who are not so *ready* as the captain seems to have been to find out their own defects. Captain Anderson, perhaps, lost his letter-writer, by the shifting of quarters. But it is strange, that a man of family, as the captain is, should be so very illiterate.

Miss Gr. His early wildnesses, as I afterwards heard,

made him run from school, before he had acquired common school learning. His friends bought him a pair of colours. That was all they would ever do for him: and his father marrying a second wife, by whom he had children, considered not him as one. This came out to be his story. But he displayed himself to me in very different lights. He pretended to have a pretty estate, which, though not large, was well conditioned, and capable of improvement; besides very considerable expectations. A mind that would not impose on another, must least bear to be imposed upon itself: but I could not help *despising* him, when I found myself so grossly imposed upon by the letters he had procured to be written for him; and that he was not either the man of sense, or learning, that he would have had me think him.

Sir Ch. But what was the *safe footing*, my sister, that he thought he was upon with you?

Miss Gr. Oh, sir! while all these good appearances held in his favour, he had teased me into a promise. And, when he had gained that point, *then* it was, or *soon after*, that he wrote to me with his own hand. And yet, though he convinced me by doing so, that he had *before* employed another, it was a point agreed upon, that our intercourse was to be an absolute secret; and I trembled to find myself exposed to his scribe, a man I knew not; and who must certainly despise the lover, whom he helped to all his agreeable flourishes; and, in despising *him*, must probably despise *me*. Yet I *will* say, that my letters were such as I can submit to the severest eye. It was, indeed, giving him encouragement enough, that I answered him by pen and ink; and he presumed enough upon it, or he had never dared to tease me for a promise, as he did for months before I made him one.

Sir Ch. Women should never be drawn in to fetter themselves by promises. On the contrary, they ought always to despise, and directly to break with, the man who offers to exact a promise from them. To what end is a promise of this kind endeavoured to be obtained, if the urger suspects not the fitness of his addresses in the eyes of those who have a right to be consulted; and if he did not doubt either his own merit, or the lady's honour, and feared her returning discretion?—therefore wanted to put it out of her own

power to be faithful: or if she had begun to swerve, by listening to a clandestine address to recover herself? Your father, my dear (but you might not know that), could have absolved you from this promise.* You have not now, however, anybody to control you: you are absolutely your own mistress: and I see not but a promise—But, pray, of what nature was this promise?

Miss Fr. Oh, my folly!—I declared that I never would marry any other man, without his consent, while he was single. By this means (to my confusion, I own, that I made him my father, my guardian, my brother: at least I made the influences over me, of such of them as had been living, of no avail, in the most material article of my life; teased, as I told you, into it: and against my judgment.

Soon after he let me know, as I said, in his own handwriting, what an illiterate, what a mere superficial man I had entered into treaty with. And ever since I have been endeavouring by pen, as well as in person, to get him to absolve me from my rash promise. And this was my view and endeavour before I had a title to the independence, in which, sir, you were so good as to establish me.

I once thought, proceeded she, that he would easily have complied, and have looked out elsewhere for a wife; for I sought not to *fetter* him, as you justly call it: he was not of so much consequence with me; and this renders me, perhaps, the less excusable:—but you held me not long enough in suspense, as to the great things you intended to do for me, to enable me to obtain that release from Captain Anderson, which I was meditating to procure, before he knew what those were.

All this time I kept my own secret. I had not confidence enough in the steps I had so rashly taken (indeed had not *humility* enough), to make any living creature acquainted with my situation: and this was the reason, I suppose, that I never was guessed at or found out. The proverb says, *Two can keep a secret when one is away:* but my Harriet knows [I bowed] that I very early, in my knowledge of her, dropt hints of an *entanglement*, as I ludicrously called it; for I could not, with justice, say *love*.

* Numb. xxx. 3-5.

Sir Ch. Charming frankness! How do your virtues shine through your very mistakes!—But there are many women who have suffered themselves to be worse entangled, even beyond recovery, when they have not had to plead the apprehensions which you had at entering into this affair.

Miss Gr. You are *Sir Charles Grandison*, sir: I need not say more. We often dread, in rash engagements, to make those communications which only can be a means to extricate us from the difficulties into which we have plunged ourselves. Had I, for the last six or seven years of my life, known my brother as I now know him; had I been indulged in a correspondence with him in his absence; not a step would I have taken, but with his approbation.

Sir Ch. Perhaps I was too implicit on this occasion: but I always thought it more safe, in a disputable case, to check, than to give way to, an inclination. My father knew the world. He was not an ill-natured man. He loved his daughters. I had not the vanity to imagine that my sisters, the *youngest* near as old as myself, would want my advice, in material articles: and to break through a father's commands, for the sake merely of gratifying *myself*—I don't know how—but I could *not* do it: and as a considerate person, when he has lost a dear friend, and more particularly a parent, is apt to recollect with pleasure those instances in which he has given joy to the departed, and with pain the contrary, methinks I am the more satisfied with myself for having obeyed a command, that, however, at that time, I knew not how to account for.

Miss Gr. You are happy, brother, in this recollection. I should be more unhappy than I am (on your principles), had I vexed my father in this affair. Thank God he knew nothing of it! But now, sir, I have told you the whole truth. I have not aggravated the failings of Captain Anderson; nor wish to do so; for the man that once I had but the shadow of a thought to make one day my nearest relation, is entitled, I think, to my good *wishes*, though he prove not quite so worthy as I believed him.

Permit me, however, to add, that Captain Anderson is passionate, overbearing: I have never of late met him but with great reluctance: had I not come to Colnebrook, I

should have *seen* him, as I confessed; but it was with the resolution that I had for a considerable time past avowed to him, never to be his; and to be a single woman all my life, if he would not disengage me of my rash, my foolish promise. And now be pleased (looking round her to every one present) to advise me what to do.

Lord L. I think the man utterly unworthy of you, sister Charlotte. I think you are right to resolve never to have him.

Lady L. Without waiting for my brother's opinion, I must say, that he acts most ungenerously and unworthily, to hold you to an *unequal* promise: a promise, the like of which you offered not to bind *him* by. I cannot, Charlotte, think you bound by such a promise: and the poor trick of getting another person to write his letters for him and exposing my sister to a stranger, and against stipulation—How I should hate him!—What say you, sister Harriet?

Har. I should be unworthy of this kind confidence, if, thus called upon, I did not say something, though it came out to be next to nothing.—There seems not to have been any strong affection, any sympathy of soul, if I may so express myself, at *any* time, Miss Grandison, between you and Captain Anderson, I think?

Sir Ch. A very proper question.

Miss Gr. There was not, on *either* side, I believe. I have hinted at *my* motives, and at his. In every letter of *his*, he gave me cause to confirm what I have said of his self-interestedness: and now his principal plea to hold me to my promise is, *his* interest. I would not to him, I never did, plead *mine;* though his example would excuse me if I did.

Lord L. Was the promise given in writing, sister?

Miss Gr. Indeed it was. She looked down.

Har. May I be pardoned, madam?—The substance of your promise was, that you would never marry any other man without his consent, while he remained unmarried.—Did you promise, that, if ever you did marry at all, it should be to him?

Miss Gr. No. He wanted me to promise that; but I refused. And now, my Harriet, what is your advice?

Har. I beg to hear Dr. Bartlett's opinion, and yours, sir (to Sir Charles), before I presume to give mine.

Sir Charles looked at the doctor. The doctor referred himself to him.

Sir Ch. Then, doctor, you must set me right, if I am wrong. You are a casuist.

As to what Lord L—— has said, I think with his lordship, that Captain Anderson appears not, in any of his conduct, to be worthy of Miss Grandison: and, in truth, I don't know many who are. If I am partial, excuse the *brother.*

She bowed. Every one was pleased that Miss Grandison was enabled to hold up her head, as she did, on this compliment from her brother.

Sir Ch. I think also, if my sister esteems him not, she is in the right to resolve never to be his. But what shall we say, as to her promise, *Never* to be the wife of any other man without his consent, while he remains unmarried? It was made, I apprehend, while her father was living; who might, I believe, doctor, you will allow, have absolved her from it: but then, her very treating with him since to dispense with it, shows that, in her own conscience, she thinks herself bound by it.

Every one being silent, he proceeded.

Lady L—— is of opinion, that he acts ungenerously and unworthily, to endeavour to hold her to an unequal promise: but what man, except a *very* generous one indeed, having obtained an advantage over such a woman as Charlotte, [she reddened], would not try to hold it? Must he not, by giving up this advantage, vote against himself? Women should be sure of the men in whom they place a confidence that concerns them highly. Can you think that the man who engages a woman to make a promise, does not *intend* to hold her to it? When he *teases* her to make it, he as good as tells her he *does,* let what will happen to make her wish she had not.

Miss Gr. Oh, my brother! The repetition of that word *teases!*—Are you not rallying me?—Indeed I deserve it.

Sir Ch. Men gain all their advantages by *teasing,* by *promises,* by *importunities*—Be not concerned, my Charlotte, that I use your word.

Miss Gr. Oh, my brother! what shall I do if you rally me on my folly?

Sir Ch. I mean not to rally you. But I know something of my own sex; and must have been very negligent of my opportunities, if I know not something of the *world.* [I thought, Lucy, he would here have used the word *other* instead of the word *world.*] We have heard her reason for not binding the captain by a like promise: which was, that she did not value him enough to exact it: and was not that his misfortune?

She is apprehensive of blame on this head: but her situation will be considered: I *must not* repeat the circumstances. I was grieved to hear that my sisters had been in *such* circumstances! What pity, that those who believe they *best* know the sex, think themselves entitled to treat it with least respect! [How we women looked upon one another!] I should hope in charity [in charity, Lucy], and for the true value I bear it, as I think a good woman one of the greatest glories of the creation, that the fault is not *generally* in the sex.

As to the captain's artifice to obtain a footing by letters of another man's writing; that was enough, indeed, to make a woman, who herself writes finely, despise him when she knew it. But to what will not some persons stoop, to gain a point on which their hearts are fixed?—This is no *new* method. One signal instance I will mention. Madam Maintenon, it is reported, was employed in this way, by a favourite mistress of Louis XIV. And this was said to be the means of introducing her to the monarch's favour, on the ruins of her employer. Let me repeat, that women should be *sure* of their men before they embark with them in the voyage of love. *Hate the man,* says Lady L——, for *exposing her to the letter-writer!—Exposing!*—Let me say, that women, who would not be *exposed,* should not put themselves out of their own power. Oh, Miss Byron (turning, to my confusion, to me, who was too ready to apply the first part of the caution), be so good as to tell my Emily, that she must never love a man, of whose love she is not well assured: that she must never permit a man to know his consequence with her, till she is sure he is grateful, just, and generous: and that she must despise him, as a mean and interested man, the first moment he seeks to engage her in a

promise. Forgive me, Charlotte: you so generously blame yourself, that you will not scruple to have *your* experience pleaded for an example to a young creature, who may not be able, if entangled, to behave with your magnanimity.

Seasonably did he say this last part, so immediately after his reference to me; for I made Miss Grandison's confusion a half cover for my own; and I fear but a half cover.

I find I must not allow myself to be long from you, my dear friends: at least in this company. Miss Cantillon, Miss Barnvelt, and half a dozen more misses and masters, with whose characters and descriptions I first paraded; where are you? Where can I find you? My heart, when I saw you at Lady Betty Williams's, was easy and unapprehensive: I could then throw my little squibs about me at pleasure; and not fear, by their return upon me, the singeing of my own clothes!

—o—

LETTER II.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

BUT now what remains to be done for our sister? asked Lady L——. Charlotte looked round her, as seconding the question. Every one referred to Sir Charles.

In the first place, let me assure you, my dear Charlotte, resumed he, that if you have but the shadow of a preference for Captain Anderson; and if you believe, from what has passed between you, and from the suspense you have kept him in (which may have been a hindrance to his fortune or preferment), that you *ought* to be his, whether in justice, or by inclination; I will amicably meet him, in order to make and to receive proposals. If you do not *find* him grateful or generous, we will *make* him so, by our example; and I will begin to set it.

Every one was affected: Dr. Bartlett as much as anybody. Miss Grandison could hardly sit still: her chair was uneasy to her: while her brother looked like one who was too much accustomed to acts of beneficence, to suppose he had said anything extraordinary.

Miss Grandison, after some hesitation, replied, Indeed,

sir, Captain Anderson is *not* worthy of being called *your* brother. I will not enter into the particulars of his unworthiness; because I am determined not to have him. He knows I am: nor does my promise engage me to be his. Had he virtue, had he generosity—but, indeed, he has not either, in the degree that would make me respect him, as a woman should respect her husband.

Sir Ch. Well then, Charlotte, I would have you excuse yourself, if you have given him hopes of meeting him; let him know that you have acquainted me with all that has passed between you; and that you refer yourself wholly to me; but with a resolution (if such be your resolution) never to be his.

Miss Gr. I shall dread his violent temper——

Sir Ch. Dread nothing! Men who are violent to a woman, when they have a point to carry by being so, are not always violent to men. But I shall treat him civilly. If the man ever hoped to call you his, he will be unhappy enough in losing such a prize. You may tell him, that I will give him a meeting wherever he pleases. Meantime, it may not be amiss, if you have no objection, to show me some of the letters that have passed between you; of those particularly, in which you have declared your resolution not to be his; the farther backward the better, if, from the date of such, you have *always* been of the same mind.

Miss Gr. You shall see the copies of *all* my letters; and all his, if you please. And you will gather from both, sir, that it was owing to the unhappy situation I thought myself in, from the unkind treatment my sister met with, and to the being forbidden to expect a fortune that would entitle me to look up to a man of figure in the world, that I was ever approachable by Captain Anderson.

Sir Ch. Unhappy! But let us look forward. I will meet Captain Anderson. If there are any letters, in which he has treated my sister unhandsomely, you must not let me see them. My motive for looking into *any* of them, is service to you, Charlotte, and not curiosity. But let me, nevertheless, see all that is necessary to the question, that I may not, when I meet him, hear anything from him, that I have not heard from you; and which may make for him, and against

you. I do assure you, that I will allow in his favour all that shall appear favourable to him, though against my sister. I may meet him *prejudiced*, but not *determined:* and I hope you see by my behaviour to you, Charlotte, that were you and he to have been fond lovers in your letters, you need not be afraid of my eye. I never am severe on lovers' foibles. Our passions may be made subservient to excellent purposes. Don't think you have a supercilious brother. A susceptibility of the passion called *love*, I condemn not as a fault; but the contrary. Your *brother*, ladies (looking upon all three), is no Stoic.

And have you been in love, Sir Charles Grandison? thought I to myself.—Shall I, Lucy, be sorry, or shall I be glad, if he *has?*—But, after all, is it not strange, that in all this time one knows so little of his history while he was abroad?—And yet, he said that he was not angry at his sister for questioning him on the subject. Had *I* been his sister, questions of that sort would not have been to be *now* asked.

But here is a new task for her brother. I shall long to know how this affair will end.

The *trial* of Miss Grandison, as she called it, being thus happily over, and Miss Emily and Mr. Grandison desired to walk in, Sir Charles took notice, with some severity on our sex, on the general liking, which he said women have for military men. He did not know, he said, whether the army were not beholden to this approbation, and to the gay appearance officers were expected to make, rather than to a true martial spirit, for many a gallant man.

What say you, Emily? said he: do not a cockade, and a scarlet coat, become a *fine gentleman*, and help to make him so, in your eyes?

Be pleased, sir, to tell me how such an one should look in my eyes, and I will endeavour to make them conform to your lessons.

He bowed to the happy girl: for my part, said he, I cannot but say that I dislike the life of a soldier in general; whose trade is in blood; who must be as much a slave to the will of *his* superiors in command, as he is almost *obliged* to be a tyrant to those under him.

But as to the sex, if it were not that ladies, where love

and their own happiness interfere, are the most incompetent judges of all others for themselves—Pardon me——

Your servant, sir, said Lady L——. And we all bowed to him.

How can a woman, proceeded he, who really loves her husband, subject herself, of *choice*, to the necessary absences, to the continual apprehensions, which she must be under for his safety, when he is in the height of what is emphatically called his DUTY? He stopt. No answer being made, Perhaps, resumed he, it may be thus accounted for: women are the most delicate part of the creation. Conscious of the weakness of their sex, and that they stand in need of protection (for apprehensiveness, the child of prudence, is as characteristic in them, as courage in a man), they naturally love brave men—and are not all military men supposed to be brave?

But how are they mistaken in their main end, supposing *this* to be it!

I honour a good, a generous, a brave, a humane soldier: but were such a one to be the bravest of men, how can his wife expect constant protection from the husband who is less *his own*, and consequently less *hers*, than almost any other man can be (a *sailor* excepted); and who must therefore, oftener than any other man, leave her exposed to those insults, from which he seems to think he can best defend her?

Lady L. [Smiling]. But may it not be said, sir, that those women who make soldiers their choice, deserve, in some degree, a rank with heroes; when they can part with their husbands for the sake of their country's glory?

Sir Ch. Change your word *glory* for *safety*, Lady L——, and your question will be strengthened. The word and thing called *Glory*, what mischief has it not occasioned!—As to the question itself, were you *serious*, let every one, I answer, who can plead the *motive*, be entitled to the *praise* that is due to it.

Miss Gr. There is so much weight in what my brother has said, that I thank Heaven I am not in danger of being the wife of a soldier.

We, who knew what she alluded to, smiled at it; and Mr. Grandison looked about him, as if he wanted to find more in the words than they could import to him: and then was very earnest to know how his cousin had come off.

Sir Ch. Triumphantly, cousin. Charlotte's supposed fault has brought to light additional excellences.

Mr. Gr. I am sorry for that, with all my soul—There was no bearing her before—and now what will become of me?

Miss Gr. You have nothing now to fear, Mr. Grandison, I assure you. I have been detected in real faults. I have been generously treated; and repent of my fault. Let me have an instance of like ingenuousness in you; and I will say, there are hopes of us both.

Mr. Gr. Your servant, cousin. *Either* way I must have it. But were you to follow the example by which you own yourself amended, I might have the better chance, perhaps, of coming up to you in ingenuousness.

Lord L. Upon my word, sister Charlotte, Mr. Grandison has said a good thing.

Miss Gr. I think so too, my lord. I will put it down. And if you are wise, sir (to him), ask me to sew up your lips till to-morrow dinner time.

Mr. Grandison looked offended.

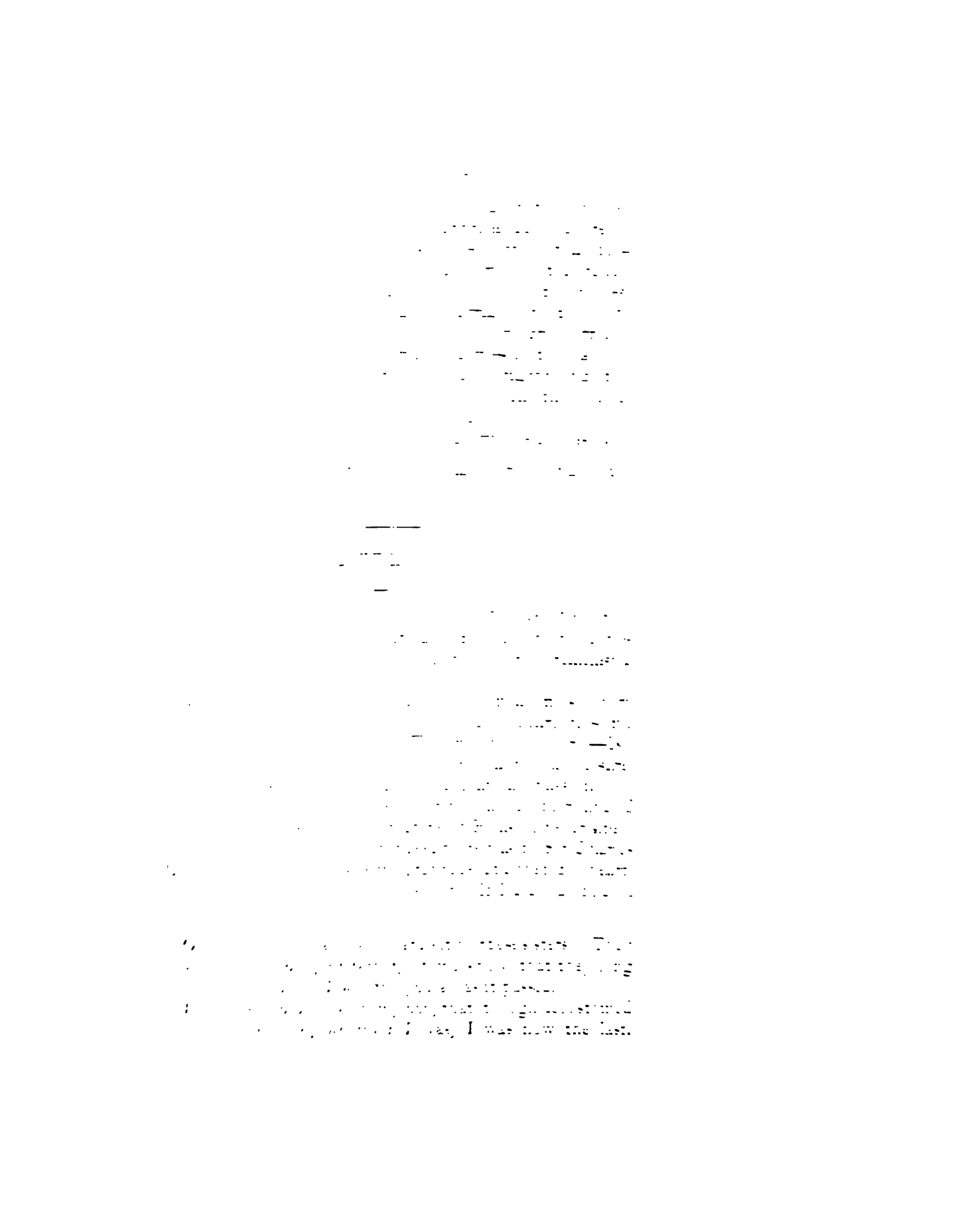
Sir Ch. Fie, Charlotte!

I am glad, thought I, my good Miss Grandison, that you have not lost much spirit by your trial!

Miss Grandison has showed me some of the letters that passed between Captain Anderson and her. How must she have despised him had she been drawn in to give him her hand! And the more for the poor figure he would have made as a brother to *her* brother! How must she have blushed at every civility paid him in such a family! Yet, from such passages in his letters, I daresay he would have had the highest opinion of himself; first, for having succeeded with her; and, next, for those very civilities.

And thus had Sir Thomas Grandison, with all his pride, like to have thrown his daughter, a woman of high character, fine understanding, and an exalted mind, into the arms of a man, who had neither fortune, nor education, nor yet good sense, nor generosity of heart, to countenance his pretensions to such a lady, or her for marrying beneath herself.

This is a copy of what Miss Grandison has written to send to Captain Anderson.



They entered my dressing-room arm in arm; and I have since recollected, that they looked as if they had mischief in their hearts; Miss Grandison especially. She had said, she would play me a trick.

I was in some little hurry, to be so much behind hand, when I saw them dressed.

Miss Grandison would do me the honour of assisting me, and dismissed Jenny, who had but just come in to offer her service.

She called me charming creature twice, as she was obligingly busy about me; and the second time said, Well may my brother, Lady L——, say what he did of this girl!

With too great eagerness, What, what, said I—I was going to add—*did he say?*—But, catching myself up, in a tone of less surprise—designing to turn it off—WHAT *honour you do me, madam, in this your kind assistance!*

Miss Grandison leered archly at me: then turning to Lady L——, This Harriet of ours, said she, is more than half a rogue.

Punish her then, Charlotte, said Lady L——. You have, though with much ado, been brought to speak out yourself; and so have acquired a kind of right to punish those who affect disguises to their best friends.

Lord bless me, ladies! and down I sat—What, what—I was going to say, *do you mean?* But stopt, and I felt my face glow.

What, what! repeated Miss Grandison—My sweet girl can say nothing but *What, what!*—One of my fellows, Sir Walter Watkyns, is in her head, I suppose—Did you ever see *Wat*—Watkyns, Harriet?

My handkerchief was in my hand, as I was going to put it on. I was unable to throw it round my neck. Oh how the fool throbbed, and trembled!

Miss Gr. Confirmation, Lady L——! Confirmation!

Lady L. I think so, truly—but it wanted none to me.

Har. I am surprised! Pray, ladies, what can you mean by this sudden attack?

Miss Gr. And what, Harriet, can you mean by these *What, what's*, and this sudden emotion?—Give me your handkerchief!—What doings are here!

She snatched it out of my trembling hand, and put it round my neck—Why this *sudden* palpitation?—Ah! Harriet! Why won't you make confidants of your two sisters? Do you think we have not found you out before this?

Har. Found me out! How found me out?—Dear Miss Grandison, you are the most alarming lady that ever lived!——

I stood up, trembling.

Miss Gr. Am I so? But, to cut the matter short—[Sit down, Harriet. You can hardly stand.]—Is it such a disgraceful thing for a fine girl to be in love?

Har. Who I, I, in love!

Miss Gr. [Laughing.] So, Lady L——, you see that Harriet has found herself out to be a *fine* girl!—Disqualify now; can't you, my dear? Tell fibs. Be affected. Say you are *not* a fine girl, and so forth.

Har. Dear Miss Grandison—It was *your* turn yesterday. How can you forget——

Miss Gr. Spiteful too! My life to a farthing, you pay for *this*, Harriet!—But, child, I was not in love—Ah! Harriet! That gentleman in Northamptonshire—Did you think we should not find you out?

This heartened me a little.

Har. Oh, madam! do you think to come at anything by such methods as this? I ought to have been aware of Miss Grandison's alarming ways.

Miss Gr. You pay for *this*, also, Harriet. Did you not say, that I should take the reins, Lady L——? I will have no mercy on our younger sister for this abominable affectation and reserve.

Har. And so, ladies, I suppose you think, that Mr. Orme——

Lady L. Take the reins, Charlotte (making a motion, with a sweet pretty air, with her handkerchief, as if she tossed her something); I myself, Harriet, am against you now. I wanted a trial of that frankness of heart, for which I have heard you so much commended: and, surely, you might have shewed it, if to any persons living, to your two sisters.

Miss Gr. No more, no more, Lady L——. Have you

not left her to me? I will punish her. *You* will have too much lenity.—And now tell me, Harriet—Don't you love Mr. Orme better than any man you ever saw?

Har. Indeed I do not.

Miss Gr. Whom do you love better, Harriet?

Har. Pray, Miss Grandison!

Miss Gr. And *pray*, Miss Byron!

Har. Resume the reins, Lady L——. Pray do!—Miss Grandison has no mercy! Yet met with a great deal yester—

Miss Gr. Yesterday?—Very well!—But then I was ingenuous——

Har. And am not I?—Pray, Lady L——.

Lady L. I think, not——

And she seemed a little too cruelly to enjoy the flutter I was in.

Miss Gr. And you say, that there is no one gentleman in Northamptonshire——

Har. What is the meaning of this, ladies? But I do assure you there is not——

Miss Gr. See Lady L——, there are some questions that the girl can answer readily enough.

I believe I looked serious. I was silent. Indeed my very soul was vexed.

Miss Gr. Ay, Harriet, be sullen: don't answer any questions at all. That's your only way, now—and then we go no farther, you know. But tell me—Don't you repent, that you have given a denial to Lady D——?

Har. I won't be sullen, ladies. Yet I am not pleased to be thus——

Miss Gr. Then own yourself a woman, Harriet; and that in some certain instances you have both affectation and reserve. There are some cases, my dear, in which it is impossible but a woman must be guilty of affectation.

Har. Well then, suppose I am. I never pretended to be clear of the foibles which you impute to the sex. I am a weak, a very weak creature: you see I am——

And I put my hand in my pocket for my handkerchief.

Miss Gr. Ay, weep, love. My sister has heard me say, that I never in my life saw a girl so lovely in tears.

Har. What have I done to deserve——

Miss Gr. Such a compliment!—Hey?—But you shan't weep neither.—Why, why, is this subject so affecting, Harriet?

Har. You surprise me!—Parted with you but an hour or two ago—and nothing of these reproaches. And now, all at once, *both* ladies——

Miss Gr. Reproaches, Harriet!

Har. I believe so. I don't know what else to call them.

Miss Gr. What! is it a reproach to be taxed with love——

Har. But the manner, madam——

Miss Gr. The *manner* you are taxed with it, is the thing then—Well, putting on a grave look, and assuming a softer accent—You *are* in love, however: but with whom? is the question—Are we, your sisters, entitled to know with whom?

Surely ladies, thought I, you have something to say, that will make me amends for all this intolerable teasing: and yet my proud heart, whatever it were to be, swelled a little, that *they* should think *that* would be such high amends, which, however, I by myself, communing only with my own heart, would have thought so.

Lady L. [Coming to me, and taking my hand.] Let me tell you, our dearest Harriet, that you are the most insensible girl in the world, if you are *not* in love—And *now* what say you?

Har. Perhaps I do know, ladies, enough of the passion, to wish to be less alarmingly treated.

They then sitting down, one on either side of me; each took a hand of the trembling fool.

I think I *will* resume the reins, Charlotte, said the countess. We are both cruel. But tell us, my lovely sister, in one word tell your Caroline, tell your Charlotte, if you have any confidence in our love (and indeed we love you, or we would not have teased you as we have done), if there be not one man in the world whom you love above all men in it?

I was silent. I looked down. I had, in the same moment, an ague, in its cold and in its hot fit. They vouchsafed each to press with her lips the passive hand each held.

Be not afraid to speak out, my dear, said Miss Grandison. Assure yourself of my love; my true *isterly* love. I once

intended to lead the way to the opening of your heart by the discovery of my own, before my brother, as I hoped, could have found me out—but nothing can be hid——

Madam! ladies! said I, and stood up in a hurry, and, in as great a discomposure, sat down again—your brother has not, could not—I would die before——

Miss Gr. Amiable delicacy!—He has not—but say you, Harriet, he *could* not?—If you would not be teased, don't aim at reserves—but think you, that we could not see, on a hundred occasions, your heart at your eyes?—That we could not affix a proper meaning to those sudden throbs just here, patting my neck; those half-suppressed, but always involuntary sighs—[I sighed]—Ay, just such as that—[I was confounded]—But, to be serious, we do assure you, Harriet, that had we not thought ourselves under some little obligation to Lady Anne S——, we should have talked to you before on this subject. The friends of that lady have been very solicitous with us—and Lady Anne is not averse——

Har. Dear ladies! withdrawing the hand that Miss Grandison held, and taking out my handkerchief; you say, you love me!—Won't you despise whom you love?—I do own——

There I stopt: and dried my eyes.

Lady L. What does my Harriet own?

Har. Oh, madam! had I a greater opinion of my own merit than I have reason to have (and I never had so little a one as since I have known you two), I could open to you, without reserve, my whole heart—but one request I have to make you—you must grant it.

They both in a breath asked what that was.

Har. It is, that you will permit your chariot to carry me to town this very afternoon—and long shall not that *town* hold your Harriet—Indeed, indeed, ladies, I cannot now ever look your brother in the face—and you will also both despise me! I know you will!

Sweet, and as *seasonable* as sweet (for I was very much affected), were the assurances they gave me of their continued love.

Miss Gr. We have talked with our brother this morning——

Har. About me! I hope he has not a notion, that—There I stopt.

Lady L. You were mentioned: but we intend not to alarm you further. We will tell you what passed. Lady Anne was our subject.

I was all attention.

Miss Gr. We asked him if he had any thoughts of marriage? The question came in properly enough from the subject that preceded it. He was silent: but sighed, and looked grave. [Why did Sir Charles Grandison sigh, Lucy?]

We repeated the question. You told us, brother, said I, that you do not intend to resume the treaty begun by my father for Lady Frances N——. What think you of Lady Anne S——? We need not mention to you how considerable her fortune is; what an enlargement it would give to your power of doing good; nor what her disposition and qualities are: her person is far from being disagreeable: and she has a great esteem for you.

I think Lady Anne a very agreeable woman, replied he: but if she honours me with a preferable esteem, she gives me a regret; because it is not in my power to return it.

Not in your *power*, brother?

It is not in my power to return it.

O Lucy! how my heart fluttered! The ague fit came on again; and I was hot and cold, as before, almost in the same moment.

They told me, they would not tease me further. But these are subjects that cannot be touched upon without raising emotion in the bosom of a person who hopes, and is uncertain. Oh the cruelty of suspense! How every new instance of it tears in pieces my before almost bursting heart!

Miss Gr. My brother went on—You have often hinted to me at distance this subject. I will not, as I might, answer your question, now so *directly* put, by saying that it is my wish to see you, Charlotte, happily married, before I engage myself. But, perhaps, I shall be better enabled some time hence, than I am at present, to return such an answer as you may expect from a brother.

Now, my Harriet, we are afraid, by the words, *not in his power;* and by the hint, that he cannot at present answer

our question as he may be enabled to do some time hence; we are afraid, that some foreign lady——

They had raised my hopes; and now, exciting my fears by so well-grounded an apprehension, they were obliged for their pains to hold Lady L——'s salts to my nose. I could not help exposing myself; my heart having been weakened too by their teasings before. My head dropt on the shoulder of Miss Grandison. Tears relieved me.

I desired their pity. They assured me of their love; and called upon me, as I valued their friendship, to open my whole heart to them.

I paused. I hesitated. Words did not immediately offer themselves. But, at last, I said, could I have thought myself entitled to your excuse, ladies, your Harriet, honoured as she was, from the first, with the appellation of *sister*, would have had no reserve to *her* sisters: but a just consciousness of my own unworthiness overcame a temper, that, I will say, is naturally frank and unreserved. Now, however——

There I stopt, and held down my head.

Lady L. Speak out, my dear—What *now*——

Miss Gr. What *now, however*——

Har. Thus called upon; thus encouraged—and I lifted up my head as boldly as I could (but it was not, I believe, very boldly), I will own, that the man, who by so signal an instance of his bravery and goodness engaged my gratitude, has possession of my whole heart.

And then, almost unknowing what I did, I threw one of my arms, as I sat between them, round Lady L——'s neck, the other round Miss Grandison's; my glowing face seeking to hide itself in Lady L——'s bosom.

They both embraced me, and assured me of their united interest. They said, they knew I had also Dr. Bartlett's high regard: but that they had in vain sought to procure new lights from him; he constantly, in everything that related to their brother, referring himself to him: and they assured me, that I had likewise the best wishes and interest of Lord L—— to the fullest extent.

This, Lucy, is some—consolation—must I say?—some ease to my pride, as to what the *family* think of me: but

yet, how is that pride mortified, to be thus obliged to rejoice at the strengthening of hope to obtain an interest in the heart of a man, of whose engagements none of us know anything? but if, at last, it shall prove, that that worthiest of hearts is disengaged; and if I *can* obtain an interest in it; be pride out of the question! The man, as my aunt wrote, is Sir Charles Grandison.

I was very earnest to know, since my eyes had been such tell tales, if their brother had any suspicion of my regard for him.

They could not, they said, either from his words or behaviour, gather that he had. He had not been so much with me as they had been. Nor would they wish that he *should* suspect me. The best of men, they said, loved to have difficulties to conquer. Their brother, generous as he was, was a *man*.

Yet, Lucy, I thought at the time of what he said at Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's, as recited by the shorthand writer—That he would not marry the greatest princess on earth, if he were not assured that she loved him above all the men in it.

I fancy, my dear, that we women, when we love, and are doubtful, suffer a great deal in the apprehension, at one time, of disgusting the object of our passion by too forward a love; and, at another, of disobliging him by too great a reserve. Don't you think so?

The ladies said, they were extremely solicitous to see their brother married. They wished it were to me, rather than to any other woman; and kindly added, that I had their hearts, even at the time when Lady Anne, by a kind of previous engagement, had their voices.

And then they told me what their brother said of me, with the hint of which they began this alarming conversation.

When my brother had let us know, said Miss Grandison, that it was not in his power to return a preferable esteem for a like esteem, if Lady Anne honoured him with it: I said—if Lady Anne had as many advantages to boast of, as Miss Byron has, could you then, brother, like Lady Anne?

Miss Byron, replied he, is a charming woman.

Lady L—— (silly enough, continued Miss Grandison) said Miss Byron is one of the prettiest women I ever beheld.

I never saw in any face, youth and dignity, and sweetness of aspect, so happily blended.

On this occasion, Lucy, my vanity may, I hope, revive, so long as I *repeat* only, and repeat justly.

'Forgive me, Lady L——, replied my brother—But as 'Alexander would be drawn only by Apelles; so would I 'say to all those who leave *mind* out of the description of 'Miss Byron, that *they* are not to describe her. This young 'lady' [you *may* look proud, Harriet]! 'has *united* in her 'face, *feature, complexion, grace,* and *expression,* which 'very few women, even of those who are most celebrated 'for beauty, have *singly* in equal degree; but, what is 'infinitely more valuable, she has a heart that is equally 'pure and open. She has a fine mind: and it is legible in 'her face. Have you not observed, Charlotte, added he, 'what intelligence her very silence promises? And yet, 'when she speaks, she never disappoints the most raised 'expectation.'

I was speechless, Lucy.

Well, brother, continued Miss Grandison—If there is not everything you say in Miss Byron's face and mind, there seems to me little less than the warmth of love in the description—You are another Apelles, sir, if his colours were the most glowing of those of all painters.

My eyes had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison, what answer he returned to this? She saw they had.

Ah! Harriet! smiling—That's a meaning look, with all its bashfulness. This was my brother's answer—'Every-'body must love Miss Byron—You know, Charlotte, that 'I presented her to *you,* and you to *her,* as a third sister: 'and what man better loves his sisters than your brother?'

We both looked down, Harriet; but not quite so silly and so disappointed, as you *now* look——

Dear Miss Grandison!——

Well, then, another time don't let your eyes ask questions instead of your lips.

Third sister! my Lucy. Indeed I believe I looked silly enough. To say the truth, I *was* disappointed.

Har. And this was all that passed? You hear by my question, ladies, that my lips *will* keep my eyes in countenance.

Miss Gr. It was; for he retired as soon as he had said this.

Har. How, retired, madam?—Any *discompo*—You laugh at my folly; at my presumption, perhaps.

They both smiled. No, I can't say that there seemed to be, either in his words or manner, any *distinguishing* emotion; any great *discompo*—He was about to retire before.

Well, ladies, I will only say, that the best thing I can do is to borrow a chariot and six, and drive away to Northamptonshire.

But why so, Harriet?

Because it is impossible but I must suffer in your brother's opinion, every time he sees me, and that whether I am silent or speaking.

They made me fine compliments: but they would *indeed* have been fine ones could they have made them from their brother.

Well, but, Lucy, don't you think that had Sir Charles Grandison meant anything, he would have expressed himself to his sisters in such high terms, before he had said *one* very distinguishing thing to me? Let me judge by myself—Men and women, I believe, are so much alike, that, put custom, tyrant custom, out of the question, the meaning of the one may be generally guessed at by that of the other, in cases where the heart is concerned. What civil, what polite things, could I allow myself to say to and of Mr. Orme, and Mr. Fowler! How could I praise the honesty and goodness of their hearts, and declare my pity for them! And why? Because I meant nothing more by it all, than a warmer kind of civility; that I was not *afraid* to *let go,* as their merits *pulled*—And now, methinks, I can better guess, than I could *till* now, at what Mr. Greville meant, when he wished me to declare, that I *hated* him—Sly wretch!—since the woman who uses a man insolently in courtship, certainly makes that man of more importance to her than she would wish him to think himself.——

But why am I studious to torment myself! What *will* be, must. 'Who knows what Providence has designed for 'Sir Charles Grandison?'—May *he* be happy!—But indeed, my Lucy, your Harriet is much otherwise at this time.

LETTER IV.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

I WILL not let you lose the substance of a very agreeable conversation, which we had on Tuesday night after supper. You may be sure, Lucy, I thought it the more agreeable, as Sir Charles was drawn in to bear a considerable part in it. It would be impossible to give you more than passages, because the subjects were various, and the transitions so quick, by one person asking this question, another that, that I could not, were I to try, connect them as I endeavour generally to do.

Of one subject, Lucy, I particularly *owe* you some account.

Miss Grandison, in her lively way (and lively she was, notwithstanding her trial so lately over), led me into talking of the detested masquerade. She put me upon recollecting the giddy scene, which those dreadfully interesting ones that followed it had made me wish to blot out of my memory.

I spared you at the time, Harriet, said she. I asked you no questions about the masquerade, when you flew to us first, poor frighted bird! with all your gay plumage about you.

I coloured a deep crimson, I believe. What were Sir Charles's first thoughts of me, Lucy, in that fantastic, that hated dress? The simile of the bird too, was *his*, you know; and Charlotte looked very archly.

My dear Miss Grandison, spare me still. Let me forget that ever I presumptuously ventured into such a scene of folly.

Do not call it by harsh names, Miss Byron, said Sir Charles. We are too much obliged to it.

Can I, Sir Charles, call it by *too* harsh a name, when I think how fatal, in numberless ways, the event might have proved! But I do not speak only with reference to that. Don't think, my dear Miss Grandison, that my dislike to myself, and to this foolish diversion, springs altogether from what befell *me*. I had on the spot the same contempts, the same disdain of myself, the same dislike of all those who seemed capable of joy on the light, the foolish occasion.

My good Charlotte, said Sir Charles, smiling, is less timorous than her younger sister. *She* might be persuaded, I fancy, to venture——

Under your conduct, Sir Charles, smiling. Lady L—— and I, who have not yet had an opportunity of this sort, were trying to engage you against the next subscription ball.

Indeed, said Lady L——, our Harriet's distress has led me into reflections I never made before on this kind of diversion; and I fancy her account of it will perfectly satisfy *my* curiosity.

Sir Ch. Proceed, good Miss Byron. I am as curious as your sisters to hear what you say of it. The scene was quite new to you. You probably expected entertainment from it. Forget for a while the accidental consequences, and tell us how you were at the time amused.

Amused, Sir Charles!—Indeed I had no opinion of the diversion, even before I went. I knew I should despise it. I knew I should often wish myself at home before the evening were over. And so indeed I did; I whispered my cousin Reeves more than once, Oh, madam! this is sad, this is intolerable, stuff! This place is one great Bedlam! Good Heaven! Could there be in this one town so many creatures devoid of reason, as are here got together? I hope we are *all* here.

Yet you see, said Miss Grandison, however Lady L—— is, or seems to be, instantaneously reformed, there were *two* who would gladly have been there; the more, you may be sure, for its having been a diversion prohibited to us at our first coming to town. Sir Charles lived long in the land of masquerades—Oh, my dear! we used to please ourselves with hopes that, when he was permitted to come over to England, we should see golden days under his auspices.

Sir Ch. [Smiling]. Will you accompany us to the next subscription ball, Miss Byron?

I, Sir Charles, should be inexcusable, if I thought——

Miss Gr. [Interrupting, and looking archly]. Not under *our brother's* conduct, Harriet?

Indeed, my dear Miss Grandison, had the diversion not been *prohibited*, had you once seen the wild, the senseless confusion, you would think just as I do: and you will have one stronger reason against countenancing it by your presence; for who, at this rate, shall make the stand of virtue and decorum, if such ladies as Miss Grandison and Lady L—— do not?—But I speak of the common masquerades, which

I believe are more disorderly. I was disgusted at the freedoms taken with me, though but common freedoms of the place, by persons who singled me from the throng, hurried me round the rooms, and engaged me in fifty idle conversations; and to whom, by the privilege of the place, I was obliged to be bold, pert, saucy, and to aim at repartee and smartness; the current wit of that witless place. They once got me into a country dance. No prude could come, or if she came, could be a prude there.

Sir Ch. Were you not pleased, Miss Byron, with the first coup d'œil of that gay apartment?

A momentary pleasure; but when I came to reflect, the bright light, striking on my tinsel dress, made me seem to myself the more conspicuous fool. Let me be kept in countenance as I might, by scores of still more ridiculous figures, what, thought I, are other people's follies to me? Am I to make an appearance that shall want the countenance of the vainest, if not the silliest, part of the creation? What would my good grandfather have thought, could he have seen his Harriet, the girl (excuse me; they were my thoughts at the time) whose mind he took pains to form and enlarge, mingling, in a habit so preposterously rich and gaudy, with a crowd of satyrs, harlequins, scaramouches, fawns, and dryads: nay, of witches and devils; the graver habits striving which should most disgrace the characters they assumed, and every one endeavouring to be thought the direct contrary of what he or she appeared to be?

Miss Gr. Well then, the devils, at least, must have been charming creatures!

Lady L. But, Sir Charles, might not a masquerade, if decorum were observed, and every one would support with wit and spirit the assumed character——

Mr. Gr. Devils and all, Lady L——?

Lady L. It is contrary to decorum for such shocking characters to be assumed at all: but might it not, Sir Charles, so regulated, be a rational, and an almost instructive, entertainment?

Sir Ch. You would scarcely be able, my dear sister, to collect eight or nine hundred people, all wits, and all observant of decorum. And if you could, does not the example reach

down to those who are capable of taking only the bad and dangerous part of a diversion: which you may see, by every common newspaper, is become dreadfully general?

Mr. Gr. Well, Sir Charles, and why should not the poor devils in *low life* divert themselves as well as their betters? For my part, I rejoice when I see advertised an eighteen-penny masquerade for all the pretty 'prentice souls who will that evening be Arcadian shepherdesses, goddesses, and queens.

Miss Gr. What low profligate scenes couldst thou expatiate upon, good man! If thou wert in proper company! I warrant those goddesses have not wanted an adorer in our cousin Everard.

Mr. Gr. Dear Miss Charlotte, take care! I protest you begin to talk with the spite of an old maid.

Miss Gr. There, brother! Do you hear the wretch? Will not you, knight-errant like, defend the cause of a whole class of distressed damsels with our good Yorkshire aunt at the head of them?

Sir Ch. Those general prejudices and aspersions, Charlotte, are indeed unjust and cruel. Yet I am for having everybody marry. Bachelors, cousin Everard, and maids, when long single, are looked upon as houses long empty, which nobody cares to take. As the house in time, by long disuse, will be thought by the vulgar haunted by evil spirits, so will the others, by the *many*, be thought possessed by no good ones.

The transition was somehow made from hence to the equitableness that ought to be in our judgments of one another. We must in these cases, said Sir Charles, throw merit in one scale, demerit in the other; and if the former weigh down the latter, we must in charity pronounce to the person's advantage. So it is humbly hoped we shall finally be judged ourselves: for who is faultless?

Yet, said he, for my own part, that I may not be wanting to prudence, I have sometimes, where the merit is not very striking, allowed persons, at first acquaintance, a short lease only in my good opinion; some for three, some for six, some for nine, others for twelve months, renewable or not, as they answer expectation. And by this means I leave it to every one to make his own character with me; I preserve my charity and my complacency; and enter directly, with frank-

ness, into conversation with him; and generally continue that freedom to the end of the respective person's lease.

Miss Gr. I wonder how many of your leases, brother, have been granted to ladies?

Sir Ch. Many, Charlotte, of the friendly sort: but the kind you archly mean are out of the question at present. We were talking of esteem.

This insensibly led the conversation to love and courtship; and he said [What do you think he said, Lucy?] that he should not, perhaps, were he in love, be over forward to declare his passion by words; but rather show it by his assiduities and veneration, unless he saw, that the suspense was painful to the object: and in this case it would be equally mean and insolent not to break silence, and put himself in the power of her, whose honour and delicacy ought to be dearer to him than his own.

What say you to this, Lucy?

Some think, proceeded he, that the days of courtship are the happiest days of life. But the man, who, as a lover, thinks so, is not to be forgiven. Yet it must be confessed, that *hope* gives an ardour which subsides in certainty.

Being called upon by Lord L—— to be more explicit:

I am endeavouring, said he, to set up my particular humour for a general rule. For my own sake, I would not, by a too early declaration, drive a lady into reserves; since that would be to rob myself of those innocent freedoms, and of that complacency, to which an honourable lover might think himself entitled; and which might help him [don't be affrighted, ladies]! to develop the plaits and folds of the female heart.

This development stuck with us women a little. We talked of it afterwards. And Miss Grandison *then* said, it was well her cousin Everard said not that. And *he* answered, Sir Charles may with more safety *steal a horse*, than I *look over the hedge*.

Miss Gr. Ay, cousin Grandison, that is because you are a rake. A name, believe me, of at least as much reproach as that of an old maid.

Mr. Gr. Aspersing a whole class at once, Miss Charlotte. 'Tis contrary to your own maxim: and a class too (this of

the rakes), that many a generous spirited girl chooses out of, when she would dispose of herself and her fortune.

Miss Gr. How malapert this Everard!

What Sir Charles *next* said, made him own the character more decently by his blushes.

The woman who chooses a rake, said he, does not consider, that all the sprightly airs for which she preferred him to a better man, either vanish in matrimony, or are shown to others, to her mortal disquiet. The agreeable will be carried abroad; the disagreeable will be brought home. If he reform (and yet bad habits are very difficult to shake off), he will probably, from the reflections on his past guilty life, be an unsociable companion, should deep and true contrition have laid hold on him: if not, what has she chosen? He married not from honest principles: a rake despises matrimony: if still a rake, what hold will she have of him? A rake in *passion* is not a man in *love*. Such a one can seldom be in love: from a *laudable* passion he cannot. He has no delicacy. His love deserves a vile name: and if so, it will be strange, if in his eyes a common woman excel not his modest wife.

What he said was openly approved by the gentlemen; tacitly by the ladies.

The subject changing to marriages of persons of unequal years; I knew, said Lord L——, a woman of character, and not reckoned to want sense, who married at twenty a man of more than fifty, in hopes of burying him; but who lived with her upwards of twenty years; and then dying, she is now in treaty with a young rake of twenty-two. She is rich; and, poor woman! hopes to be happy. Pity, Sir Charles, she could not see the picture you have been drawing.

Retribution, replied Sir Charles, will frequently take its course. The lady, keeping in view one steady purpose; which was, that she would marry a young man, whenever death removed the old one, forgot, when she lost her husband, that she had been growing older for the last twenty years; and will now very probably be the despised mate to the young husband, that her late husband was to her. Thirty years hence, the now young man will perhaps fall into the error of his predecessor, if he outlive the wife he is

going to take, and be punished in the same way. These are what may be called punishments in kind. The violators of the social duties are frequently punished by the success of their own wishes. Don't you think, my lord, that it is suitable to the divine benignity, as well as justice, to lend its sanctions and punishments in aid of those duties which bind man to man.

Lord L—— said some very good things. Your Harriet was not a mute: but you know, that my point is, to let you into the character and sentiments of Sir Charles Grandison: and whenever I can do them tolerable justice, I shall keep to that point. You will promise for me, you say, Lucy—I know you will.

But one might have expected that Dr. Bartlett would have said more than he did, on some of the subjects: yet Mr. Grandison, and he, and Miss Emily, were almost equally and attentively silent, till the last scene: and then the doctor said, I must show you a little translation of Miss Emily's from the Italian. She blushed, and looked as if she knew not whether she should stay or go. I should be glad to see anything of my Emily's, said Sir Charles. I know she is a mistress of that language, and elegant in her own. Pray, my dear (to her), let us be obliged, if it will not pain you.

She blushed, and bowed.

I must first tell you, said the doctor, that I was the occasion of her choosing so grave a subject, as you will find that of the sonnet from which hers is taken.

A sonnet! said Miss Grandison. My dear little POETESS, you must set it, and sing it to us.

No indeed, madam, said Miss Jervois, blushing still more. Dr. Bartlett would by no means have me a *poetess*, I am sure; and did you not, dear madam, speak that word, as if you meant to call me a name?

I think she did, my dear, said Sir Charles: nor would I have my Emily distinguished by any name, but that of a discreet, an ingenious, and an amiable young woman. The titles of *wit* and *poetess* have been disgraced too often by Sapphos and Corinnas, ancient and modern. Was not this in your head, sister? But do not be disturbed, my Emily [the poor girl's eyes glistened]: I mean no check of liveliness

and modest ingenuity. The easy productions of a fine fancy, not made the business of life, or its boast, confer no denomination that is disgraceful, but very much the contrary.

I am very glad for all *that*, said Miss Jervois, that my little translation is in plain prose: had it not, I should have been very much afraid to have it seen.

Even in *that* case, you need not to have been afraid, my dear Miss Jervois, said the good Dr. Bartlett: Sir Charles is an admirer of good poetry: and Miss Grandison would have recollected the Philomelas, the Orindas, and other names among her own sex, whose fine genius does it honour.

Your diffidence and sweet humility, my dear Emily, said Lord L——, would, in you, make the most envied accomplishments amiable.

I am sure, said the lovely girl, hanging down her head, tears ready to start, I have reason to be affected with the subject.—The indulgent mother is described with so much sweet tenderness!—Oh what pleasures do mothers lose who want tenderness!

We all, either by eyes or voice, called for the sonnet, and her translation. Dr. Bartlett showed them to us; and I send copies of both.

SONNET OF VINCENZIO DA FILLICAJA.

Qual madre i figli con pietoso affetto
Mira, e d'amor si strugge a lor davante;
E un bacia in fronte, ed un si stringe al petto,
Uno tien sù i ginnochi, un sulle piante,
E mentre agli atti, a i gemiti, all' aspetto
Lor voglie intende sì diverse, e tante,
A questi un guardo, a quei dispensa un detto,
E se ride, o s'adira, è sempre amante:
Tal per noi Provvidenza alta infinita
Veglia, e questi conforta, e quei provvede,
E tutti ascolta, e porge a tutti aita.
E se niega talor grazia, o mercede,
O niega sol, perchè a pregar ne invita;
O negar finge, e nel negar concede.

'See a fond mother encircled by her children: with pious 'tenderness she looks around, and her soul even melts with 'maternal love. One she kisses on the forehead; and 'clasps another to her bosom. One she sets upon her knee;

'and finds a seat upon her foot for another. And while, by 'their actions, their lisping words, and asking eyes, she 'understands their various numberless little wishes, to these 'she dispenses a look; a word to those; and whether she 'smiles or frowns, 'tis all in tender love.

'Such to us, though infinitely high and awful, is PROVI-'DENCE: so it watches over us; comforting these; providing 'for those; listening to all; assisting every one; and if 'sometimes it denies the favour we implore, it denies but to 'invite our more earnest prayers; or, seeming to deny a 'blessing, grants one in that refusal.'

When the translation was read aloud, the tears that before were starting, trickled down the sweet girl's cheeks. But the commendations every one joined in, and especially the praises given her by her guardian, drove away every cloud from her face.

—o—

LETTER V.

Sir Charles Grandison to Miss Grandison.

Friday, March 17.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,—I have already seen Captain Anderson. Richard Saunders, whom I sent with your letter, as soon as I came to town, found him at his lodgings near Whitehall. He expressed himself, on reading it before the servant, with *indiscreet* warmth. I would not make minute inquiries after his words, because I intended an amicable meeting with him.

We met at four yesterday afternoon, at the Cocoa Tree in Pall Mall: Lieut. Col. Mackenzie, and Major Dillon, two of his friends, with whom I had no acquaintance, were with him. The Captain and I withdrew to a private room. The two gentlemen entered it with us.

You will on this occasion, I know, expect me to be particular: you must allow, that I had no good cause to manage; since those points that had most weight (and which were the ground of your objections to him when you saw him in a near light), could not be pleaded without affronting him; and, if they had, would hardly have met with his

allowance; and could therefore have no force in the argument.

On the two gentlemen entering the room with us, without apology or objection, I asked the captain, if they were acquainted with the affair we met upon? He said, they were his dear and inseparable friends, and knew every secret of his heart. Perhaps in this case, Captain Anderson, returned I, it were as well they did not.

We are men of honour, Sir Charles Grandison, said the major briskly.

I don't doubt it, sir. But where the delicacy of a lady is concerned, the hearts of the principals should be the whole world to each other. But what is done, is done. I am ready to enter upon the affair before these gentlemen, if you choose it, captain.

You will find us to be gentlemen, Sir Charles, said the colonel.

The captain then began, with warmth, his own story. Indeed he told it very well. I was pleased, for my *sister's sake* (pardon me, Charlotte), that he did. He is not contemptible, either in person or understanding. He may be said, perhaps, to be an illiterate, but he is not an ignorant man; though not the person whom the friends of Charlotte Grandison would think worthy of the first place in her heart.

After he had told his story (which I need not repeat to you), he insisted upon your promise: and his two friends declared in his favour, with airs, each man, a little too peremptory. I told them so; and that they must do me the justice to consider me as a man of some spirit, as well as themselves. I came thither with a friendly intention, gentlemen, said I. I do not love to follow the lead of hasty spirits: but if you expect to carry any point with me, it must not be either by raised voices, or heightened complexions.

Their features were all at once changed: and they said, they meant not to be warm.

I told the captain, that I would not enter into a minute defence of the lady, though my sister. I owned that there had appeared a precipitation in her conduct. Her treatment at home, as she apprehended, was not answerable to her merits. She was young and knew nothing of the world.

Young ladies were often struck by appearances. You, Captain Anderson, said I, have advantages in person and manner, that might obtain for you a young lady's attention: and as she believed herself circumstanced in her family, I wonder not that she lent an ear to the address of a gallant man; whose command in that neighbourhood, and, I doubt not, whose behaviour in that command, added to his consequence. But I take it for granted, sir, that you met with difficulties from her, when she came to reflect upon the disreputation of a young woman's carrying on clandestinely a correspondence with a man, of whose address, her father, then living, was not likely to approve. There was none of that violent passion on either side, that precludes reason, discretion, duty. It is no wonder then, that a woman of Charlotte Grandison's known good sense, should reflect, should consider: and perhaps the less, that you should therefore seek to engage her by promise. But what *was* the promise? It was not the promise that, it seems, you sought to engage her to make: to be absolutely yours, and no other man's: but it was, that she would not marry any other man without your consent, while you remained single. An unreasonable promise, however, I will presume to say, either to be proposed, or submitted to.

Sir! said the captain, and looked the soldier.

I repeated what I last said.

Sir! again said the captain; and looked upon his friends, who pointed each his head at the other, and at him, by turns—as if they had said, Very free language.

For, sir, proceeded I, did it not give room to think, that you had either some doubts of your own merit with the lady, or of her affection and steadiness? And, in either case, ought it to have been proposed? ought it to have been made? For my part I should disdain to think of any woman for a wife, who gave me reason to imagine, that she was likely to balance a moment, as to her choice of me, or any other man.

Something in that! said the colonel.

As you explain yourself, Sir Charles, said the major——

The captain, however, sat swelling. He was not so easily satisfied.

Your motive, we are not to question, captain, was love. Miss Grandison is a young woman whom any man may love. By the way, where a man is assured of a return in love, there is no occasion for a promise. But a promise *was* made. My sister is a woman of honour. She thinks herself bound by it; and she is content to lead a single life to the end of it, if you will not acquit her of this promise. Yet she leaves, and at the *time* did leave *you* free. You will have the justice, sir, to allow, that there is a generosity in her conduct to you, which remains for you to show to her, since a promise should not be made but on equal terms. Would you hold her to it, and be not held yourself? She desires not to hold you. Let me tell you, captain, that if I had been in your situation, and had been able to *prevail upon myself* to endeavour to bring a lady to make me such a promise, I should have doubted her love of me, had she not sought to bind me to her by an equal tie. What! should I have said to myself, is this lady dearer to *me* than all the women upon earth? Do I seek to bind her to me by a solemn promise, which shall give me a power over *her?* And has she so little regard for me, as not to value, whether I marry any other woman?

The gentlemen looked upon one another; but were silent. I proceeded.

Let us set this matter in its true light. Here is a young woman, who had suffered herself to be embarrassed in a treaty, that her whole heart, she assures me, was never in. *This was her fault.* But know we not how inextricable are the entanglements of *love*, as it is called, when young women are brought to enter into correspondence with men? Our sex have opportunities of knowing the world, which the other have not. Experience, gentlemen, engaging with inexperience, and perhaps the difference of twice the number of years [Sir! said the captain], the combat must be too unequal. How artfully do men endeavour to draw in the woman whom they think it worth their while to pursue!—But would any man here wish to marry a woman, who declares that she was insensibly drawn in beyond her purpose? Who showed, when she refused to promise that she would be his, in preference to all other men, that she did

not love him above all other men? Who, when she was prevailed on to fetter herself, made him not of consequence enough to herself to bind *him?* And, in a word, who has long ago declared to him, and steadily persists in the declaration, that she *never* will be his?—You seem, gentlemen, to be men of spirit. Would you wish to marry the first woman on earth on these terms, if you *could* obtain her?—which, however, is not the case; since Miss Grandison's promise extends not so far as to oblige her to marry Captain Anderson.

The captain did not, he told me, like some part of what I had said; and still less, some of the words I had used: and seemed to be disposing his features to take a fiercer turn than became the occasion. I interrupted him therefore: I met you not, captain, said I, either to hear, or to obviate, cavils upon words. When I have told you, that I came with an amicable intention, I expect to be believed. I intend not offence. But let us be *men.* I am perhaps a younger man, by ten years, than any one present: but I have seen the world as much as any man of my age; and know what is due to the character of a gentleman, whether it be Captain Anderson's, or my own; and expect not wilful misconstructions.

All I mean is, sir, said the captain, that I will not be treated contemptuously; no, not even by the brother of Miss Grandison.

The brother of Miss Grandison, sir, is not accustomed to treat any man contemptuously. Don't treat yourself so, and you are safe from unworthy treatment from me. Let me add, sir, that I permit every man to fix his character with me, as he pleases. I will venture to say, I have a large charity; but I extend it not to credulity: but yet will always allow a third person to decide upon the justice of my intentions and actions.

The captain said, that he ascribed a great deal of my sister's *positiveness in her denial of him* (those were his words), to the time of my arrival in England; and he doubted not, that I had encouraged the proposals, either of Sir Walter Watkyns, or of Lord G——, because of their quality and fortunes: and hence his difficulties were increased.

And then up he rose, slapt one hand upon the table, put the other on his sword, and was going to say some very fierce things, prefacing them with damning his blood, when I stood up: Hold, captain; be calm, if possible.—Hear from me the naked truth: I will make you a fair representation; and when I have done, do you resume, if you think it necessary, that angry air you got up with, and see what you'll make of it.

His friends interposed. He sat down, half out of breath with anger. His swelled features went down by degrees.

The truth of the matter is strictly and briefly this.

All my sister's difficulties (which, perhaps, were greater in apprehension than in fact) ended with my father's life. I made it my business, on my arrival, as soon as possible, to ascertain my sisters' fortunes. Lord L—— married the elder. The two gentlemen you have mentioned made their addresses to the younger. I knew nothing of you, Captain Anderson. My sister had wholly kept the affair between you and her in her own breast. She had not revealed it even to her sister. The reason she gives, and to which you, sir, could be no stranger, was, that she was determined never to be yours. The subject requires explicitness, Captain Anderson: and I am not accustomed to palliate, whenever it does. She hoped to prevail upon you to leave her as generously free, as she had left you. I do assure you, upon my honour, that she favours not either of the gentlemen. I know not the man she *does* favour. It is I, her brother, not herself, that am solicitous for her marrying. And, upon the indifference she expressed to change her condition, on terms to which no objection could be made, I supposed she must have a secret preference to some other man. I was afterwards informed, that letters had passed between her and you, by a lady, who had it from a gentleman of your acquaintance. You have shown me, sir, by the presence of these gentlemen, that you were not so careful of the secret as my sister had been.—They looked one upon another.

I charged my sister, upon this discovery, with reserve to me: but offered her my service in her own way; assuring her, that if her heart were engaged, the want of quality, title, and fortune, should not be of weight with me; and that

whomsoever she accepted for her husband, him would I receive for my brother.

The colonel and the major extravagantly applauded a behaviour on this occasion, which deserved no more than a common approbation.

She solemnly assured me, proceeded I, that although she held herself bound by the promise which youth, inexperience, and solicitation, had drawn her in to make, she resolved to perform it by a perpetual single life, if it were insisted upon. And thus, sir, you see, that it depends upon you to keep Charlotte Grandison a single woman, till you marry some other lady (a power, let me tell you, that no man ought to seek to obtain over a young woman); or, generously acquit her of it, and leave her as free as she has left you.—And now, gentlemen (to the major and colonel), if you came hither not so much parties as judges, I leave this matter upon your consideration; and will withdraw for a few moments.

I left every mouth ready to burst into words; and walked into the public room. There I met with Colonel Martin, whom I had seen abroad; and who had just asked after Major Dillon. He, to my great surprise, took notice to me of the business that brought me hither.

You see, my sister, the consequence you were of to Captain Anderson. He had not been able to forbear boasting of the honour which a daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison had done him, and of his enlarged prospects, by her interest. Dear Charlotte—how unhappy was the man, that your pride should make you think yourself concerned to keep secret an affair that he thought a glory to him to make known to many! For we see (shall I not say, to the advantage of this gentleman's character?) that he has many *dear* and *inseparable friends*, from whom he *concealed not any secret of his heart.*

Colonel Mackenzie came out soon after, and we withdrew to the corner of the room. He talked a great deal of the strength of the captain's passion; of the hopes he had conceived of making his fortune, through the interest of a family to which he imputed consideration: he made me many compliments: he talked of the great detriment this long-suspended affair had been to his friend; and told me, with

a grave countenance, that the captain was grown as many years older, as it had been in hand; and was ready to rate very highly so much time lost in the prime of life. In short, he ascribed to the captain the views and the disappointments of a military fortune-hunter too plainly for his honour, in my eye, had I had been disposed to take *proper* notice of the meaning of what he said.

After having heard him out, I desired the colonel to let me know, what all this meant, and what were the captain's expectations.

He paraded on again, a long time; and asked me, at last, if there were no hopes that the lady——

None at all, interrupted I. She has steadily declared as much. Charlotte Grandison is a woman of fine sense. She has great qualities. She has insuperable objections to the captain, which are founded on a more perfect knowledge of the man, and of her own heart, than she could have at first. It is not my intention to depreciate him with his friend; I shall not, therefore, enter into particulars. Let me know, colonel, what the gentleman pretends to. He is passionate, I see: I am not a tame man: but God forbid, that Captain Anderson, who hoped to be benefited by an alliance with the daughter of Sir Thomas Grandison, should receive hurt, or hard treatment, from her brother!

Here Colonel Martin, who had heard something of what was said, desired to speak with Colonel Mackenzie. They were not so distant, but my ear unavoidably caught part of their subject. Colonel Martin expatiated, in a very high manner, on my character, when I was abroad. He imputed bravery to me (a great article among military men, and with you ladies), and I know not how many good qualities —and Colonel Mackenzie took him in with him to the other two gentlemen; where, I suppose, everything that had passed was repeated.

After a while, I was desired by Colonel Martin, in the name of the gentlemen, to walk in; he himself sitting down in the public room.

They received me with respect. I was obliged to hear and say a great many things, that I had said and heard before: but at last two proposals were made me; either of which,

they said, if complied with, would be taken as laying the captain under a very high obligation.

Poor man! I had compassion on him, and closed with one of them; declining the other for a reason which I did not give to them. To say truth, Charlotte, I did not choose to promise my *interest* in behalf of a man, of whose merit I was not assured, had I been able to challenge any, as perhaps I might, by Lord W——'s means; who stands well with proper persons. A man ought to think himself, in some measure, accountable for *warm* recommendations; especially where the public is concerned: and could I give my promise, and be cool as to the performance? And I should think myself also answerable to a worthy man, and to every one connected with him, if I were a means of lifting one less worthy over his head. I chose, therefore, to do that service to him, for which I am responsible only to *myself*. After I have said this, my sister must ask me no questions.

I gave a rough draught, at the captain's request, of the manner in which I would have releases drawn. Colonel Martin was desired to walk in. And all the gentlemen promised to bury in silence all that had ever come to their knowledge, of what had passed between Charlotte Grandison and Captain Anderson.

Let not the mentioning to you these measures hurt you, my sister. Many young ladies of sense and family have been drawn in to still greater inconveniences than you have suffered. Persons of eminent abilities (I have a very high opinion of my Charlotte's) seldom err in *small* points. Most young women, who begin a correspondence with our designing sex, think they can stop when they will. But it is not so. We, and the dark spirit that sets us at work, which we sometimes miscall love, will not permit you to do so. Men and women are devils to one another. They need no other tempter.

All will be completed to-morrow; and your written promise, of consequence, given up. I congratulate my sister on the happy conclusion of this affair. You are now your own mistress, and free to choose for yourself. I should never forgive myself, were I, who have been the means of freeing you from one control, to endeavour to lay you under another. Think not either of Sir Walter, or of Lord G——, if your

heart declare not in favour of either. You have sometimes thought me *earnest* in behalf of Lord G——. But I have never spoken in his favour, but when you have put me upon answering objections to him, which I have thought insufficient: and indeed, Charlotte, some of your objections have been so slight, that I was ready to believe, you put them for the pleasure of having them answered.

My Charlotte need not doubt of admirers, wherever she sets her foot. And I repeat, that whoever be the man she inclines to favour, she may depend upon the approbation and good offices of her ever affectionate brother,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

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LETTER VI.

Miss Harriet Byron to Miss Selby.

Friday, March 17.

I SEND you enclosed (to be returned by the first opportunity), Sir Charles's letter to his sister, acquainting her with the happy conclusion of the affair between Captain Anderson and her. Her brother, as you will see, acquits her not of precipitation. If he did, it would have been an impeachment of his justice. Oh the dear Charlotte! how her pride is piqued at the meanness of the man!—But no more of this subject, as the letter is before you.

And now, my dear and honoured friends, let me return you a thousand thanks for the great packet of my letters, just sent me, with a most indulgent one from my aunt, and another from my uncle.

I have already put into the two ladies' hands, and my lord's without reserve, all the letters that reach to the masquerade affair, from the time of my setting out for London; and when they have read those, I have promised them more. This confidence has greatly obliged them; and they are employed, with no small earnestness, in perusing them.

This gives me an opportunity of pursuing my own devices —and what, besides scribbling, do you think one of them is?—A kind of persecution of Dr. Bartlett: by which, how-

ever, I suspect that I myself am the greatest sufferer. He is an excellent man; and I make no difficulty of going to him in his closet; encouraged by his assurances of welcome.

Let me stop to say, my Lucy, that when I approach this good man in his retirement, surrounded by his books, his table generally covered with those on pious subjects, I, in my heart, congratulate the saint, and inheritor of future glory; and, in that great view, am the more desirous to cultivate his friendship.

And what do you think is our subject? Sir Charles, I suppose, you guess.—And so it is, either in the middle or latter end of the few conversations we have yet had time to hold: but, I do assure you, we begin with the sublimest; though I must say, to my shame, that it has not so much of my heart, at present, as once it had and I hope again will one day have—the great and glorious truths of Christianity are this subject; which *yet*, from this good Dr. Bartlett, warms my heart, as often as he enters into it. But this very subject, sublime as it is, brings on the other, as of consequence; for Sir Charles Grandison, without making an ostentations pretension to religion, is the very Christian in practice, that these doctrines teach a man to be. Must not then the doctrines introduce the mention of a man, who endeavours humbly to imitate the divine example? It was upon good grounds, he once said, that, as he must one day die, it was matter of no moment to *him*, whether it were to-morrow or forty years hence.

The ladies had referred me to the doctor himself for a more satisfactory account than they had given me, how Sir Charles and he first came acquainted. I told him so, and asked his indulgence to me in this inquiry.

He took it kindly. He had, he said, the history of it written down. His nephew, whom he often employs as his amanuensis, should make me out, from that little history, an account of it, which I might show, he was pleased to say, to such of my select friends as I entrusted with the knowledge of my own heart.

I shall impatiently expect the abstract of this little history; and the more, as the doctor tells me, there will be included some particulars of Sir Charles's behaviour abroad in his

younger life, and of Mr. Beauchamp, whom the doctor speaks of with love, as his patron's dearest friend, and whom he calls a second Sir Charles Grandison.

See, my Lucy, the reward of frankness of heart. My communicativeness has been already encouraged with the perusal of two letters from the same excellent man to Doctor Bartlett; to whom from early days (as I shall be soon more particularly informed), he has given an account of all his conduct and movements.

The doctor drew himself in, however, by reading to Lord L—— and the ladies, and me, a paragraph or two out of one of them: and he has even allowed me to give my grandmamma and aunt a sight of them. Return them, Lucy, with the other letter, by the very next post. He says, he can deny me nothing. I wish I may not be too bold with him.—As for Miss Grandison, she vows, that she will not let the good man rest till she gets him to communicate what he shall not absolutely declare to be a secret, to *us* three sisters, and my Lord L——. If the first man, she says, could not resist *one* woman, how will the doctor deal with *three*, not one of them behind hand with the *first* in curiosity? And all loving him, and whom he professes to esteem? You see, Lucy, that Miss Grandison has pretty well got up her spirits again.

Just now Miss Grandison has related to me a conversation that passed between my Lord and Lady L——, herself, and Doctor Bartlett; in which the subject was their brother and I. The ladies and my lord are entirely in my interests, and regardful of my punctilio. They roundly told the doctor, that, being extremely earnest to have their brother marry, they knew not the person living, whom they wished to call his wife preferably to Miss Byron; could they be sure that I were absolutely disengaged. Now, doctor, said Miss Grandison, tell us frankly, what is your opinion of our choice for a more than nominal sister?

I will make no apologies, Lucy, for repeating all that was repeated to me of this conversation.

Lord L. Ay, my good Doctor Bartlett, let us have your free opinion.

Dr. B. Miss Byron (I pronounce upon knowledge, for she has more than once, since I have been down, done me the honour of entering into very free and serious conversations with me) is one of the most excellent of women.

And then he went on, praising me for ingenuousness, seriousness, cheerfulness, and for other good qualities, which his partiality found out in me: and added, Would to Heaven that she were neither more nor less than Lady Grandison!

God bless him! thought I—Don't you join, my Lucy, to say, at this place, you, who love me so dearly, God bless you, Doctor Bartlett?

Lady L. Well, but, doctor, you say that Miss Byron talks freely with you; cannot you gather from her, whether she is inclined to marriage? Whether she is absolutely disengaged? Lady D—— made a proposal to her for Lord D——; and insisted on an answer to this very question: that matter is gone off. As our *guest*, we would not have Miss Byron think us impertinent. She is very delicate. And as she is so amiably frank-hearted, those things she chooses not to mention of her own accord, one would not, you know, officiously put to her.

This was a little too much affected. Don't you think so, Lucy? The doctor, it is evident by his answer, did.

Dr. B. It is not likely that such a subject can arise between Miss Byron and me: and it is strange, methinks, that ladies calling each other sisters, should not be absolutely mistress of this question.

Lord L. Very right, Doctor Bartlett. But ladies will, in these points, take a compass before they explain themselves. A man of Doctor Bartlett's penetration and uprightness, ladies, should not be treated with distance. We are of opinion, doctor, that Miss Byron, supposing that she is absolutely disengaged, could make no difficulty to prefer my brother to all the men in the world. What think you?

Dr. B. I have no doubt of it: she thinks herself under obligation to him. She is goodness itself. She must love goodness. Sir Charles's person, his vivacity, his address, his understanding—what woman would not prefer him to all the men she ever saw? He has met with admirers among the sex in every nation in which he has set his foot:

[Ah! Lucy!] You, ladies, must have seen, forgive me (bowing to each), that Miss Byron has a more than grateful respect for your brother.

Miss Gr. We think so, doctor; and wanted to know if *you* did: and so, as my lord says, fetched a little compass about; which we should not have done to *you*. But you say, that my brother has had numbers of admirers—pray, doctor, is there any *one* lady (we imagine there is), that he has preferred to another, in the different nations he has travelled through?

Lord L. Ay, doctor, we want to know this; and if you thought there were *not*, we should make no scruple to explain ourselves, as well to Miss Byron as to my brother.

Don't you long to know what answer the doctor returned to this, Lucy? I was out of breath with impatience, when Miss Grandison repeated it to me.

The doctor hesitated—and at last said; I wish, with all my heart, Miss Byron could be Lady Grandison.

Miss Gr. COULD be?—*Could* be, said each.

And COULD be? said the fool to Miss Grandison, when she repeated it, her heart quite sunk.

Dr. B. [Smiling]. You hinted, ladies, that you are not *sure* that Miss Byron is absolutely disengaged. But, to be open and above-board, I have reason to believe, that your brother would be concerned, it he knew it, that you should think of putting such a question as this to anybody but himself. Why don't you? He once complained to me, that he was afraid his sisters looked upon him as a reserved man; and condescended to call upon me to put him right, if I thought his appearance such as would give you grounds for the surmise. There are two or three affairs of intricacy that he is engaged in, and particularly one, that hangs in suspense; and he would not be fond, I believe, of mentioning it, till he can do it with certainty: but else, ladies, there is not a more frank-hearted man in the world than *your* brother.

See, Lucy, how cautious we ought to be in passing judgment on the actions of others, especially on those of good men, when we want to fasten blame upon them; perhaps with a low view (envying their superior worth), to bring them down to our own level!—For are we not all apt to

measure the merits of others by our own standard, and to give praise or dispraise to actions or sentiments as they square with our own?

Lord L. Perhaps, Doctor Bartlett, you don't think yourself at liberty to answer, whether these particular affairs are of such a nature, as will interfere with the *hopes* we have of bringing to effect a marriage between my brother and Miss Byron?

Dr. B. I had rather refer to Sir Charles himself on this subject. If any man in the world deserves, from prudence and integrity of heart, to be happy in this life, that man is Sir Charles Grandison. But he is not *quite* happy.

Ah, Lucy!—The doctor proceeded. Your brother, ladies, has often said to me, that there was hardly a man living who had a more sincere value for the sex than he had; who had been more distinguished by the favour of worthy women; yet, who had paid dearer for that distinction than he had done.

Lady L. Paid dearer! Good Heaven!

Miss Gr. How could that be?

Lord L. I always abroad heard the ladies reckon upon Sir Charles as their own man. His vivacity, his personal accomplishments, his politeness, his generosity, his bravery!—Every woman who spoke of him put him down for a man of gallantry. And is he not a *truly* gallant man?—I never mentioned it before—but a Lady Olivia, of Florence, was much talked of, when I was in that city, as being in love with the handsome Englishman, as our brother was commonly called there——

Lady Olivia! Lady Olivia! repeated each sister; and why did not your lordship!——

Why? Because, though she was in love with him, he had no thoughts of her: and, as the doctor says, she is but *one* of those who, wherever he set his foot, admired him.

Bless me, thought I, what a black swan is a good man!—Why, as I have often thought (to the credit of our sex), will not all the men be good?

Lady L. My lord, you must tell us more of this Lady Olivia.

Lord L. I know very little more of her. She was reputed

to be a woman of high quality and fortune, and great spirit. I once saw her. She is a fine figure of a woman. Dr. Bartlett can, no doubt, give you an account of her.

Miss Gr. Ah, doctor! What a history could you give us of our brother, if you pleased!—But as there is no likelihood that this lady will be anything to my brother, let us return to our first subject.

Lady L. By all means. Pray, Dr. Bartlett, do you know what my brother's opinion is of Miss Byron?

Dr. B. The highest that man can have of woman.

Lady L. As we are so very desirous to see my brother happily married, and think he never could have a woman so likely to make him happy, would you advise us to propose the alliance to him? We would not to *her*, unless we thought there were room to hope for his approbation, and that in a very high degree.

Dr. B. I am under some concern, my dear ladies, to be thought to know more of your brother's heart, than sisters do, whom he loves so dearly, and who equally love him. I beseech you, give me not so much more consequence with him than you imagine you have yourselves. I shall be afraid, if you do, that the favour I wish to stand in with you is owing more to your brother's distinction of me than to your own hearts.

Lord L. I see not why we may not talk to my brother directly on this head. Whence is it, that we are all three insensibly drawn in, by each other's example, to this distance between him and us?—It is not *his* fault. Did we ever ask him a question that he did not directly answer, and that without showing the least affectation or reserve?

Miss Gr. He came over to us all at once so perfect, after an eight or nine years' absence, with so much power, and such a will to do us good, that we were awed into a kind of reverence for him.

Lady L. Too great obligations from one side will, indeed, create distance on the other. Grateful hearts will always retain a sense of favours heaped upon them.

Dr. B. You would give pain to his noble heart, did he think, that you put such a value upon what he has done. I do assure you, that he thinks he has hardly performed his

duty by his sisters: and, as occasions may still offer, you will *find* he thinks so. But let me beg of you to treat him without reserve or diffidence; and that you would put to him all these questions which you would wish to be answered. You will find him, I daresay, very candid, and very explicit.

Miss Gr. That shall be my task when I next see him. But, dear Doctor Bartlett, if you love us, communicate to us all that is proper for us to see of the correspondence that passes between him and you.

The doctor, it seems, bowed; but answered not.

So you see, Lucy, upon the whole, that I have no great *reason* to build so much, as my uncle, in his last letter, imagines I do, on the interest of these ladies, and my Lord L——, with their brother. *Two or three intricate affairs on his hands:* one of them *still in suspense;* of which, for that reason, he makes a secret: he is not *quite happy: greatly distinguished by the favour of worthy women;* who would wonder at that?—but *has paid dear for the distinction!*—What can one say? What can one think? He once said himself, that his life was a various life; and that some unhappy things had befallen him. If the prudence of such a man could not shield him from misfortune, who can be exempted from it?—And from *worthy* women too!—That's the wonder!—But is this Olivia one of the *worthy* women?—I fancy he must despise us all. I fancy he will never think of encumbering himself with one of a sex, that has made him pay so dear for the general distinction he has met with from it. As to his politeness to us; a man may *afford* to show politeness to those he has resolved to keep at distance from his heart.

But, ah, Lucy!—There must be one happy woman, whom he wishes not to keep at distance. This is the affair, that *hangs in suspense;* and of which, therefore, he chooses to say nothing.

I have had the pleasure of a visit from my godfather Deane. He dined with us this day in his way to town. The ladies, Dr. Bartlett, and my Lord L——, are charmed with him. Yet I had pain mingled with my pleasure. He took me aside, and charged me *so* home—he was *too* inquisitive. I never knew him to be so *very* urgent to know my

heart. But I was frank: very frank: I should hardly have been excusable if I had not, to so good a man, and so dear a friend. Yet he scarce knew how to be satisfied with my frankness.

He will have it, that I look thinner and paler than I used to do. That may very well be. My very *soul*, at times—I know not how I am—Sir Charles is in suspense too, from somebody abroad. From my heart I pity him. Had he but some faults; some great blemishes; I fancy I should be easier about him. But to hear nothing of him but what is so greatly praiseworthy, and my heart so delighted with acts of beneficence—and now, my godfather Deane, at this visit, running on in his praises, and commending, instead of blaming me, for my presumptuous thoughts: nay, exalting me, and telling me, that I deserve him—that I deserve Sir Charles Grandison!—Why did he not chide me? Why did he not dissuade me?—Neither fortune nor merit answerable? —A man who knows so well what to do with fortune!—The Indies, my dear, ought to be his! What a king would he make!—Power could not corrupt such a mind as his. Cæsar, said Dr. Bartlett, speaking of him before Mr. Deane and all of us, was not quicker to destroy than Sir Charles Grandison is to relieve. Emily's eyes, at the time, ran over with joy at the expression; and drying them, she looked proudly round on us all, as if she had said, This is my guardian!

But what do you think, Lucy! My godfather will have it, that he sees a young passion in Miss Jervois for her guardian!—God forbid!—A young love may be conquered, I believe; but *who* shall caution the innocent girl? She must have a sweet pleasure in it, creeping, stealing upon her. How can so inexperienced a heart, the object so meritorious, resist or reject the indulgence? But, oh, my Emily! sweet girl! do not let your love get the better of your gratitude, lest it make you unhappy! and, what would be still more affecting to a worthy heart, make the generous object of a passion that cannot be gratified, unhappy; and for *that* very reason; because he cannot reward it! See you not already, that, with all his goodness, he is not quite happy? He is a sufferer from *worthy* women!—Oh, my Emily, do not

you add to the infelicity of a man, who can make but *one* woman happy; yet wishes to befriend all the world.—But hush! selfish adviser! Should not Harriet Byron have thought of this in time?—Yet she knew not, that he had any previous engagements: and may death lay his cold hand upon her heart, before she become an additional disturbance to his! He knows not, I hope, he guesses not, though Dr. Bartlett has found me out as well as the sisters, that I am captivated, heart and soul, by his merits. May he never know it, if the knowledge of it would give him the shadow of uneasiness!

I owned to Mr. Deane, that my Lord L—— and the ladies were warmly interested in my favour. Thank God for that! he said. All must happen to his wish. Nay, he would have it, that Sir Charles's goodness would be *rewarded* in having such a wife! but what wife can do more than her duty to any husband who is not absolutely a savage? How then can all I could do *reward* such a man as this?

But, Lucy, don't you blush for me, on reading this last passage of my writing? You *may*, since I blush myself on reperusing it. For shame, Harriet Byron, put a period to this letter!—I will; nor subscribe to it so much as the initials of my name.

—o—

LETTER VII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

[Enclosed in the preceding.]

Friday, March 17.

LAST night I saw interred the remains of my worthy friend Mr. Danby. I had caused his two nephews and his niece to be invited: but they did not attend.

As the will was not to be opened till the funeral was over, about which the good man had given me verbal directions: apprehending, I believe, expostulations from me, had I known the contents; I sent to them this morning to be present at the opening.

Their attorney, Mr. Sylvester, a man of character and good behaviour, brought me a letter, signed by all three,

[illegible] and desired [illegible] I took notice to him, [illegible] very-sight and now, [illegible] the memory of their uncle, nor [illegible] Mr. [illegible] a little before [illegible] had very [illegible] by [illegible] at his expense, with [illegible] at his death, [illegible] could [illegible] of [illegible] to them.

I [illegible] of this gentleman. The preamble was an angry one, giving reasons for his resentment against the father of these young persons, who (though his brother) had once as I hinted to you at Colmebrook, made a very [illegible] from his life. I was hurt, however, to find a resentment carried so far against the innocent children of the offender, and into the last will of so good a man; that will so lately made, as within three weeks of his death; and he given over for three months before.

[illegible] the tenderness due to the memory of a friend permit me to ask, Where would that resentment have stopt, had the [illegible] been a monarch, which he could carry into [illegible]

But see we not, on the other hand, that these children, had they power, would have punished their uncle, for disposing, as he thought fit, of his own fortune: no part of which came to him by inheritance?

They had been educated, as I have said, at his expense; and, in the phrase of business, well put out: expenses their careless father would not have been at: he is, in every light, a bad man. How much better had these children's title been to a more considerable part of their uncle's estate than he has bequeathed to them, had they been thankful for the benefits they had actually received! benefits, which are of such a nature, that they cannot be taken from them.

Mr. Danby has bequeathed to each of the three one thousand pounds; but, on express condition, that they sig-

nify to his executor, within two months after his demise, their acceptance of it, in full of all demands upon his estate. If they do not (tender being duly made), the three thousand pounds are to be carried to the uses of the will.

He then appoints his executor, and makes him residuary legatee; giving for reason, that he had been the principal instrument, in the hand of Providence, of saving his life.

He bequeaths some generous remembrances to three of his friends in France; and requests his executor to dispose of three thousand pounds to charitable uses, either in France or England, as he thinks fit, and to what particular objects he pleases.

And by an inventory annexed to the will, his effects in money, bills, actions, and jewels, are made to amount to upwards of thirty thousand pounds sterling.

Mr. Sylvester complimented me on this great *windfall*, as he called it; and assured me, that it should be his advice to his clients, that each take his and her legacy, and sit down contented with it: and he believed, that they the rather would, as, from what their uncle had hinted, they apprehended, that the sum of a hundred pounds each was all they had to hope for.

I inquired into the inclinations and views of the three; and received a very good general account of them; with a hint, that the girl was engaged in a love affair.

Their father, after his vile attempt upon his brother's life, was detested by all his friends and relations, and went abroad; and the last news they heard of him was, that he was in a very ill state of health, and in unhappy circumstances, in Barbadoes: and very probably by this time is no more.

I desired Mr. Sylvester to advise the young people to recollect themselves; and said, that I had a disposition to be kind to them: and as he could give me only general accounts of their views, prospects, and engagements, I wished they would, with marks of confidence in me, give me particular ones: but that, whether they complimented me as I wished or not, I was determined, for the sake of their uncle's memory, to do all reasonable services to them. Tell them, in a word, Mr. Sylvester, and do you forgive

the seeming vanity, that I am not accustomed to suffer the narrowness of other people's hearts to contract mine.

The man went away very much pleased with what I had said; and, in about two hours, sent me a note, in the names of all his clients, expressing gratitude and obligation; and requesting me to allow him to introduce them all three to me this afternoon.

I have some necessary things to do, and persons to see, in relation to my deceased friend, which will be despatched over a dish of tea. And therefore I have invited the honest attorney, and his three clients, to sup with me.

I will not send this to Colnebrook, where I hope you are all happy [all must; for are they not all good? and are not *you* with them?], till I accompany it with the result of this evening's conversation. Yet I am too fond of every occasion that offers to tell you, what, however, you cannot doubt, how much I am *yours*, not to sign to that truth the name of

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER VIII.

Sir Charles Grandison.—In continuation.

Friday Night, March 17.

MR. SYLVESTER, an honest pleasure shining in his countenance, presented to me, first, Miss Danby; then, each of her brothers; who all received my welcome with a little consciousness as if they had something to reproach themselves with, and were generously ashamed to be overcome. The sister had the least of it; and I saw by that, that she was the least blameable, not the least modest; since, I daresay, she had but followed her brothers' lead; while they looked down and bashful, as having all that was done amiss to answer for.

Miss Danby is a very pretty and very genteel young woman. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Edward Danby are agreeable in their persons and manners, and want not sense.

In the first moment I dissipated all their uneasiness; and we sat down together with confidence in each other. The honest attorney had prepared them to be easy after the first introduction.

I offer not to read to you, said I, the will of your uncle. It is sufficient to repeat what Mr. Sylvester has, no doubt, told you; that you are each of you entitled by it to a thousand pounds.

They all bowed; and the elder brother signified their united consent to accept it upon the terms of the will.

Three thousand pounds more are to be disposed of to charitable uses, at the discretion of the executor: three other legacies are left to three different gentlemen in France: and the large remainder, which will not be less than four and twenty thousand pounds, falls to the executor, as residuary legatee, equally unexpected and undesired.

The elder brother said, God bless you with it, sir! The second said, It could not have fallen to a worthier man. The young lady's lips moved: but words proceeded not from them. Yet her eyes showed, that her lips made me a compliment.

It is ungenerous, Dr. Bartlett, to keep expecting minds in suspense, though with a view of obliging in the end. The surprise intended to be raised on such an occasion, carries in its appearances an air of insult. I have, said I, a great desire to do you service. Now let me know, gentlemen (I will talk to the young lady singly, perhaps), what your expectations were upon your uncle; what will do for each of you, to enable you to enter the world with advantage, in the way you have been brought up; and, as I told your worthy friend, Mr. Sylvester, I will be ready to do you all reasonable service. —But hold, sir; for Mr. Thomas Danby was going to speak; you shall consider before you answer me. The matter is of importance. Be explicit. I love openness and sincerity. I will withdraw, till you have consulted together. Command me in when you have determined.

I withdrew to my study: and in about a quarter of an hour, they let me know that they were ready to attend me. I went in to them. They looked upon one another. Come, gentlemen, don't fear to speak: consider me, for your uncle's sake, as your brother.

The elder brother was going to speak; but hesitating, Come, said I, let me *lead* you into the matter.—Pray, sir, what is your present situation? What are your present circumstances?

My father, sir, was unhappy—My father—

Well, sir, no more of your father—he *could* do nothing for you. Your whole dependence, I presume, was upon your uncle.

My uncle, sir, gave us all our education—my uncle gave each brother a thousand guineas for putting out each to a merchant; five hundred only of which sums were so employed; and the other five hundred guineas are in safe hands.

Your uncle, sir, all reverence to his memory, was an excellent man.

Indeed, sir, he was.

And what, sir, is the business you were brought up to?

My master is a West India merchant.

And what, Mr. Danby, are your prospects in that way?

Exceeding hopeful, sir, they would have been—my master intended to propose to my uncle, had he lived to come to town, to take me in a quarter-partner with him directly; and, in a twelvemonth's time, a half-partner.

A very good sign in your favour, sir. You must have behaved yourself well.—And will he now do it?

Ah, sir! and was silent.

Upon what terms, Mr. Danby, would he have proposed to your uncle to take you in a quarter-partner?

Sir—he talked of——

Of what?

Four thousand pounds, sir. But my uncle never gave us hopes of more than three thousand guineas each, besides the thousand he had given: and when he had so much reason to resent the unhappy steps of my father, he let us know that he would not do *anything* for us: and, to say truth, the thousand pounds left us in his will is more than we expected.

Very ingenuous. I love you for your sincerity. But, pray, tell me, will four thousand pounds be well laid out in a quarter-partnership?

To say truth, sir, my master had a view, at the year's end, if nothing unexpected happened to prevent it, to give me his niece in marriage; and then to admit me into a half of the business, which would be equivalent to a fortune of as much more.

And do you love the young woman?

Indeed I do.

And does she countenance your address?

If her uncle—I don't doubt if *her* uncle could have prevailed upon *my* uncle——

Well, sir, I am your uncle's executor. Now, sir (to Mr. Edward Danby), let me know *your* situation; *your* prospects?

Sir, I was put to a French wine merchant. My master is in years. I am the sole manager of his business, and he would leave off to me, I believe, and to his nephew, who knows not so much of it as I do; nor has the acquaintance, either in France or England, that I have; could I raise money to purchase half the stock.

And what, sir, is necessary for that purpose?

Oh, sir! at least six thousand pounds.—But had my uncle left me the three thousand I once hoped for, I could have got the other half at an easy interest; for I am well beloved, and have always borne a good character.

What did you suppose your uncle would do with the bulk of his fortune (you judged it, I suppose, to be large), if you expected no more than three thousand guineas each at the most, besides what he had given you?

We all thought, sir, said Mr. Edward Danby, it would be *yours*, from the time that he owed his life to your courage and conduct. We never entertained hopes of being his heirs general; and he several times told me, when I was in France, that *you* should be his heir.

He never hinted that to me. What I did was as necessary to be done for my own safety as for his. He much over-rated my services. But what are your prospects, Mr. Edward Danby, in the French wine-trade?

Oh, sir! very great!——

And will your master leave off to you and his nephew, think you?

I dare say he would, and be glad of retiring to Enfield, where he has a house he is so fond of, that he would be continually there by his good will.

And have you, sir, any prospect of adding to your circumstances by marriage?

Women are a drug, sir. I have no doubt of offers, if once I were my own master.

I started. His sister looked angry. His brother was not pleased. Mr. Sylvester, who, it seems, is an old bachelor, laughed.

A *true* merchant this already! thought I.

Well, now, shall I have your consents, gentlemen, to take your sister aside?—Will you trust yourself with me, Miss Danby? Or had you rather answer my questions in company?

Sir, your character, your goodness, is so well known, I scruple not to attend you.

I took her hand, and led her to my study, leaving the door open to the drawing-room in which they were. I seated her. Then sat down, but still held her hand.

Now, my dear Miss Danby, you are to suppose me, as the executor of your uncle, his representative. If you had that good uncle before you, and he was urging you to tell him what would make you happy, with an assurance, that he would do all in his power towards it; and if you would open your mind freely to him; with equal freedom open it to me. There was only this difference between us: he had resentments against your father, which he carried too far when he extended them to his innocent children [but it was an atrocious attempt, that embittered his otherwise benevolent spirit]: I have no resentment: and am armed with his power, and have all the will he ever could have to serve you. And now, let me know, what will effectually do it?

The worthy girl wept. She looked down. She seemed as if she were pulling threads out of her handkerchief. But was unable to return any other answer, than what her eyes, once cast up, as if to heaven, made for her.

Give me, my good Miss Danby (I would not distress you), give me, as your brothers did of *their* situation, some account of *yours*. Do you live with either of your brothers?

No, sir. I live with an aunt: my mother's sister.

Is she good to you?

Yes, sir, very good. But she has children; and cannot be so good as she would be to me. Yet she has always been kind; and has made the best of my uncle's allowance for my education: and my fortune, which is unbroken, is the same sum that he gave my brothers: and it is in good hands: and the interest of it, with my aunt's additional

goodness and management, enables me to make a genteel figure: and, with my own housewifery, I never have wanted some little matters for my pocket.

Good girl! thought I—Mercantile carle! thy brother Edward, pretty one! How *dared* he to say, that women are drugs?—who, in their economy, short as their power is, are generally superior to men!

Your uncle is very good to put you upon a foot with your brothers, in his bounty to them; as now he has also done in his will: and assure yourself, that his representative will be equally kind to you as to your brothers. But shall I ask you, as your uncle would have done—Is there any one man in the world whom you prefer to another?

She was silent; looked down; and again picked her handkerchief.

I called in her elder brother (not the drug-merchant), and asked him what he knew of his sister's affections?

Why, my good Dr. Bartlett, are these women ashamed of owning a laudable passion? Surely there is nothing shameful in *discreet* love.

Her brother acquainted me with the story of her love; the good girl blushing, and looking down all the while, with the consciousness of a sweet thief, who had stolen a heart, and, being required to restore it, had been guilty of a new cheat, and given her own instead of it.

The son of Mr. Galliard, an eminent Turkey merchant, is the man with whom she has made this exchange. His father, who lives in the neighbourhood of her aunt, had sent him abroad, in the way of his traffic; partly with a view to prevent his marrying Miss Danby, till it should be seen whether her uncle would do anything considerable for her: and he was but just returned; and, in order to be allowed to stay at home, had promised his father never to marry without his consent: but nevertheless loved his sister, Mr. Danby said, above all women; and declared that he never would be the husband of any other.

I asked, whether the father had any objections, but those of fortune, to his son's choice? and was answered, No. He *could* have no other, the young man, like a brother, said: there was not a more virtuous and discreet young woman

in the kingdom than his sister, though he said it, that should not say it.

Though you say it, that *should* not say it. Is not our relation entitled to the same justice that we would do to another?

We must not blame indiscriminately, continued I, all fathers who expect a fortune to be brought into their family, in some measure equivalent to the benefit the new-comer hopes to receive from it; especially in mercantile families, if the young man is to be admitted into a share with his father; who, by the way, *may* have other children——

He has——

Something by way of equivalent for the part he gives up should be done. Love is a selfish deity: he puts two persons upon preferring their own interest, nay, a gratification of their passion often *against* their interests, to those of everybody else; and reason, discretion, duty, are frequently given up in a competition with it. But love, nevertheless, will not do everything for the ardent pair. Parents know this; and ought not to pay for the rashness they wished to prevent, but cannot.

They were attentive. I proceeded, addressing myself to both in the mercantile style.

Is a father, who, by his prudence, has weathered many a storm, and got safe into port, obliged to re-embark in the voyage of life, with the young folks, who, perhaps, in a little while, will consider him as an incumbrance, and grudge him his cabin? Parents (though a young man, I have always thought in this manner) should be indulgent; but children, when they put themselves into one scale, should allow the parent his due weight in the other. You are angry at this father, are you not, my dear Miss Danby?

I said this, to hear what answer she would return.

Indeed I am not. Mr. Galliard knows best his own affairs, and what they require. I have said so twenty and twenty times: and young Mr. Galliard is convinced, that his father is not to be blamed, having other children. And, to own the truth (looking on the floor), we both sit down, and wish together, now and then: but what signifies wishing?

My sister will now have two thousand pounds: perhaps when old Mr. Galliard sees that his son's affections——

Old Mr. Galliard, interrupted I, shall be asked to do nothing inconvenient to himself, or that is not strictly right by his other children: nor shall the niece of my late worthy friend enter into his family with discredit to herself.

Notice being given that supper was ready, I took the brother and sister each by the hand: and, entering the drawing-room with them, Enjoy, said I, the little repast that will be set before you. If it be in my power to make you all three happy, happy you shall be.

It must give great pleasure, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will believe, to a man of my lively sensations, to see three very different faces in the same persons from those they had entered with. I imagined more than once, as the grateful eyes of the sister, and tongues of the brothers, expressed their joy, that I saw my late worthy friend looking down upon us, delighted, and not with disapprobation, upon his choice of an executor, who was determined to supply the defects, which the frailty of human nature, by an over-strong resentment on one hand, and an overflowing gratitude on the other, had occasioned.

I told Mr. Thomas Danby, that, besides his legacy, he might reckon upon five thousand pounds, and enter accordingly into treaty for and with his master's niece.

Mr. Edward Danby I commissioned, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat with the gentleman he had served.

And you, my good Miss Danby, said I, shall acquaint your favoured Mr. Galliard, that, besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you will have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums answer not your full purposes, I expect you will let me know; since, whether they do or not, my respect to the memory of your worthy uncle shall be shown to the value of more than these three sums to his relations. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be: and you must inform me what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may be enabled to amend a will made in a long and painful sickness, which might sour a disposition that was naturally all benevolence.

They wept; looked at one another; dried their eyes, and wept again. I thought my presence painful to them; and withdrew to my study; and shut the door, that I might not add to their pain.

At my return—Do you—Do you, referred each brother to the other: and Mr. Thomas Danby getting up to speak, I see, my friends, said I, your grateful hearts in your countenances. Do you think my pleasure is not, at least, equal to yours; I am *more* than rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope (thus set forward), be eminent in his particular business. The merchants of Great Britain are the most useful members of the community. If I have obliged you, let me recommend to you, each in his several way, according to his ability, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts, that inevitable calamities shall make spiritless. Look upon what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as your debt to that Providence, which makes it a principal part of your religion, to do good to your fellow-creatures. In a word, let me enjoin you, in all your transactions, to *remember mercy* as well as *justice.*

The brothers, with folded hands, declared, that their hearts were opened by the example set them: and, they hoped, would never be shut. The sister *looked* the same declaration.

Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene of gratitude, tears in his honest eyes, said that he should be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, and through his acquaintance, in order to qualify himself to do some little good, after such a *self-rewarding* example.

If a private man, my dear Dr. Bartlett, could be a means of expanding thus the hearts of four persons, none of them unworthy, what good might not princes, and those who have princely fortunes, do!—Yet, you see, I have done nothing but mere justice. I have not given up anything that was my own, before this will gave me a power, that perhaps was put into my hands, as a new trial of the integrity of my heart.

But what poor creatures are we, my dear friend, that

the very avoiding the occasion of a wrong action should gladden our hearts, as with the consciousness of something meritorious?

At parting, I told the nephews, that I expected to hear from them the moment anything should be brought to effect; and let their masters and them agree, or not, I would take the speediest methods that could be fallen upon to transfer to them, and to their sister, such actions and stocks, as would put them in full possession of what they were entitled to, as well by my promise as by their uncle's will.

I was obliged to enjoin them silence.

Their sister wept; and when I pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest (recollecting herself into some little confusion), that showed gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her sex.

The good attorney, as much raised as if he were one of the persons benefited, joined with the two brothers in invoking blessings upon me.

So much, my dear Dr. Bartlett, for this night. The past day is a day that I am not displeased with.

—o—

LETTER IX.

Dr. Bartlett to Miss Byron.

March 18.

I PRESENT to you, madam, the account you desired to see, as extracted by my kinsman from my papers. You seemed to wish it to be hastened for you: it is not what it might have been; but mere facts, I presume, will answer your intention. Be pleased, therefore, to accept it with your usual goodness.

'DR. BARTLETT went abroad as governor of a young man of quality; Mr. Lorimer, I am to call him, to conceal his real name. He was the very reverse of young Mr. Grandison. He was not only rude and ungovernable; but proud, ill-natured, malicious, even base.

'The doctor was exceedingly averse to take upon him the charge of the wicked youth abroad; having had too many

instances of the badness of his nature while in England: but he was prevailed upon by the solicitations of his father (who represented it as an act of the greatest charity to him and his family), as well as by the solemn promises of good behaviour from the young man; for he was known to regard the advice of Dr. Bartlett more than that of any other person.

'The doctor and Mr. Lorimer were at Turin, when young Mr. Grandison (who had been some months in France), for the first time arrived in that city; then in the eighteenth year of his age.

'Dr. Bartlett had not a more profligate pupil than Mr. Grandison had a governor; though recommended by General W——, his uncle by the mother's side. It used to be observed in places where they made but a few days' residence, that the young gentleman ought to have been the governor, Monsieur Creutzer the governed. Mr. Grandison had, in short, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares laid for his virtue, by a wretch, who hoped, if he could betray him into them, to silence the remonstrances of the young man upon his evil conduct; and to hinder him from complaining of him to his father.

'Mr. Grandison became acquainted with Dr. Bartlett at Turin: Monsieur Creutzer, at the same time, commenced an intimacy with Mr. Lorimer; and the two former were not more united from good qualities than the two latter were from bad.

'Several riotous things were done by Creutzer and Lorimer, who, whatever the doctor could do to separate them, were hardly ever asunder. One of their enormities fell under the cognisance of the civil magistrate; and was not made easy to Lorimer without great interest and expense: while Creutzer fled to Rome, to avoid condign punishment; and wrote to Mr. Grandison to join him there.

'Then it was, that Mr. Grandison wrote (as he had often ineffectually threatened to do), to represent to his father the profligacy of the man; and to request him to appoint him another governor; or to permit him to return to England till he had made choice of one for him; begging of Dr. Bartlett, that he would allow him, till he had an answer from his father, to apply to him for advice and instruction.

'The answer of his father was, that he heard of his prudence from every mouth; that he was at liberty to choose what *companion* he pleased: but that he gave him no *governor* but his own discretion.

'Mr. Grandison then, more earnestly than before, and with a humility and diffidence, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that never grew upon indulgence, besought the doctor's direction: and when they were obliged to separate, they established a correspondence, which never will end but with the life of one of them.

'Mr. Grandison laid before the doctor all his plan; submitting his conduct to him, as well with regard to the prosecution of his studies as to his travels: but they had not long corresponded in this manner, when the doctor let him know, that it was needless to consult him *aforehand;* and the more so, as it often occasioned a suspension of excellent resolutions: but he besought him to continue to him an account of all he undertook, of all he performed, and of every material incident of his life; not only as his narrations would be matter of the highest entertainment to him; but as they would furnish him with lessons, from example, that might be of greater force upon the unhappy Lorimer than his own precepts.

'While Lorimer was passing through but a few of the cities in Lombardy, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe; and yet gave himself time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could hardly be believed to be the observations of so young a man. Lorimer, meantime, was engaged in shows, spectacles, and in the diversions of the places in *which he lived,* as it might be said, rather than *through which he passed.*

'The doctor, at one time, was the more patient with these delays, as he was willing that the carnival at Venice should be over, before he suffered his pupil to go to that city. But Lorimer, suspecting his intention, slipt thither unknown to his governor, at the very beginning of it; and the doctor was forced to follow him: and when there, had the mortification of *hearing* of him (for the young man avoided his governor as much as possible), as one of the most riotous persons there.

'In vain did the doctor, when he saw his pupil, set before

him the example of Mr. Grandison; a much younger man. All the effect which the reading of Mr. Grandison's letters had upon him, was to make him hate the more both his governor and that gentleman. By one of these letters only, did he do himself temporary credit. It was written some months before it was shown him, and described some places of note through which Mr. Grandison had passed, and through which the doctor and his charge had also more lately passed. The mean creature contrived to steal it; and his father having often urged for a specimen of his son's observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and transmitted it as his own to his father; only letting the doctor know, after he had sent it away, that he *had* written.

'The doctor doubted not but Lorimer had exposed himself; but was very much surprised, when he received a congratulatory letter from the father on his son's improvements, mingled with some little asperity on the doctor, for having set out his son to his disadvantage: "I could not doubt," said the fond father, "that a son of mine had genius: he wanted nothing but to apply."—And then he gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance.

'The doctor took the young gentleman to task about it. He owned what he had done, and gloried in his contrivance. But his governor thought it incumbent upon him to undeceive the father, and to save him the extraordinary part of his remittance.

'The young man was enraged at the doctor for *exposing* him, as he called it, to his father, and for the check he was continually giving to his lawless appetites; and falling into acquaintance with a courtezan, who was infamous for ruining many young travellers by her subtle and dangerous contrivances, they joined in a resolution to revenge themselves on the doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy.

'Several projects they fell upon: one, in particular, was to accuse him, by a third hand, as concerning himself with affairs of state in Venice: a crime which, in that jealous republic, is never overlooked, and generally ends fatally for the accused: who, if seized, is hardly ever heard of afterwards. From this danger he narrowly escaped, by means of his general good character, and remarkable inoffensive-

ness, and the profligateness of his accusers: nor knew he his danger till many months afterwards. The doctor believes, that he fared the better for being an Englishman, and a governor to the son of a British nobleman, who made so considerable a figure in England; because the Italians in general reap so much advantage from the travellers of this nation, that they are ready to favour and encourage them above those of any other.

'The doctor had been very solicitous to be acquitted of his ungracious charge. In every letter he wrote to England, this was one of his prayers: but still the father, who knew not what to do with his son at home, had besought his patience; and wrote to his son in the strongest terms, after reproaching him for his ungraciousness, to pay an implicit obedience to the doctor.

'The father was a learned man. Great pains had been taken with Lorimer, to make him know something of the ancient Greek and Roman histories. The father was *very* desirous, that his son should see the famous places of old Greece, of which he himself had read so much: and, with great difficulty, the doctor got the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him.

'Athens was the city at which the father had desired they would make some stay; and from thence visit other parts of the Morea: and there the young man found his woman got before him, according to private agreement between them.

'It was some time before the doctor found out, that the very woman who had acted so abandoned a part with Lorimer at Venice was his mistress at Athens: and when he did, he applied, on some fresh enormities committed by Lorimer, to the tribunal which the Christians have there, consisting of eight venerable men chosen out of the eight quarters of the city, to determine causes among Christians; and they taking cognisance of the facts, the wicked woman suborned wretches to accuse the doctor to the cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous and disaffected person; and the cadi being, as it was supposed, corrupted by presents, got the vayvode, or governor, to interfere; and the doctor was

seized and thrown into prison: his Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour; and pen and ink, and all access to him, were prohibited.

'The vile woman, having concerted measures with the persons she had suborned, for continuing the doctor in his severe confinement, set out with her paramour for Venice: and there they rioted as before.

'Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, happened to make an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison in the island of Candia, where they met as countrymen, which, from a sympathy of mind, grew immediately into an intimacy that will hardly ever end. This young gentleman, in the course of his travels, visiting Athens about this time, was informed of the doctor's misfortune, by one of the eight Christians, who constituted the tribunal above mentioned, and who was an affectionate friend of the doctor, though forbidden to busy himself in his cause: and Mr. Beauchamp (who had heard Mr. Grandison speak of the doctor with an uncommon affection), knowing that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, despatched a man on purpose, to acquaint him with the affair, and with all the particulars he could get of the case, authenticated as much as the nature of the thing would admit.

'Mr. Grandison was equally grieved and astonished at the information. He instantly applied to the English ambassador at the Porte, as also to the French minister there, with whom he had made an acquaintance: they to the grand vizier: and an order was issued for setting the doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, in order to urge the despatch of the chiaux, who carried it, accompanied him, and arrived at Athens, just as the vayvode had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner (the doctor's finances being exhausted) by the bow-string. The danger endeared the doctor to Mr. Grandison; a relief so seasonable endeared Mr. Grandison to the doctor; to them *both* Mr. Beauchamp, who would not stir from Athens, till he had seen him delivered; having busied himself, in the interim, in the best manner he could (though he was obliged to use caution and secrecy), to do him service, and to suspend the fatal blow.

'Here was a cement to a friendship (that had been begun

between the young gentlemen from likeness of manners) between them and the doctor, whom they have had the goodness ever since to regard as their father: and to this day it is one of the doctor's delights to write to his worthy son Beauchamp all that he can come at, relating to the life and actions of a man, whom the one regards as an example, the other as an honour to the human race.

'It was some time before the doctor knew for certain, that the ungracious Lorimer had been consenting to the shocking treatment he had met with; for the wretches, whom the vile woman had suborned, had made their escape from Athens before the arrival of Mr. Grandison and the chiaux: the flagitious youth had written to his father, in terms of the deepest sorrow, an account of what had befallen his governor: and his father had taken the best measures that could be fallen upon, at so great a distance, for the doctor's succour and liberty: but, in all probability, he would have been lost before those measures could have taken effect.

'Lorimer's father, little thinking that his son had connived at the plot formed against his governor, besought him, when he had obtained his liberty, not to leave his son to his own devices. The doctor, as little thinking then, that Lorimer had been capable of a baseness so very villanous, in compassion both to father and son, went to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman; and then to Rome: but there, the unhappy wretch continuing his profligate courses, became at last a sacrifice to his dissoluteness; and his death was a deliverance to his family, to the doctor, and to the earth.

'On his death-bed he confessed the plot, which the infamous courtezan had meditated against the doctor at Venice, as well as his connivance at that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He died in horror not to be described; begging for longer life, and promising reformation on that condition. The manner of his death, and the crimes he confessed himself guilty of, by the instigation of the most abandoned of women, besides those committed against his governor, so shocked and grieved the doctor, that he fell ill, and his recovery was long doubted of.

'Meantime Mr. Grandison visited some parts of Asia and Africa, Egypt particularly; corresponding all the time with Dr. Bartlett, and allowing the correspondence to pass into the hands of Mr. Beauchamp; as he did that which he held with Mr. Beauchamp, to be communicated to the doctor.

'When Mr. Grandison returned to Italy, finding there his two friends, he engaged the doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp in that part of his tour into some of the eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more particularly informed of: and *therefore* insisted, that it should be taken at his own expense. He knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a stepmother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two-thirds of the allowance he made him on his travels.

'Mr. Beauchamp very reluctantly complied with the condition so generously imposed on him by his beloved friend; another of whose arguments was, that such a tour would be the most likely means to establish the health of a man equally dear to both.

'Mr. Grandison never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make the acceptance of his favours appear not only to be their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.

'Mr. Grandison himself, when the two gentlemen set out on their tour, was engaged in some affairs at Bologna and Florence, which gave him great embarrassment.

'Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Beauchamp visited the principal islands of the Archipelago: after which, the doctor left the young gentleman pursuing his course to Constantinople, with intent to visit some parts of Asia, and took the opportunity of a vessel that was bound for Leghorn, to return thither.

'His health was happily established: and, knowing that Mr. Grandison expected the long-desired call from his father to return to England, and that it was *likely* that he could be of use to his ward Miss Jervois and her affairs, in her guardian's absence, he was the more desirous to return to Italy.

'Mr. Grandison rejoiced at his arrival: and soon after set out for Paris, in order to attend there the expected call; leaving Emily, in the interim, to his care.

'Lorimer's father did not long survive his son. He expressed

himself in his last hours highly sensible of the doctor's care of his unhappy boy; and earnestly desired his lady to see him handsomely rewarded for his trouble. But not making a will, and the lady having, by her early over-indulgence, ruined the morals of her child (never suffering him to be either corrected or chidden, were his enormities ever so flagrant), she bore a secret grudge to the doctor for his honest representations to her lord of the young man's immoralities: and not even the interposition of a Sir Charles Grandison has hitherto been able to procure the least acknowledgment to the doctor; though the loss as well of his reputation as life, might have been the consequence of the faithful services he had endeavoured to render to the profligate youth, and in him to the whole family.'

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LETTER X.

Dr. Bartlett.—In continuation.

[Enclosing the preceding.]

THUS far, dear Miss Byron (delight of every one who is so happy as to know you!), reach my kinsman's extracts from my papers. I will add some particulars, in answer to your inquiries about Mr. Beauchamp, if, writing of a man I so greatly love, I can write but a few.

Mr. Beauchamp is a fine young man in his person. When I call him a second Sir Charles Grandison, you and the ladies, and my Lord L——, will conceive a very high idea of his understanding, politeness, and other amiable qualities. He is of an ancient family. His father, Sir Harry Beauchamp, tenderly loves him, and keeps him abroad equally against both their wills; especially against Mr. Beauchamp's, now his beloved friend is in England. This is done to humour an imperious, vindictive woman, who, when a widow, had cast her eye upon the young gentleman for a husband; imagining that her great wealth (her person not disagreeable) would have been a temptation to him. This, however, was unknown to the father; who made his addresses to her much about the time that Mr. Beauchamp had given an absolute

denial (perhaps with too little ceremony) to an overture made to him by a friend of hers. This enraged her. She was resolved to be revenged on him, and knowing him to be absolutely in his father's power as to fortune, gave way to Sir Harry's addresses; and, on her obtaining such terms as in a great measure put both father and son in her power, she married Sir Harry.

She soon gained an absolute ascendant over her husband. The son, when his father first made his addresses to her, was allowed to set out on his travels with an appointment of 600*l.* a year. She never rested till she had got 400*l.* a year to be struck off; and the remaining 200*l.* were so ill remitted, that the young gentleman would have been put to the greatest difficulties, had it not been for the truly friendly assistance of Mr. Grandison.

Yet it is said, that this lady is not destitute of some good qualities; and, in cases where the *son* is not the subject, behaves very commendably to Sir Harry: but being a managing woman, and Sir Harry loving his ease, she has made herself his receiver and treasurer; and, by that means, has put it out of his power to act as paternally by his son as he is inclined to do, without her knowing it.

The lady and Sir Harry both, however, profess to admire the character of Sir Charles Grandison, from the letters Mr. Beauchamp has written from time to time to his father; and from the general report in his favour: and on this, as well I, as Mr. Beauchamp, found our hope, that if Sir Charles, by some unsuspected way, can make himself personally acquainted with the lady, he will be able to induce her to consent to her son-in-law's recall; and to be reconciled to him; the rather, as there is no issue by this marriage; whose interest might strengthen the lady's animosity.

Mr. Beauchamp, in this hope, writes to Sir Charles, that he can, and will, pay all due respect to his father's wife, and, as such, treat her as his mother, if she will consent to his return to his native country: but declares, that he would stay abroad all his life, rather than his father should be made unhappy, by allowing of his coming over against the consent of so high-spirited a woman. In the meantime he proposes to set out from Vienna, where he now is, for Paris, to be

near, if Sir Charles, who he thinks can manage any point he undertakes (and who, in this, will be seconded by his father's love), can prevail with his mother-in-law.

I long, ladies, to have you all acquainted with this other excellent young man. You, Miss Byron, I am sure, in particular, will admire Sir Charles Grandison's and my Beauchamp: of spirit so manly, yet of manners so delicate, I end as I began: He is a second Sir Charles Grandison.

I shall think myself, ladies, very happy, if I can find it in my power to oblige you, by any communications you would wish to be made you. But let me once more recommend it to you, Lady L——, Lord L——, and Miss Grandison, to throw off all reserves to the most affectionate of brothers. He will have none to you, in cases which he knows will give you pleasure: and if he forbears of his own accord to acquaint you with some certain affairs, it is because the issue of them is yet hidden from himself.

As to Lady Olivia, mentioned to you by good Lord L——, she never can be more to my patron than she now is.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, with a true paternal affection, your admirer and humble servant,

AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Subjoined, in a separate paper, by Miss Byron to her Lucy.

How is this, Lucy? Let me collect some of the contents of these letters. 'If Sir Charles forbear, of his own accord, 'to acquaint his sisters with some certain affairs'—'Issue 'hidden from himself'—'Engaged in some affairs at Bologna 'and Florence, that embarrass him'—[*Is*, or *was* so engaged, means the doctor?]—'Sir Charles not reserved; yet 'reserved.'—How is all this, Lucy?

But does the doctor say, 'That I shall particularly admire 'Mr. Beauchamp?'—What *means* the doctor by that?—But he cannot affront me so much as to mean anything but to show his own love to the worthy young man. The doctor longs for us to see him. If I do see him, he must come quickly, for shall I not soon return to my last, my best refuge, the arms of my indulgent grandmamma and aunt?—I shall.

But, dear Lucy, have you any spite in you? Are you

capable of malice—*deadly* malice?—If you are, sit down, and wish the person you hate to be in love with a man (I must, it seems, speak out), whom she thinks and everybody knows to be superior to herself, in every quality, in every endowment, both of mind and fortune: and be doubtful, (far, far worse is *doubtful* than *sure!*) among some faint glimmerings of hope, whether his affections are engaged; and if they are not, whether he can return—Ah, Lucy! you know what I mean—Don't let me speak out.

But one word more—Don't you think the doctor's compliment, at the beginning of this letter, a little particular? —'Delight of EVERY ONE who is so happy as to know you.' Charming words!—But are they, or are they not, officiously inserted?—Am I the delight of Sir Charles Grandison's heart? Does *he* not know *me?*—Weak, silly, vain, humble, low, yet proud Harriet Byron!—Be gone, paper—mean confession of my conjecturing folly.—Ah, Lucy, I tore the paper half through, as you'll see, in anger at myself; but I will stitch it to the doctor's letter, to be taken off by you, and to be seen by nobody else.

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LETTER XI.

Miss Harriet Byron to Miss Lucy Selby.

Saturday, March 18.

SELF, my dear Lucy, is a very wicked thing; a sanctifier, if one would give way to its partialities, of actions, which in others we should have no doubt to condemn. DELICACY, too, is often a misleader; an idol, at whose shrine we sometimes offer up our sincerity; but, in that case, it should be called *indelicacy*.

Nothing, surely, can be delicate, that is not true, or that gives birth to equivocation: yet how was I pleased with Lord and Lady L——, and Miss Grandison, for endeavouring to pass me off to good Dr. Bartlett in the light I had no title to appear in!—As if my mind, in a certain point, remained to be known; and would so remain, till the gentleman had discovered his.

And are there some situations, in which a woman must

conceal her true sentiments? in which it would be thought immodesty to speak out?—Why was I born with a heart so open and sincere? But why, indeed, as Sir Charles has said in his letter relating to the Danbys, should women be blamed, for owning modestly a passion for a worthy and suitable object? Is it, that they will not speak out, lest, if their wishes should not be crowned with success by *one* man, they should deprive themselves of the chance to succeed with *another?* Do they not propose to make the man they love happy?—And is it a crime to acknowledge, that they are so well disposed to a *worthy* object. A *worthy* object, I repeat; for that is what will warrant the open heart. What a littleness is there in the custom that compels us to be insincere? And suppose we do not succeed with a first object, shall we cheat a future lover with the notion that *he* was the first?

Hitherto I had acted with some self-approbation: I told Mr. Greville, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Orme, Mr. Fowler, that I had not seen the man to whom I could wish to give my hand at the altar; but when I found my heart engaged, I was desirous Lady D—— should know that it was. But yet misled by this same notion of delicacy, I could think myself obliged to the two sisters, and my lord, that they endeavoured to throw a blind over the eyes of good Dr. Bartlett; when the right measure, I now think, would have been, not to have endeavoured to obtain lights from him, that we all thought he was not commissioned to give; or, if we had, to have related to him the whole truth, and not to have put on disguises to him; but to have left him wholly a judge of the fit and the unfit.

And this is LOVE, is it? that puts an honest girl upon approving of such tricks?—Begone, love! I banish thee, if thou wouldst corrupt the simplicity of that heart, which was taught to glory in truth.

And yet, I had like to have been drawn into a greater fault: for, what do you think?—Miss Grandison had (by some means or other; she would not tell me how), in Dr. Bartlett's absence on a visit to one of the canons of Windsor, got at a letter brought early this morning from her brother to that good man, and which he had left opened on his desk.

Here, Harriet, said she, is the letter so lately brought, not perhaps quite honestly come at, from my brother to Dr. Bartlett (holding it out to me), you are warmly mentioned in it. Shall I put it where I had it? Or will you so far partake of my fault as to read it first?

O Miss Grandison! said I: and *am* I warmly mentioned in it? Pray oblige me with the persual of it. And held out my more than half guilty hand, and took it: but (immediately recollecting myself) did you not hint that you came at it by means not honest?—Take it again; I will not partake of your fault.—But, cruel Charlotte! how could you tempt me so? And I laid it on a chair.

Read the first paragraph, Harriet. She took it up, unfolded it, and pointed to the first paragraph.

Tempter, said I, how can you wish me to imitate our first pattern! And down I sat, and put both my hands before my eyes. Take it away, take it away while yet I am innocent!—Dear Miss Grandison, don't give me cause for self-reproach. I will not partake of your *acknowledged* fault.

She read a line or two; and then said, Shall I read farther, Harriet? The very next word is your name.

I will——

No, no, no, said I, putting my fingers to my ears.—Yet had you come honestly by it, I should have longed to read it.—By what means——

Why, if people will leave their closet-doors open, let them take the consequence.

If people will do so—but was it so? And yet, if it was, would *you* be willing to have your letters looked into?

Well then, I will carry it back—shall I? (holding it out to me): shall I, Harriet?—I will put it where I had it. —Shall I? And twice or thrice went from me, and came back to me, with a provoking archness in her looks.

Only tell me, Miss Grandison, is there anything in it that you think your brother would not have us see?—But I am sure there is, or the obliging Dr. Bartlett, who has shown us others, would have favoured us with communicating the contents of this.

I would not but have seen this letter for half I am worth!

O Harriet! there are *such* things in it—Bologna! Paris! Grandison Hall!

Begone, siren! Letters are secret things. Replace it.—Don't you own, that you came not honestly by it?—and yet——

Ah, Lucy! I was ready to yield to the curiosity she had raised: but, recollecting myself, Begone, said I; carry back the letter! I am afraid of myself.

Why, Harriet, here is one passage, the contents of which you must be acquainted with in a very little while——

I will not be tempted, Miss Grandison. I will stay till it is communicated to me, be it what it will.

But you may be surprised, Harriet, at the time, and know not what answer to give it.—You had as good read it—here, take it—was there ever such a scrupulous creature?—It is about you and Emily——

About me and Emily! O Miss Grandison! what *can* there be about me and Emily?

And where's the difference, Harriet, between asking me about the contents, and reading them?—But I tell you——

No, you shall not: I will not hear the contents. I never will ask you. Can nobody act greatly but your brother? Let you and me, Charlotte, be the better for his example. You shall neither read them, nor tell me of them. I would not be so used myself.

Such praises did I never hear of woman!—O Harriet! —Such praises——

Praises, Charlotte!—From your brother?—Oh, this curiosity! the first fault of our first parent! But I will not be tempted. If you provoke me to ask questions, laugh at me, and welcome: but, I beseech you, answer me not. Dear creature, if you love me, replace the letter, and do not seek to make me mean in my own eyes.

How you reflect upon me, Harriet!—But let me ask you, Are you willing, as a third sister, to take Emily into your guardianship, and carry her down with you into Northamptonshire?—Answer me that.

Ah! Miss Grandison! And is there such a proposal as that mentioned?—But answer me not, I beseech you. Whatever proposal is intended to be made me, let it be

made: it will be too soon whenever that is, if it be a disagreeable one.

But let me say, madam (and tears were in my eyes), that I will not be treated with indignity by the best man on earth. And while I can refuse to yield to a thing that I think unworthy of myself (you are a sister, madam, and have nothing either to hope or fear), I have a title to act with spirit, when occasions call for it.

My dear, you are serious?—Twice *madam*, in one breath! I will not forgive you. You ought now to *hear* that passage read which relates to you and Emily, if you will not read it yourself.

And she was looking for it; I suppose intending to read it to me.

No, Miss Grandison, said I, laying my spread hand upon the letter; I will neither read it nor hear it read. I begin to apprehend, that there will be occasion for me to exert all my fortitude; and while it is yet in my power to do a right or a wrong thing, I will not deprive myself of the consciousness of having *merited* well, whatever may be my lot.—Excuse me, madam.

I went to the door and was opening it—when she ran to me—Dear creature! you are angry with me: but how that pride becomes you! There is a dignity in it that awes me. O Harriet! how infinitely does it become the only woman in the world, that is worthy of the best man in it! Only say, you are not angry with me. Say that you can and do forgive me.

Forgive you, my Charlotte!—I do. But can you say, that you came not honestly by that letter, and yet forgive yourself? But, my dear Miss Grandison, instantly replace it; and do you watch over me, like a true friend, if in a future hour of weakness you should find me desirous to know any of the contents of a paper so naughtily come at. I own that I had like to have been overcome: and if I had, all the information it would have given me could never have recompensed me for what I should have suffered in my own opinion, when I reflected on the means by which I had obtained it.

Superior creature! how you shame me! I will replace the

letter. And I promise you, that if I cannot forget the contents of it myself (and yet they are glorious to my brother), I will never mention any of them to you; unless the letter be fairly communicated to you, and to us all.

I threw my arms about her neck. She fervently returned the sisterly embrace. We separated; she retiring at one door, in order to go up to replace the letter; I at the other, to reconsider all that had passed on the occasion. And I hope I shall love her the better for taking so kindly a behaviour so contrary to what her own had been.

Well, but don't you congratulate me, my dear, on my escape from my curiosity? I am sure my grandmamma and my aunt will be pleased with their girl. Yet it was a hard struggle, I own: in the suspense I am in; a very hard struggle. But though wishes will play about my heart, that I knew such of the contents as it might concern me to know; yet I am infinitely better pleased that I yielded not to the temptation, than I should have been if I had. And then, methinks, my pride is gratified in the superiority this lady ascribes to me over herself, whom so lately I thought greatly my superior.

Yet what merit have I in this? Since, if I had considered only rules of policy, I should have been utterly wrong, had I yielded to the temptation: for what use could I have made of any knowledge I might have obtained by this means? If any proposal is to be made me, of what nature soever, it must, in that case, have appeared to be quite new to me: and what an affectation must that have occasioned, what dissimulation, in your Harriet!—And how would a creature, educated as I have been, have behaved under such trials as might have arisen from a knowledge so faultily obtained?

And had I been discovered; had I given cause of suspicion either to Dr. Bartlett or Sir Charles; I should have appeared as the principal in the fact: it would have been mean to accuse Miss Grandison, as the tempter, in a temptation yielded to with my eyes open. And should I not have cast a slur upon that curiosity which Dr. Bartlett before had not refused to gratify, as well as shut myself out from all future communications and confidence?

It is very possible, besides, that, unused as I have been to artifice and disguise, I should have betrayed myself; especially had I found any of the contents of the letter very affecting.

Thus you see, Lucy, that policy, as well as rectitude of manners, justifies me; and in this particular I am a happy girl.

Miss Grandison has just now told her sister what passed between us. Lady L—— says, she would not have been Miss Grandison, in taking the letter, by what means soever come at; for how, said she, did I know what secrets there might be in it, before I read it? But I think verily, when it had been got at, and offered me, I could not have been Miss Byron.

And she threw her arms about me: Dear creature, said she, you *must* be Lady Grandison——

Must! said Miss Grandison: she *shall.*

Miss Grandison talked to Lady L—— of its being likely that her brother would go to Bologna: of a visit he is soon to make to Grandison Hall; and she to go with him on a tour to Paris, in order to settle some matters relating to the will of his late friend Mr. Danby.

Well, Lucy, my time in town is hastening to its period. Why am I not reminded that my three allotted months are near expired? Will you receive the poor girl, who, perhaps, will not be able to carry down with her the heart she brought up? And yet, to go down to such dear friends without it, what an ungrateful sound has that!

Miss Grandison began to talk of other subjects relating to her brother, and that greatly to his praise. I could have heard all she had to say with infinite pleasure. I *do* love to hear him praised. But, as I doubted not but these subjects arose from the letter so surreptitiously obtained, I restrained myself, and withdrew.

Of what a happy temper is Miss Grandison! She was much affected with the scene that passed between us; but all is over with her already. One lesson upon her harpsichord sets everything right with her. She has been rallying Lord L—— with as much life and spirit, as if she had

done nothing to be vexed at. Had I been induced by her to read the letter which she got at dishonestly, as she owned, what a poor figure should I have made in my own eyes, for a month to come!

But did she not as soon overcome the mortification given her by her brother, on the detection of Captain Anderson's affair? How unmercifully did she rally me within a few hours after!—Yet, she has fine qualities. One cannot help loving her. I *do* love her. But is it not a weakness to look without abatement of affection on those faults in one person which we should hold utterly inexcusable in another? In Miss Grandison's case, however, don't say it is, Lucy. Oh what a partiality! Yet she has within these few minutes owned, that she thought the step she had taken a faulty one, before she came to me with the letter; and hoped to induce me to countenance her in what she had done.

I called her a little Satan on this occasion. But, after all, what if the dear Charlotte's curiosity was more for my sake than her own? No motive of friendship, you will say, can justify a wrong action. Why no, Lucy; that is very true; but if you knew Miss Grandison, you would love her dearly.

LETTER XII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

[The Letter which Miss Byron refused to read, or hear read.]

Friday Night, March 17.

I HOPE my Lord L—— and my sisters will be able to make Colnebrook so agreeable to Miss Byron, that I may have the pleasure of finding her there in the beginning of the week.

My Lord W—— is in town. He has invited me to dine with him to-morrow; *and must not be denied*, was a part of his message, brought me by Halden his steward, who says that his lordship has something of consequence to consult me upon.

When, my dear friend, shall I find time for myself? Pray make my compliments to my Lord L——, and to my

three sisters; and tell them from me, that when I have the happiness of being in *their* company, then it is that I think I give time to myself.

I have a letter from Bologna, from the faithful Camilla. The contents of it give me great concern. She urges me to make one more visit there. She tells me, that the bishop said, in her hearing, it would be *kind* if I would. Were such a visit to be requested *generally*, and it were likely to be of service, you may believe that I would cheerfully make it.

I should go for a fortnight at least to Grandison Hall. Burgess has let me know, that the workmen have gone almost as far as they can go without my farther orders. And the churchwardens have signified to me, that the church is completely beautified, according to my directions; so that it will be ready to be opened on the Sunday after next, at farthest; and entreat my presence, both as patron and benefactor. I would now hasten my designed alterations at the Hall.

I had rather not be present at the opening. Yet the propriety of my being there will probably prevail upon me to comply with the entreaties of the churchwardens; who, in their letter signify the expectations of Sir Samuel Clarke, Sir William Turner, and Mr. Barnham, of seeing me and my sister Charlotte. You will be pleased to mention this to her.

I wish, without putting a slight upon good Mr. Dobson, that *you*, my dear friend, could oblige us with the first sermon. All then would be decent, and worthy of the occasion; and the praise would be given *properly*, and not to the *agent*. But as it would be a little mortifying to Mr. Dobson (of whose praise only I am apprehensive) so much as to hint such a wish, I will write to him, that he will oblige me if he say not one word that shall carry the eyes of the audience to my seat.

The execution of the orders I gave, that five other pews should be equally distinguished and ornamented with mine, carries not with it the appearance of affectation; does it, my good Dr. Bartlett? especially as so many considerable families have seats there? I would not seem guilty of a false modesty, which, breaking out into singularity, would

give the suspicion of a wrong direction, in cases where it may be of use to support a right one.

What can I do in relation to my Emily? she is of the stature of a woman. She ought, according to the present taste, to be introduced into public life. I am not fond of that life: and what knowledge she will gain by the introduction she had better be without. Yet I think we should conform something to the taste of the times in which we live. Women's minds have generally a lighter turn than those of men. They should be innocently indulged. And on this principle it was, that last winter I attended her and my sisters very often to the places of public entertainment; that she, having seen everything that was the general subject of polite conversation, might judge of such entertainments as they deserve; and not add expectation (which runs very high in young minds, and is seldom answered) to the ideal scenes. This indulgence answered as I wish. Emily can now hear talk of the emulation of actors and managers, and of the other public diversions, with tranquillity; and be satisfied, as she reads, with representing over again to herself the parts in which the particular actors excelled. And thus a boundary is set to her imagination; and that by her own choice; for she thinks lightly of them, when she can be obliged by the company of my two sisters and Lord L——.

But new scenes will arise in an age so studious as this, to gratify the eye and the ear. From these a young woman of fortune must not be totally excluded. I am a young man; and as Emily is so well grown for her years, I think I cannot so properly be her introducer to them, as I might, were I fifteen or twenty years older.

I live to my own heart; and I know (I think I do) that it is not a bad one: but as I cannot intend anything with regard to my Emily, I must, for her sake, be more observing of the world's opinion, than I hope I need to be for my own. You have taught me, that it is not good manners to despise the world's opinion, though we should regard it only in the second place.

Emily has too large a fortune. I have a high opinion of her discretion. But she is but a girl. Women's eyes are wanderers; and too often bring home guests that are very

troublesome to them; and whom, once introduced, they cannot get out of the house.

I wish she had only ten thousand pounds. She would then stand a better chance for happiness, than she can do, I doubt, with five times ten; and would have five persons, to one that she has now, to choose out of: for how few are there who can make proposals to the father or guardian of a girl who has 50,000*l.*?

Indeed there are not wanting in our sex forward spirits, who will think that sum not too much for their merits, though they may not deserve 5000*l.* nor even one. And hence arises the danger of a woman of great fortune from those who will not dare to make proposals to a guardian. After an introduction (and how easy is that now made, at public places!) a woman of the greatest fortune is *but* a woman, and is to be attacked, and prevailed upon, by the same methods which succeed with a person of the slenderest; and, perhaps, is won with equal, if not with greater ease; since, if the lady has a little romance in her head, and her lover a great deal of art and flattery, she will call that romantic turn generosity, and, thinking she can lay the man who has obtained her attention, under obligation, she will meet him her full half way.

Emily is desirous to be constantly with us. My sister is very obliging. I know she will comply with whatever I shall request of her in relation to Emily. But where the reputation of a lady is concerned, a man should not depend too much upon his own character, especially a young man, be it ever so unexceptionable. Her mother has already given out foolish hints. She demands her daughter. The unhappy woman has no regard to truth. Her own character lost, and so deservedly, will she have any tenderness for that of Emily? Who will scruple to believe what a mother, though ever so wicked, will report of her daughter under twenty, and her guardian under thirty, if they live constantly together? Her guardian, at the same time, carrying his heart in his countenance, and loving the girl; though with as much innocence, as if she were his sister. Once I had thoughts of craving the assistance of the Court of Chancery for the protection of her person and fortune: but a hint of this nature distressed her

for many days, unknown to me. Had I been acquainted that she took it so heavily, I would not have made her unhappy for one day.

I have looked out among the quality for a future husband for her: but where can I find one with whom I think she will be happy? There are many who would be glad of her fortune. As I said, her fortune is too large. It is enough to render every man's address to her suspected; and to make a guardian apprehensive, that her person, agreeable as it is, and every day improving, and her mind opening to advantage every hour of her life, would be *but* the second, *if* the second, view of a man professing to love her. And were she to marry, what a damp would the slights of a husband give to the genius of a young woman, whose native modesty would always make her want encouragement!

I have also cast an eye over the gentry within my knowledge: but have not met with one whom I could wish to be the husband of my Emily. So tender, so gentle, so ductile, as she is; a fierce, a rash, an indelicate, even a careless or indifferent man, would either harden her heart, or shorten her life: and as the latter would be much more easy to be effected than the former, what must she suffer before she could return indifference for disrespect; and reach the quiet end of it!

See what a man Sir Walter Watkyns is! My sister only could deal with such an one. A superiority in her so visible, he must fear her: yet a generosity so great, and a dignity so conspicuous, in her whole behaviour, as well as countenance, he must love her: everybody's respect to her, would oblige love and reverence from him. But my weak-hearted, diffident Emily, what would *she* do with such a man?

What would she do with a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? What with such a man as Mr. Greville, as Sir Hargrave describes him? I mention these men, for are there not many such?

I am not apt to run into grave declamations against the times: and yet, by what I have seen abroad, and now lately, since my arrival at home, and have heard from men of greater observation, and who have lived longer in the world than I have, I cannot but think, that Englishmen are not

what they were. A wretched effeminacy seems to prevail among them. Marriage itself is every day more and more out of fashion; and even virtuous women give not the institution so much of their countenance, as to discourage, by their contempt, the free-livers. A good woman, as *such*, has therefore but few chances for happiness in marriage. Yet shall I not endeavour, the *more* endeavour, to save and serve my Emily?

I have one encouragement, since my happy acquaintance with Miss Byron, to think that the age is not entirely lost to a sense of virtue and goodness. See we not how everybody reveres *her?* Even a Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a Greville, a Fenwick, men of free lives, adore her. And at the same time she meets with the love of all good men, and the respect of women, whether gay or serious. But I am afraid, that the first attraction with men, is her beauty. I am afraid, that few see in that admirable young lady what I see in her: a mind great and noble: a sincerity beyond that of women: a goodness unaffected, and which shows itself in action, and not merely in words, and outward appearance: a wit lively and inoffensive: and an understanding solid and useful: all which render her a fit companion, either in the social or contemplative hour: and yet she thinks herself not above the knowledge of those duties, the performance of which makes an essential of the female character.

But I am not giving a character of Miss Byron to you, my good Dr. Bartlett, who admire her as much as I do.

Do you think it impossible for me to procure for my Emily such a guardian and companion as Miss Byron, on her return to Northamptonshire, would make her?—Such worthy relations as she would introduce her to would be a further happiness to my ward.

I am far from undervaluing my sister's good qualities: but if Emily lives with her, she must live also with me. Indeed the affairs in which I am engaged for other people (if I may call those who have a claim upon me for every instance of my friendship, *other* people), will occasion me to be often absent. But still, while Grandison Hall and St. James's Square are the visible places of residence equally of the guardian and ward, Emily's mother will tell the world that we live together.

Miss Jervois does not choose to return to Mrs. Lane; and indeed I don't think she would be safe there in a family of women, though very worthy ones, from the attempts of one of the sex, who, having brought her into the world, calls herself her mother; and especially now that the unhappy woman has begun to be troublesome there. I beg of you, therefore, my dear Dr. Bartlett, who know more of my heart and situation than any one living (my dear Beauchamp excepted), to consider what I have written, and give me your opinion of that part of it, which relates to Miss Byron and Emily.

I was insensibly drawing myself into enumerate the engagements, which at present press most upon me. Let me add to the subject.—I must soon go to Paris, in order finally to settle such of the affairs of my late worthy friend as cannot be so well done by any other hand. The three thousand pounds, which he has directed to be disposed of to charitable uses, in France as well as in England, at the discretion of his executor, is one of them.

Perhaps equity will allow me to add to this limited sum from what will remain in my hands after the establishment of the nephews and niece. As they are young, and brought up with the hope, that they will make a figure in the world by their diligence, I would not, by any means, make them independent on that. The whole estate, divided among them, would not be sufficient to answer that purpose happily, though it might be enough to abate the edge of their industry.

The charity that I am most intent upon promoting, in France and in England too, is that of giving little fortunes to young maidens in marriage with honest men of their own degree, who might, from such an outsetting, begin the world, as it is called, with some hope of success.

By this time, my dear Dr. Bartlett, you will guess that I have a design upon you. It is, that you will assist me in executing the will of my late friend. Make inquiries after, and recommend to me, objects worthy of relief. You were very desirous some time ago to retire to the Hall: but I knew not how to spare you; and I hoped to attend you thither. You shall now set out for that place as soon as you please. And that neither may be (or as little as possible) losers by the separation, everything that we would say

to each other, were we together, *that*, as we used to do, we will say by pen and ink. We will be joint executors, in the first place, for this sum of 3000*l.*

Make inquiries then, as soon as you get down, for worthy objects—the industrious poor, of all persuasions, reduced either by age, infirmity, or accident; those who labour under incurable maladies; youth, of either sex, capable of beginning the world to advantage, but destitute of the means; these, in particular, are the objects we both think worthy of assistance. You shall take 500*l.* down with you, for a beginning.

It is my pride, it is my glory, that I can say, Dr. Bartlett and Charles Grandison, on all benevolent occasions, are actuated by one soul. My dear friend, adieu.

—o—

LETTER XIII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Saturday Night, March 18.

I HAVE furnished the ladies, and my lord, with more letters. And so they have all my heart before them!—I don't care, the man is Sir Charles Grandison; and they rally me not so much as before, while they thought I affected reserves to them. Indeed it would be cruel, if they did; and I should have run away from them.

I am glad you all think, that the two sisters used me severely. They really did. But I have this gratification of my pride in reflecting upon their treatment of me—I would not have done so by them had situations been exchanged: and I think myself nearer an equality with them, than I had thought myself before.—But they are good women, and my sincere friends and well-wishers; and I forgive them; and so must my grandmamma.

I am sorry, methinks, that her delicacy has been offended on the occasion. And *did* she weep at the hearing read my account of that attack made upon her girl by the over-lively Charlotte?—Oh the dear, the indulgent parent!—How tender was it of my aunt too, to be concerned for the poor Harriet's delicacy, so hard put to it as she was! It did

indeed (as she distinguishes in her usual charming manner) look, as if they put a great price upon their intended friendship to me, with regard to my interest in their brother's heart: as if the favour done to the humbled girl if they could jointly procure for her their brother's countenance, might well allow of their *raillery*.—Don't, pray don't, my dear grandmamma, call it by a severer name. They did not, I am *sure* they did not, mean to hurt me so much as I really was hurt. So let it pass. Humour and raillery are very difficult things to rein in. They are ever curveting like a prancing horse; and they will often throw the rider who depends more upon his skill in managing than he has reason so to do.

My uncle was charmed with the scene; and thinks the two ladies did just as *he* would have done. He means it a compliment to their *delicacy*, I presume: but I am of my aunt Selby's opinion, that their *generous* brother would not have given them thanks for their raillery to the poor frightened Harriet. I am very happy, however, that my behaviour and frankness on the occasion are not disapproved at Selby House and Shirley Manor, and by you, my Lucy. And here let that matter rest.

Should I not begin to think of going back to you all, my Lucy? I believe I blush ten times a day, when alone, to find myself waiting and waiting, as if for the gracious motion; yet apprehending that it never *will*, never *can*, be made; and all you, my friends, indulging an absence, that your goodness makes painful to you, in the same hope. It looks—don't it, Lucy?—so like a design upon—I don't know how it looks!—But, at times, I can't endure myself. And yet while the love of virtue (perhaps a little too personal) is the foundation of these designs, these waitings, these emotions, I think I am not wholly inexcusable.

I am sure I should not esteem him, were he not the good man he is.—Pray let me ask you—Do you think he can always go on thus triumphantly?—So young a man—so admired, so applauded—will he never be led into doing something unworthy of his character?—If he could, do you think I should then be partial to him? Oh no! I am sure I should not!—I should disdain him—I might grieve, I might pity—but what a multitude of foolish notions comes

into the head of a silly girl, who, little as she knows, knows more of anything, or of anybody, than she knows of herself.

I WISH my godfather had not put it in my head, that Emily is cherishing (perhaps unknown to herself) a flame that will devour her peace. For to be sure this young creature can have no hope that—yet 50,000*l.* is a vast fortune.—But it can never buy her guardian. Do you think such a man as Sir Charles Grandison has a price?—I am sure he has not.

I watch the countenance, the words, the air of the girl, when he is spoken of: and with pity I see that he cannot be named but her eyes sparkle. Her eye is taken off her work or book, as she happens to be engaged in either, and she seems as if she would look the person through who is praising her guardian. For the life of her she cannot *work* and *hear*. And then she sighs—upon my word, Lucy, there is no such thing as proceeding with his praises before her—the girl so sighs—so young a creature!—Yet how can one caution the poor thing?

But what makes me a little more observant of her, than I should otherwise perhaps have been (additional to my godfather's observation), is a hint given me by Lady L——, which perhaps she has from Miss Grandison, and *she* not unlikely from the stolen letter: for Miss Grandison hinted at it, but I thought it was only to excite my curiosity: [when one is not in good humour, how one's very style is encumbered!]—The hint is this, that it is more than probable, it will actually be proposed to me, to take down with me to Northamptonshire this young lady—I, who want a governess myself, to be—But *let* it be proposed.

In a conversation that passed just now between us women, on the subject of love (a favourite topic with all girls), *this* poor thing gave her opinion unasked; and, for a young girl, was quite alert, I thought. She used to be more attentive than talkative.

I whispered Miss Grandison once, Don't you think Miss Jervois talks more than she used to do, madam?

I think she does, *madam*, re-whispered the arch lady.

I beg your pardon,—*Charlotte*, then.

You have it, *Harriet*, then.—But let her prate. She is not often in the humour.

Nay, with all my heart; I love Miss Jervois; but I can't but watch when habits begin to change. And I am always afraid of young creatures exposing themselves when they are between girls and women.

I don't love whispering, said Miss Jervois, more pertly than ever: but my guardian loves me; and you, ladies, love me, and so my heart is easy.

Her heart easy!—Who thought of her heart? Her guardian *loves* her!—Emily shan't go down with me, Lucy.

—o—

Sunday Morning, March 19.

Oh, but, Lucy, we are alarmed here on Miss Jervois's account, by a letter which Dr. Bartlett received a little late last night from Sir Charles; so showed it us not till this morning as we were at breakfast. The unhappy woman, her mother, has made him a visit. Poor Emily! Dear child! what a mother she has!

I have so much obliged the doctor by delivering into his hands the papers that our other friends have just perused, (and, let me say, with high approbation), that he made no scruple of allowing me to send this letter to you. I asked the favour, as I know you will all now be very attentive to whatever relates to Emily. Return everything the doctor shall entrust me with by the first opportunity.

By the latter part of this letter you will find, that the doctor has acquainted Sir Charles with his sister's wishes of a correspondence with him by letter. He consents to it, you will all see; but upon terms that are not likely to be complied with by any of his *three* sisters; for he puts me in. *Three sisters!* His *third* sister!—The repetition has such an officiousness in it. He is a good man; but he can be severe upon our sex—*It is not in woman to be unreserved*—You'll find *that* one of the reflections upon us: he adds; and, to be *impartial, perhaps they should not.* Why so?—But is not this a piece of advice given to myself, to make me more reserved than I am? But he gives not himself opportunity to see whether I am or am not reserved. I won't be

mean, Lucy, I repeat for the twentieth time. I won't *deserve* to be despised by him.—No! though he were the sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. In this believe your HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XIV.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

[Enclosed in the preceding.]

March 18.

I HAVE had a visit, my dear and reverend friend, from Emily's mother. She will very probably make one also at Colnebrook, before I can be so happy as to get thither. I despatch this, therefore, to apprise you and Lord L—— of such a probability; which is the greater, as she knows Emily to be there, through the inadvertence of Saunders, and finds *me* to be in town. I will give you the particulars of what passed between us, for your better information, if she goes to Colnebrook.

I was preparing to attend Lord W——, as by appointment, when she sent in her name to me.

I received her civilly. She had the assurance to make up to me with a full expectation that I would salute her; but I took, or rather *received*, her ready hand, and led her to a chair by the fireside. You have never seen her. She thinks herself still handsome; and did not her vices render her odious, and her *whole aspect* show her heart, she would not be much mistaken.

How does Emily, sir? galanting her fan: is the girl here? Bid her come to me. I *will* see her.

She is not here, madam.

Where is she, then? She has not been at Mrs. Lane's for some time.

She is in the best protection: she is with my two sisters.

And pray, Sir Charles Grandison, what do you intend to do with her? The girl begins to be womanly.

She laughed; and her heart spoke out at her eyes.

Tell me what you propose to do with her? You know, added she, affecting a serious air, that she is my child.

If, madam, you deserve to be thought her mother, you will be satisfied with the hands she is in.

Pish!—I never loved you good men: where a fine girl comes in their way, I know what I know——

She looked wantonly, and laughed again.

I am not to talk seriously with you, Mrs. Jervois! But what have you to *say* to my ward?

Say! Why, you know, sir, I am her mother: and I have a mind to have the care of her person myself. You must (so her father directed) have the care of her fortune: but I have a mind, for her reputation's sake, to take the girl out of the hands of so young a guardian. I hope you would not oppose me?

If this be all your business, madam, I must be excused. I am preparing, as you see, to dress.

Where is Emily? I *will* see the girl.

If your motive be motherly love, little, madam, as you have acted the mother by her, you shall see her when she is in town. But her *person*, and *reputation*, as well as *fortune*, must be my care.

I am married, sir: and my husband is a man of honour.

Your marriage, madam, gives a new reason why Emily must not be in your care.

Let me tell you, sir, that my husband is a man of honour, and as brave a man as yourself; and he will see me righted.

Be he who he will, he can have no business with Emily. Did you come to tell me you are married, madam?

I did, sir. Don't you wish me joy?

Joy, madam! I wish you to deserve joy, and you will then, perhaps, have it. You'll excuse me—I shall make my friends wait.

I could not restrain my indignation. This woman marries, as she calls it, twice or thrice a year. Well, sir, then you will find time, perhaps, to talk with Major O'Hara. He is of one of the best families in Ireland. And he will not let me be robbed of my daughter.

Major O'Hara, madam, has nothing to do with the daughter of my late unhappy friend. Nor have I anything to say to *him*. Emily is in my protection; and I am sorry to say, that she never had been so, were not the woman who calls herself her

mother, the person least fit to be entrusted with her daughter. Permit me the favour of leading you to your chair.

She then broke out into the language in which she always concludes these visits. She threatened me with the resentments of Major O'Hara; and told me, he had been a conqueror in half a dozen duels.

I offered my hand. She refused it not. I led her to her chair.

I will call again to-morrow afternoon, said she (threatening with her head); perhaps with the major, sir. And I expect you will produce the little harlotry.

I left her in silent contempt.—Vile woman!

But let nothing of this escape you to my Emily. I think she should not see her but in my presence. The poor girl will be terrified into fits, as she was the last time she saw her, if she comes, and I am not there. But possibly I may hear no more of this wicked woman for a month or two. Having a power to make her annuity either one or two hundred pounds, according to her behaviour, at my own discretion, the man she has married, who could have no inducement but the annuity, if he *has* married her, will not suffer her to incur such a reduction of it; for you know, I have always hitherto paid her two hundred pounds a year. Her threatening to see me to-morrow may be to amuse me while she goes. The woman is a foolish woman; but, being accustomed to intrigue, she aims at cunning and contrivance.

I am now hastening to Lord W——. I hope his woman will not be admitted to his table, as she generally is, let who will be present; yet, it seems, knows not how to be silent, whatever be the subject. I have never chosen either to dine or sup with my lord, that I might not be under a necessity of objecting to her company: and were I *not* to object to it, as I am a near kinsman to my lord, and know the situation she is in with him, my complaisance might be imputed to motives altogether unworthy of a man of spirit.

Yours of this morning was brought me, just as I was concluding. I am greatly interested in one paragraph in it.

You hint to me, that my sisters, though my absences are short, would be glad to receive now and then a letter from me. You, my dear friend, have engaged me into a kind of

habit, which makes me write to you with ease and pleasure. —To you, and to our Beauchamp, methinks, I can write anything. Use, it is true, would make it equally agreeable to me to write to my sisters. I would not have them think that there is a brother in the world that better loves his sisters than I do mine: and now, you know, I have *three*. But why have they not signified as much to me? Could I give pleasure to any whom I love, without giving great pain to myself, it would be unpardonable not to do it.

I could easily carry on a correspondence with my sisters, were they to be very earnest about it: but then it must be a *correspondence:* the writing must not be all of one side. Do they think I should not be equally pleased to hear what *they* are about, from time to time; and what, occasionally, their sentiments are upon persons and things? If it fall in your way, and you think it not a mere temporary wish (for young ladies often wish, and think no more of the matter), then propose the condition.—But caution them, that the moment I discover, that they are less frank, and more reserved, than I am, there will be an end of the correspondence. My *three* sisters are most amiably frank, for women—but, thus challenged, dare they enter the lists, upon honour, with a man, a *brother*, upon equal terms?—Oh no! they dare not. It is not in woman to be unreserved in some points; and (to be impartial) perhaps they should not: yet, surely, there is now and then a man, a *brother*, to be met with, who would be the more grateful for the confidence reposed in him.

Were this proposal to be accepted, I could write to them many of the things that I communicate to you. I have but few secrets. I only wish to keep from relations so dear to me, things that could not possibly yield them pleasure. I am sure I could trust to your judgment the passages that might be read to them from my letters to you.

Sometimes, indeed, I love to divert myself with Charlotte's humorous curiosity; for she seems, as I told her lately, to love to suppose secrets, where there are none, for a compliment to her own sagacity, when she thinks she has found them out; and I love at such times to see her puzzled, and at a fault, as a punishment for her declining to speak out.

You have told me heretofore, in excuse for the distance

which my *two elder sisters* observe to their brother, when I have complained of it to you, that it proceeded from awe, from reverence for him. But why should there be that awe, that reverence? Surely, my dear friend, if this is spontaneous and invincible in them, there must be some fault in my behaviour, some seeming want of freedom in my manner, with which you will not acquaint me: it is otherwise impossible, that between brothers and sisters, where the love is not doubted on either side, such a distance should subsist. You must consult them upon it, and get them to explain themselves on this subject to you; and when they have done so, tell me of my fault, and I will endeavour to render myself more agreeable (more familiar, shall I say?) to them. But I will not by any means excuse them, if they give me cause to think, that the distance is owing to the will and the power I have been blessed with to do my *duty* by them. What would this be, but indirectly to declare, that once they expected not justice from their brother? But no more of this subject at present. I am impatient to be with you all at Colnebrook; you cannot think *how* impatient. Self-denial is a very hard doctrine to be learned, my good Dr. Bartlett. So, in some cases, is it found to be, by your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER XV.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Colnebrook, Sunday Evening.

POOR Emily! her heart is almost broken. This ignoble passion, what a mean-spirited creature had it like to have made me!—Be quiet, be quiet, Lucy!—I *will* call it *ignoble.* Did you ever know me before so little?—And had it not like to have put me upon being hard-hearted, envious, and I can't tell what, to a poor fatherless girl, just starting into woman, and therefore into more danger than she ever was in before; wanting to be protected—from whom? From a *mother.*—Dreadful circumstance!—Yet I am ready to grudge the poor girl her guardian, and her innocent prattle!—But let me be despised by the man I love, if I do not conquer this

new-discovered envy, jealousy, littleness, at least with regard to this unhappy girl, whose calamity endears her to me.

Dear child! sweet Emily! You *shall* go down with me if it be proposed. My grandmamma, and uncle, and aunt, will permit me to carry you with me. They are generous; they have no little passion to mislead their beneficence; they are what I hope to be, now I have found myself out—and what if her gratitude shall make her heart overflow into love, has she not excuse for it, if Harriet has any?

Well, but to the occasion of the poor Emily's distress.—About twelve this day, soon after Lord L—— and the two sisters and I came from church (for Emily happened not to go), a coach and four stopped at the gate, and a servant in a sorry livery, alighting from behind it, inquired for Lord L——. Two gentlemen, who, by their dress and appearance, were military men, and one lady, were in it.

My lord ordered them to be invited to alight, and received them with his usual politeness.

Don't let me call this unhappy woman Emily's mother; O'Hara is the name she owns.

She addressed herself to my lord: I am the mother of Emily Jervois, my lord: this gentleman, Major O'Hara, is my husband.

The major bowed, strutted, and acknowledged her for his wife: and this gentleman, my lord, said he, is Captain Salmonet; a very brave man: he is in foreign service. His lady is my own sister.

My lord took notice of each.

I understand, my lord, that my daughter is here: I desire to see her.

One of my lord's servants, at that time, passing by the door, which was open, Pray, sir, said she to him, let Miss Jervois know that her mamma is come to see her. Desire her to come to me.

Maj. I long to see my new daughter: I hear she is a charming young lady. She may depend upon the kindness of a father from me.

Capt. De man of honour and good nature be my broder's general cha-*ract*-er, I do assure your lordship.

He spoke English as a Frenchman, my lord says; but pronounced the word character as an Irishman.

Maj. [Bowing]. No need of this, my dear friend. My lord has the cha-*ract*-er of a fine gentleman himself, and knows how to receive a gentleman who waits upon him with due respect.

Lord L. I hope I do. But, madam, you know whose protection the lady is in.

Mrs. O'Hara. I do, my lord; Sir Charles Grandison is a very fine gentleman.

Capt. De vinest cha-*ract*-er in de world. By my salvation, everybody says so.

Mrs. O'Hara. But Sir Charles, my lord, is a very young gentleman to be a guardian to so young a creature; especially now that she is growing into woman. I have had some few faults, I own. Who lives, that has not? But I have been basely scandalised. My first husband had *his;* and much greater than I had. He was set against me by some of his own relations: vile creatures:—he left me, and went abroad; but he has answered for all by this time; and for the scanty allowance he made me, his great fortune considered: but, as long as my child will be the better for it, that I can forgive.—Emily, my dear:——

She stepped to the door, on hearing the rustling of silks, supposing her at hand; but it was Miss Grandison, followed by a servant with chocolate, to afford her a pretence to see the visitors; and at the same time having a mind to hint to them, that they were not to expect to be asked to stay to dinner.

It is to Miss Grandison that I owe the description of each, the account of what passed, and the broken dialect.

Mrs. O'Hara has been a handsome woman; but well might Sir Charles be disgusted with her aspect. She has a leering, sly, yet confident eye; and a very bold countenance. She is not ungenteel; yet her very dress denotes her turn of mind. Her complexion, sallowish, streaked with red, makes her face (which is not so plump as it once has been) look like a withering John-apple that never ripened kindly.

Miss Grandison has a way of saying ill-natured things in such a good-natured manner, that one cannot forbear smil-

ing, though one should not altogether approve of them; and yet sometimes one would be ready to wonder how she came by her images.

The major is pert, bold, vain, and seemed particularly fond of his new scarlet coat and laced waistcoat. He is certainly, Miss Grandison says, a low man, though a soldier. Anderson, added she, is worth fifty of him. His face fiery, and highly pimpled, is set off to advantage by an enormous solitaire. His bad and straggling teeth are shown continually by an affected laugh, and his empty discourse is interlarded with oaths; which, with my uncle's leave, I shall omit.

Captain Salmonet, she says, appeared to her in a middle way between a French beau and a Dutch boor; aiming at gentility, with a person and shape uncommonly clumsy.

They both assumed military airs, which not sitting naturally, gave them what Miss Grandison called the swagger of soldierly importance.

Emily was in her own apartment, almost fainting with terror: for the servant to whom Mrs. O'Hara had spoken, to bid her daughter come to her, had officiously carried up the message.

To what Mrs. O'Hara had said in defence of her own character, my lord answered, Mr. Jervois had a right, madam, to do what he pleased with a fortune acquired by his own industry. A disagreement in marriage is very unhappy; but in this case, as in a duel, the survivor is hardly ever in fault. I have nothing to do in this matter. Miss Jervois is very happy in Sir Charles Grandison's protection. *She* thinks so; and so does everybody that knows her. It is your misfortune if *you* do not.

Mrs. O'Hara. My lord, I make no dispute of Sir Charles's being the guardian of her fortune; but no father can give away the authority a mother has, as well as himself, over her child.

Maj. That child a daughter too, my lord.

Lord L. To all this I have nothing to say. You will not be able, I believe, to persuade my brother Grandison to give up his ward's person to you, madam.

Mrs. O'Hara. Chancery may, my lord——

Lord L. I have nothing to say to this, madam. No man in England knows better what is to be done, in this case, than Sir Charles Grandison; and no man will be readier to do what is just and fitting, without law: but I enter not into the case; you must not talk to me on this subject.

Miss Gr. Do you think, madam, that your marriage entitles you the *rather* to have the care of Miss Jervois?

Maj. [With great quickness]. I hope, madam, that my honour and cha-*ract*-er——

Miss Gr. Be they ever so unquestionable, will not entitle you, sir, to the guardianship of Miss Jervois's person.

Maj. I do not pretend to it, madam. But I hope that no father's will, no guardian's power, is to set aside the natural authority which a mother has over her child.

Lord L. This is not my affair. I am not *inclined* to enter into a dispute with you, madam, on this subject.

Mrs. O'Hara. Let Emily be called down to her mother. I hope I may see my child. She is in this house, my lord. I hope I may see my child.

Maj. Your lordship, and you, madam, will allow, that it would be the greatest hardship in the world, to deny to a mother the sight of her child.

Capt. De very greatest hardship of all hardships. Your lordship will not refuse to let de daughter come to her moder.

Lord L. Her guardian perhaps will not deny it. You must apply to him. He is in town. Miss Jervois is here but as a guest. She will be soon in town. I must not have her alarmed. She has very weak spirits.

Mrs. O'Hara. Weak *spirits*, my lord!—a child to have spirits too weak to see her mother!—And she felt for her handkerchief.

Miss Gr. It sounds a little harshly, I own, to deny to a mother the sight of her daughter: but unless my brother were present, I think, my lord, it cannot be allowed.

Maj. Not allowed, madam!

Capt. A moder to be denied to see her daughter! Jesu! And he crossed himself.

Mrs. O'Hara. [Putting her handkerchief to hide her eyes, for it seems she wept not.] I am a very unhappy mother indeed——

Maj. [Embracing her]. My dearest life! My best love! I must not bear these tears—Would to God Sir Charles was here, and thought fit—but I came not here to threaten—you, my lord, are a man of the greatest honour; so is Sir Charles.—But whatever were the misunderstandings between husband and wife, they should not be kept up and propagated between mother and child. My wife, at present, desires only to see her child; that's all, my lord. Were your brother present, madam, he would not deny her this. Then again embracing his wife, My dear soul, be comforted. You will be allowed to see your daughter, no doubt of it. I am able to protect and right you. My dear soul, be comforted.

She sobbed, Miss Grandison says; and the good-natured Lord L—— was moved.—Let Miss Jervois be asked, said he, if she chooses to come down.

I will go to her myself, said Miss Grandison.

She came down presently again——

Miss Byron and Miss Jervois, said she, are gone out together in the chariot.

Maj. Nay, madam——

Capt. Upon my salvation this must not pass.—And he swaggered about the room.

Mrs. O'Hara looked with an air of incredulity.

It was true, however: for the poor girl being ready to faint, I was called in to her. Lady L—— had been making a visit in the chariot; and it had just brought her back. Oh save me, save me, dear madam! said Miss Emily to me, wringing her hands. I cannot, I cannot see my mother out of my guardian's presence: and she will make me own her new husband. I beseech you, save me; hide me!

I saw the chariot from the window, and, without asking any questions, I hurried Miss Emily down-stairs, and conducted the trembling dear into it; and, whipping in after her, ordered the coachman to drive anywhere, except towards London: and then the poor girl threw her arms about my neck, smothering me with her kisses, and calling me by all the tender names that terror and mingled gratitude could suggest to her.

Miss Grandison told the circumstances pretty near as

above; adding, I think, my lord, that Miss Emily wants not apology for her terror on this occasion. That lady, in her own heart, knows that the poor girl has reason for it.

Madam, said the major, my wife is cruelly used. Your brother—But I shall talk to *him* upon the subject. He is said to be a man of conscience and honour: I hope I shall find him so. I know how to protect and right my wife.

And *I* will stand by my broder and his lady, said the captain, to de very last drop of my blood.—He looked fierce, and put his hand on his sword.

Lord L. You don't by these airs mean to insult me, gentlemen?—If you do——

Maj. No, no, my lord. But we must seek our remedy elsewhere. Surprising! that a mother is denied the sight of her daughter! *Very* surprising!

Capt. Very surprising, indeed! Ver dis to be done in my country—in France—English liberty! Begar ver pretty liberty!—A daughter to be supported against her moder—Whew! Ver pretty liberty, by my salvation!

Mrs. O'Hara. And is indeed my vile child run away to avoid seeing her mother?—Strange! Does she always intend to do thus?—She *must* see me—And dearly shall she repent it!

And she looked fierce, and particularly spiteful; and then declared, that she would stay there till Emily came back, were it midnight.

Lord L. You will have my leave for that, madam.

Maj. Had we not best go into our coach, and let that drive in quest of her?—She cannot be far off. It will be easy to trace a chariot.

Lord L. Since this matter is carried so far, let me tell you, that, in the absence of her guardian, I will protect her. Since Miss Jervois is thus averse, she shall be indulged in it. If you see her, madam, it must be by the consent, and in the presence, of her guardian.

Maj. Well, my dear, since the matter stands thus; since your child is taught to shun you thus; let us see what Sir Charles Grandison will say to it. He is the principal in this affair, and is not *privileged.* If *he* thinks fit—And there he stopped, and blustered; and offered his hand to his bride.—

I am able both to protect and right you, madam; and I *will*. But you have a letter for the girl, written on a supposition that she was not here.—Little did you or I think, that she was in the house when we came; and that she should be spirited away to avoid paying her duty to her mother.

Very true. Very true. And, very true, said each; and Mrs. O'Hara pulled out the letter, laying it on one of the chairs; and desired it might be given to her daughter. And then they all went away, very much dissatisfied; the two men muttering, and threatening, and resolving, as they said, to make a visit to Sir Charles.

I hope we shall see him here very soon. I hope these wretches will not insult him, or endanger a life so precious. Poor Emily! I pity her from my heart. She is as much grieved on this occasion, as I was in dread of the resentment of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen.

Let me give you some account of what passed between Emily and me: you will be charmed with her beautiful simplicity.

When we were in the chariot, she told me, that the last time she saw her mother, it was at Mrs. Lane's: the bad woman made a pretence of private business with her daughter, and withdrew with her into another room, and then insisted that she should go off with her, unknown to anybody. And because I desired to be excused, said she, my mother laid her hands upon me, and said she would trample me under her foot. It is true (unhappy woman!) she was—[Then the dear girl whispered me, though nobody was near us—sweet modest creature, loath to reveal this part of her mother's shame even to me aloud, and blushed as she spoke]—she was in her cups.—My mamma is as naughty as some *men* in that respect: and I believe she would have been as good as her word; but, on my screaming (for I was very much frightened), Mrs. Lane, who had an eye upon us, ran in with two servants, and one of her daughters, and rescued me. She *had* torn my cap.—Yet it was a sad thing, you know, madam, to see one's mother put out of the house against her will. And then she raised the neighbourhood. Lord bless me! I thought I should have died. I *did* fall into fits. Then was Mrs. Lane forced to tell every one what a sad woman my

mother was!—It was such a disgrace to me!—It was a month before I could go to church, or look anybody in the face. But Mrs. Lane's character was on her side; and my guardian's goodness was a help—shall I say a help against my mother? Poor woman! we heard afterwards she was dead; but my guardian would not believe it. If it would please God to take me, I should rejoice. Many a tear does my poor mother, and the trouble I give to the best of men, cost me, when nobody sees me; and many a time do I cry myself to sleep, when I think it impossible I should get such a kind relief.

I was moved at the dear girl's melancholy tale. I clasped my arms about her, and wept on her gentle bosom. Her calamity, which was the greatest that could happen to a good child, I told her, had endeared her to me: I would love her as my sister.

And so I will: dear child, I will for ever love her. And I am ready to hate myself for some passages in my last letter. Oh, how deceitful is the heart! I could not have thought it possible that mine could have been so narrow.

The dear girl rejoiced in my assurances, and promised grateful love to the latest hour of her life.

Indeed, madam, I have a grateful heart, said she, for all I am so unhappy in a certain relation. I have none of those sort of faults that give me a resemblance in any way to my poor mother. But how shall I make out what I say? You will mistrust me, I fear: you will be apt to doubt my principles. But will you promise to take my heart in your hand, and guide it as you please?—Indeed it is an honest one. I wish you saw it through and through.—If ever I do a wrong thing, mistrust my head, if you please, but not my heart. But in everything I will be directed by you; and then my head will be as right as my heart.

I told her that good often resulted from evil. It was a happy thing, perhaps, for both, that her mother's visit had been made. Look upon me, my dear Emily, as your entire friend: we will have but one heart between us.

Let me add, Lucy, that if you find me capable of drawing this sweet girl into confessions of her infant love, and of making ungenerous advantage of them, though the event were to be fatal to my peace if I did not, I now call upon all you, my

dear friends, to despise and renounce the treacherous friend in Harriet Byron.

She besought me to let her write to me; to let her come to me for advice, as often as she wanted it, whether here, in my dressing-room or chamber, or at Mr. Reeves's, when I went from Colnebrook.

I consented very cheerfully, and, at her request (for indeed, said she, I would not be an intruder for the world), promised, by a nod at her entrance, to let her know, if she came when I was busy, that she must retire, and come another time.

You are too young a lady, added she, to be called my mamma. Alas! I have never a mamma, you know: but I will love you and obey you, on the holding up of your finger, as I would my mother, were she as good as you.

Does not the beautiful simplicity of this charming girl affect you, Lucy? But her eyes swimming in tears, her earnest looks, her throbbing bosom, her hands now clasped about me, now in one another, added such graces to what she said, that it is impossible to do justice to it: and yet I am affected as I write; but not so much, you may believe, as at the time she told her tender tale.

Indeed her calamity has given her an absolute possession of my heart. I, who had such good parents, and have had my loss of them so happily alleviated, and even supplied, by a grandmamma and an aunt so truly maternal, as well as by the love of every one to whom I have the happiness to be related; how unworthy of such blessings should I be, if I did not know how to pity a poor girl who must reckon a living mother as her heaviest misfortune!

Sir Charles, from the time of the disturbance which this unhappy woman made in Mrs. Lane's neighbourhood, and of her violence to his Emily, not only threatened to take from her that moiety of the annuity which he is at liberty to withdraw; but gave orders that she should never again be allowed to see his ward but in his presence: and she has been quiet till of late, only threatening and demanding. But now she seems, on this her marriage with Major O'Hara, to have meditated new schemes, or is aiming, perhaps, at new methods to bring to bear an old one; of which Sir Charles had private intimation given him by one of the

persons to whom, in her cups, she once boasted of it: which was, that as soon as Miss Emily was marriageable, she would endeavour, either by fair means or foul, to get her into her hands: and if she did, but for *one* week, she should the *next* come out the wife of a man she had in view, who would think half the fortune more than sufficient for himself, and make over the other half to her; and then she should come into her right, which she deems to be half of the fortune which her husband died possessed of.

This that follows is a copy of the letter left for Emily by this mother; which, though not well spelled, might have been written by a better woman, who had hardships to complain of which might have entitled her to pity:

My dear Emily,—If you have any love, any duty, left for an unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated, to justify the ill usage of a husband who was not faultless; I conjure you to insist upon making me a visit, either at my new lodgings in Dean Street, Soho; or that you will send me word where I can see you, supposing I am not permitted to see you as this day, or that you should not be at Colnebrook, where it seems, you have been some days. I cannot believe that your guardian, for his own reputation's sake, as well as for justice sake, as he is supposed to be a good man, will deny you, if you insist upon it; as you ought to do, if you have half the love for me that I have for you.

Can I doubt that you *will* insist upon it? I cannot. I long to see you: I long to lay you in my bosom. And I have given hopes to Major O'Hara, a man of one of the best families in Ireland, and a very worthy man, and a brave man too, who knows how to right an injured wife, if he is put to it, but who wishes to proceed amicably, that you will not scruple, as my husband, to call him father.

I hear a very good account of your improvements, Emily; and I am told, that you are grown very tall and pretty. Oh, my Emily!—What a grievous thing is it to say, that I am *told* these things; and not to have been allowed to see you; and to behold your growth, and those improvements, which must rejoice my heart, and do, though I am so basely belied as I have been! Do not you, Emily, despise her that bore

you. It is a dreadful thing, with such fortunes as your father left, that I must be made poor and dependent; and then be despised for being so.

But if you, my child, are taught to be, and will be one of those; what, though I have such happy prospects in my present marriage, will be my fate, but a bitter death, which your want of duty will hasten? For what mother can bear the contempts of her child? And, in that case, your great fortune will not set you above God's judgments. But better things are hoped of my Emily, by her indulgent, though heretofore unhappy, mother, HELEN O'HARA.

Saturday, March 18.

My lord thought fit to open this letter: he is sorry that he did; because the poor girl is so low spirited, that he does not choose to let her see it; but will leave it to her guardian to give it to her, or not, as he pleases.

Miss Grandison lifted up her hands and eyes as she read it. Such a wretch as this, she said, to remind Emily of God's judgments; and that line written as even as the rest! How was it possible, if her wicked heart could suggest such words, that her fingers could steadily write them? But, indeed, she verifies the words of the wise man: *There is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman.*

We all long to see Sir Charles. Poor Emily, in particular, will be unhappy until he comes.

While we expect a favoured person, though rich in the company of the friends we are with, what a diminution does it give to enjoyments that would be complete were it not for that expectation? The mind is uneasy, not content with itself, and always looking out for the person wanted.

Emily was told, that her mother left a letter for her; but is advised not to be solicitous to see it till her guardian comes. My lord owned to her, that he had opened it: and pleaded tenderness, as he justly might, in excuse of having taken that liberty. She thanked his lordship, and said, it was for such girls as she to be directed by such good and kind friends.

She has just now left me. I was writing, and wanted to close. I gave her a nod, with a smile, as agreed upon a

little before. Thank you, thank you, dear madam, said she, for this freedom. She stopped at the door, and with it in her hand, in a whispering accent, bending forwards, only tell me, that you love me as well as you did in the chariot.

Indeed, my dear, I do; and better, I think, if possible: because I have been putting part of our conversation upon paper, and so have fastened your merits on my memory.

God bless you, madam! I am gone. And away she tript.

But I will make her amends, before I go to rest; and confirm all that I said to her in the chariot; for most cordially I can.—I am, my dear Lucy, and will be, ever yours,

HARRIET BYRON.

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LETTER XVI.

Mr. Deane to Mrs. Selby.

London, Friday Night, March 17.

YOU wished me, my dear Mrs. Selby, as I was obliged to go to London on my own affairs, to call at Colnebrook, and to give you my observations on the state of matters there; and whether there were any likelihood of the event we are all so desirous should be brought about; and particularly, if an opportunity offered, that I would at distance sound Sir Charles himself on the subject. I told you, that you need not be afraid of my regard to our dear child's delicacy; and that she herself should not have reason to mistrust me on this nice subject.

It seems his great engagements in town, and some he has had in Kent, have hindered him from giving Lord L—— and his sisters much of his company, though your Harriet is there; which they all extremely regret.

I dined at Colnebrook. Lord L—— is a very worthy and agreeable man. Lady L—— and Miss Grandison are charming women. Miss Jervois is a pretty young lady.—But more of her by and by.—The cousin Grandison you spoke of is gone down to Grandison Hall: whither Sir Charles himself thinks shortly of going—But this and other distant matters I refer to our Harriet's own account.

My visit to Sir Charles is most in my head, and I will

mention that, and give place to other observations afterwards.

After dinner I pursued my journey to London. As my own business was likely to engage me for the whole time I had to stay in town, I alighted at his house in St. James's Square; and was immediately, on sending my name, introduced to him.

Let me stop to say, he is indeed a very fine gentleman. Majesty and sweetness are mingled in every feature of his face; and the latter, rather than the former, predominates in his whole behaviour. Well may Harriet love him.

I told him, that I hoped, on my coming to town on particular affairs, he would excuse the intrusion of a man who was personally a stranger to him; but who had long wished for an opportunity to thank him for the relief he had given to a young lady in whom I claimed an interest that was truly paternal. At the same time I congratulated him on the noble manner in which he had extricated himself, to the confusion of men, whom he had taught to find out, and to be ashamed, that they were savages.

He received my compliments as a man might be supposed to do, to whom praise is not a new thing; and made me very handsome ones, declaring himself acquainted with my character, with my connexions with your family, and with one of the most excellent of young ladies. This naturally introduced the praises of our Harriet; in which he joined in so high and so just a strain, that I saw his heart was touched. I am sure it is: so set yours at rest. It must do. Everything is moving, and that not slowly, to the event so desirable. I led to the graces of her person: he to those of her mind: he allowed her to be, for both, one of the most perfect beauties he had ever seen. In short, Mrs. Selby, I am convinced, that the important affair will ripen of itself. His sisters, Lord L——, Dr. Bartlett, all avowedly in our lovely girl's favour, and her merit so extraordinary; it must do. Don't you remember what the old song says?

> "When *Phœbus* does his beams display,
> To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
> Is to suppose them blind."

All I want, methinks, is to have them oftener together.

Idleness, I believe, is a great friend to love. I wish his affairs would let him be a little idle. They must be despatched soon, be they what they will; for Lord L—— said, that when he is master of a subject, his execution is as swift as thought. Sir Charles hinted that he shall soon be obliged to go to France. Seas are nothing to him. Dr. Bartlett said that he considers all nations as joined on the same continent; and doubted not but if he had a call, he would undertake a journey to Constantinople or Pekin, with as little difficulty as some others would (he might have named me for one) to the Land's End. Indeed he appears to be just that kind of man. Yet he seems not to have any of that sort of fire in his constitution, that goes off with a bounce, and leaves nothing but vapour and smoke behind it.

You are in doubt about our girl's fortune. It is not a despicable one. He may, no question, have a woman with a much greater; and so may she a man.—What say you to Lady D——'s proposal, rejected for his sake; at *hap-hazard* too, as the saying is? But let it once come to that question, and leave it to *me* to answer it.

You bid me remark how Harriet looks. She is as lovely as ever; but I think not quite so lively, and somewhat paler; but it is a clear and healthy, not a sickly paleness: and there is a languor in her fine eyes, that I never saw in them before. She never was a pert girl; but she has more meekness and humility in her countenance, than methinks I would *wish* her to have; because it gives to Miss Grandison, who has fine spirits, some advantages in conversation over Harriet, that, if she *had*, methinks she would not take. But they perfectly understand one another.

But now for a word or two about Miss Jervois. I could not but take notice to our Miss Byron, of the greediness with which she eats and drinks the praises given her guardian; of the glow that overspreads her cheeks, and of a sigh that now and then seems to escape even her own observation, when he is spoken of [so like a niece of mine, who drew herself in, and was afterwards unhappy]; and by these symptoms I conclude, that this young creature is certainly giving way to love. She has a very great fortune, is a pretty girl, and an improving beauty. She is tall and

womanly. I thought her sixteen or seventeen; but, it seems, she is hardly fourteen. There is as much difference in girls, as in fruits, as to their *maturing*, as I may say. My mother, I remember, once said of an early bloom in a niece of hers, that such were born to woe. I hope it won't be so with this; for she certainly is a good young creature, but has not had great opportunities of knowing either the world, or herself. Brought up in a confined manner in her father's house at Leghorn, till twelve or thirteen; what opportunities could she have? No mother's wings to be sheltered under; her mother's wickedness giving occasion the more to straiten her education, and at a time of life so young, and in so restraining a country as Italy for girls and young maidens: and since brought over, put to board with a retired country gentlewoman—what can she know, poor thing? She has been but a little while with Miss Grandison, and that but as a guest: so that the world before her is all new to her: and, indeed, there seems to be in her pretty wonder, and honest declarations of her whole heart, a simplicity that sometimes borders upon childishness, though at other times a kind of womanly prudence. I am not afraid of her on our Harriet's *account;* and yet Harriet (lover-like, perhaps!) was alarmed at my hinting it to her: but I am on *her own.* I wish, as I said before, Sir Charles was more among them: he would soon discover whose love is fit to be discountenanced, and whose to be encouraged; and, by that means, give ease to twenty hearts. For I cannot believe that such a man as this would be *guilty* (I will call it) of reserve to such a young lady as ours, were he but to have the shadow of a thought that he has an interest in her heart.

My affairs are more untoward than I expected: but on my return to Peterborough I will call at Shirley House and Selby Manor—and then (as I hope to see Sir Charles, again either in London, or at Colnebrook) I will talk to you of all these matters. Meantime, believe me to be your affectionate and faithful humble servant, THOMAS DEANE.

—o—

LETTER XVII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Monday, March 20.

AFTER we had taken leave of one another for the night, I tapt at Emily's chamber-door; which being immediately opened by her maid, Is it you, my dear Miss Byron? said she, running to me. How good this is!

I am come, my dear, late as it is, to pass an agreeable half hour with you, if it will not be unseasonable.

That it can never be.

You must then let your Anne go to bed, said I; else, as her time is not her own, I shall shorten my visit. I will assist you in any little services myself. I have dismissed Jenny.

God bless you, madam, said she; you consider everybody. Anne tells me, that the servants throughout the house adore you: and I am sure their principals do.—Anne, you may go to your rest.

Jenny, who attends me here, has more than once hinted to me, that Miss Jervois loves to sit up late, either reading, or being read to, by Anne: who, though she reads well, is not fond of the task.

Servants, said I, are as sensible as their masters and mistresses. They speak to their feelings. I question not but they love Miss Jervois as well as they do me. I should as soon choose to take my measures of the goodness of principals by their servants' love of them, as by any other rule. Don't you see, by the silent veneration and assiduities of the servants of Sir Charles Grandison, how much they adore their master?

I am very fond of being esteemed by servants, said she, from that *very* observation of my guardian's goodness, and his servants' worthiness, as well as from what my maid tells me, all of them say of you. But you and my guardian are so much alike in everything, that you seem to be born for one another.

And then she sighed, involuntarily: yet seemed not to endeavour to restrain or recall her sigh.

Why sighs my dear young friend? Why sighs my Emily?

That's good of you to call me *your* Emily. My guardian calls me *his* Emily. I am always proud when he calls me so—I don't know why I sigh: but I have lately got a trick of sighing, I think. Will it do me harm? Anne tells me it will; and says, I must break myself off it. She says, it is not pretty in a young lady to sigh: but where is the unprettiness of it?

Sighing is said to be a sign of being in love; and young ladies——

Ah! madam! And yet *you* sigh, very often——

I felt myself blush.

I often catch myself sighing, my dear, said I. It is a *trick*, as you call it, which I would not have you learn.

But I have *reason* for sighing, madam; which you have not. Such a mother! A mother that I wanted to be good, not so much to me as to herself: a mother so unhappy, that one must be glad to run away from her. My poor papa! so good as he was to everybody, and even to her, yet had his heart broken—O madam!—(flinging her arms about me, and hiding her face in my bosom), have I not cause to sigh?

I wept on her neck; I could not help it: so *dutifully* sensible of her calamity! and for *such* a calamity, who could forbear?

Such a disgrace too! said she, raising her head. Poor woman!—Yet she has the worst of it. Do you think that *that* is not enough to make one sigh?

Amiable goodness: (kissing her cheek), I shall love you too well.

You are too good to me: you must not be so good to me: that, even *that*, will make me sigh. My *guardian's* goodness to me gives me pain; and I think verily, I sigh more since last I left Mrs. Lane, and have seen more of his goodness, and how everybody admires, and owns obligation to him, than I did before.—To have a stranger, as one may say, and so *very* fine a gentleman, to be so good to one, and to have such an unhappy mother—who gives *him* so much trouble—how can one help sighing for both reasons?

Dear girl! said I, my heart overflowing with compassion

for her, you and I are bound equally, by the tie of gratitude, to esteem him.

Ah, madam! you will one day be the happiest of all women—and so you *deserve* to be.

What means my Emily?

Don't I see, don't I hear, what is designed to be brought about by Lord and Lady L——, and Miss Grandison? And don't I hear from my Anne, what everybody expects and wishes for?

And *does* everybody expect and wish, my Emily——

I stopped. She went on.—And don't I see that my guardian himself loves you?

Do you think so, Emily?

Oh, how he dwells upon your words when you speak!

You fancy so, my dear.

You have not observed his eyes so much as I have done, when he is in your company. I have watched *your* eyes, too; but have not seen that you mind him quite so much as he does you. Indeed he loves you dearly.—And then she sighed again.

By why *that* sigh, my Emily? Were I so happy as you think, in the esteem of this good man, would you envy me, my dear?

Envy you!—I, such a simple girl as I, envy you! No, indeed. Why should I envy you? But tell me now; dear madam, tell me; don't you love my guardian?

Everybody does. You, my Emily, love him.

And so I do: but you love him, madam, with a hope that no one else will have reason to entertain.—Dear now, place a little confidence in your Emily: my guardian shall never know it from me, by the *least* hint. I beg you will own it. You can't think how you will oblige me. Your confidence in me will give me importance with myself.

Will you, Emily, be as frank-hearted with me, as you would have me be with you?

Indeed I will.

I do, my dear, greatly esteem your guardian.

Esteem! Is that the word? Is that the ladies' word for love? And is not the word *love* a pretty word for women? I mean no harm by it, I am sure.

And I am sure you *cannot* mean harm: I will be sincere with my Emily. But you must not let any one living know what I say to you of this nature. I would prefer your guardian, my dear, to a king in all his glory.

And so, madam, would I, if I were you. I should be glad to be thought like you in everything.

Amiable innocence! But tell me, Miss Jervois, would you not *have* me esteem your guardian? You know he was *my* guardian too, and that at an exigence when I most wanted one.

Indeed I would. Would you have me wish such a good young lady as Miss Byron to be ungrateful? No, indeed. —And again she sighed.

Why *then* sighed my Emily? You said you would be frank-hearted.

So I will, madam. But I really can't tell why I sighed then. I wish my guardian to be the happiest man in the world: I wish you, madam, to be the happiest woman: and how can either be so, but in one another?—But I am grieved, I believe, that there seems to be something in the way of your mutual happiness.—I don't know whether that is all, neither—I don't know what it is—if I did, I would tell you —but I have such throbs sometimes at my heart, as make me fetch my breath hard—I don't know what it is—such a weight here, as *makes* me sigh; and I have a pleasure, I think, because I have an ease in sighing. What can it be?——

Go on, my dear: you are a pretty describer.

Why now, if anybody, as Anne did last time my guardian came hither, were to run up-stairs in a hurry; and to say, Miss, miss, miss, your guardian is come! I should be in *such* a flutter! my heart would seem to be too big for my bosom! I should sit down as much out of breath as if I had run down a high hill.—And for half an hour may be so tremble, that I should not be able to see the dear guardian that perhaps I had wanted to see. And to hear him with a voice of gentleness, as if he pitied me for having so unhappy a mother, call me *his* Emily.—Don't you think he has a sweet voice?—And *your* voice, too, madam, is also *so* sweet—everybody says, that even in your common speech your voice is melody.—Now Anne says——

Oh my agreeable little flatterer!

I don't flatter, madam. Don't call me a flatterer. I am a very sincere girl: indeed I am.

I dare say you are: but you raise my vanity, my dear. It is not *your* fault to tell me what people say of me; but it is *mine* to be proud of their commendations—but you were going to tell me what Anne says, on your being so much affected, when she tells you in a hurry that your guardian is come.

Why Anne says, that all those are signs of love. Foolish creature!—And yet so they may; but not of such love as she means.—Such a love as she as good as owns she had in her days of *flutteration*, as she whimsically calls them; which, as she explains it, were when she was two or three years older than I am. In the first place, I am very young, you know, madam; a mere girl: and such a *simple* thing! —I never had a mother, nor sister neither; nor a companion of my own sex.—Mrs. Lane's daughters, what were they? —They looked upon me as a child, as I was. In the next place, I *do* love my guardian, that's true; but with as much reverence, as if he were my father. I never had a thought that had not that deep, that profound reverence for him, as I remember I had for my father.

But you had not, my dear, any of those flutters, those throbs that you spoke of, on any returns of your father after little absences?

Why, no; I can't say I had. Nor though I always rejoiced when my guardian came to see me at Mrs. Lane's, had I, as I remember, any such violent emotions as I have had of late. I don't know how it is—can you tell me?

Do you not, Lucy, both love and pity this sweet girl?

My dear Emily!—These *are* symptoms, I doubt——

Symptoms of what, madam?—Pray tell me sincerely. I will not hide a thought of my heart from you.

If encouraged, my dear——

What then, madam?——

It *would be* love, I doubt—that sort of love that would make you uneasy——

No; that cannot be, surely. Why, madam, at that rate, I should never dare to stand in your presence. Upon my

word, I wish no one in the world, but you, to be Lady Grandison. I have but one fear——

And what's that?

That my guardian won't love me so well, when he marries, as he does now.

Are you afraid that the woman he marries will endeavour to narrow so large a heart as his?

No; not if that woman were you.—But, forgive my folly (and she looked down); he would not take my hand so kindly as now he does: he would not look in my face with pleasure, and with pity on my mother's account, as he does now: he would not call me *his* Emily; he would not bespeak every one's regard for his ward.

My dear, you are now almost a woman. He will, if he remain a single man, soon draw back into his heart that kindness and love for you, which, while you are a girl, he suffers to dwell upon his lips. You must expect this change of behaviour soon, from his prudence. You yourself, my love, will set him the example: you will grow more reserved in your outward behaviour, than hitherto there was reason to be.

O madam! never tell me that! I should break my heart, were I twenty, and he did not treat me with the tenderness that he has always treated me with. If, indeed, he find me an encroacher; if he find me forward, and indiscreet, and troublesome; then let him call me *any*body's Emily rather than *his*.

You will have different notions, my dear, before that time——

Then, I think, I shan't desire to live to see the time. Why, madam, all the comfort I have to set against my unhappiness from my mother is, that so good, so virtuous, and so prudent a man as Sir Charles Grandison, calls me *his* Emily, and loves me as his child. Would you, madam, were you Lady Grandison (now, tell me, would you), grudge me these instances of his favour and affection?

Indeed, my dear, I would not: if I know my own heart, I would not.

And would you permit me to live with you?—Now it is out! Will you permit me to live with my guardian and you?—This is a question I wanted to put to you; but

was both ashamed and afraid, till you thus kindly emboldened me.

Indeed I would, if your guardian had no objection.

That don't satisfy me, madam. Would you be my earnest, my sincere advocate, and plead for me? He would not deny you anything. And would you (come, madam, I will put you to it)—would you say, 'Look you here, Sir 'Charles Grandison; this girl, this Emily, is a good sort of 'girl: she has a great fortune: snares may be laid for her: 'she has no papa but you: she has, poor thing!' [I hope you would call me by names of pity, to move him,] 'no 'mamma; or is more unhappy than if she had none. Where 'can you dispose of her so properly, as to let her be with us? 'I will be her protectress, her friend, her mamma'—[Yes do, madam, let me choose a mamma! Don't let the poor girl be without a mamma, if *you* can give her one. I am sure I will study to give you pleasure, and not pain]—'I *insist* 'upon it, Sir Charles. It will make the poor girl's heart 'easy. She is told of the arts and tricks of men, where girls 'have great fortunes; and she is always in dread about 'them, and about her unhappy mother. Who will form plots 'against her, if she is with us?'—Dear, dear madam! you are *moved* in my favour—[Who, Lucy, could have forborne being affected by her tender prattle?]—She threw her arms about me; I see you are moved in my favour!—And I will be your attendant: I will be your waiting-maid: I will help to adorn you, and to make you more and more lovely in the eyes of my guardian.

I could not bear this—No more, no more, my lovely girl, my innocent, my generous, my irresistible girl!—Were it to come to that—[it became me to be unreserved, for more reasons than one, to this sweet child]—not one request should my Emily make, that heart and mind I would not comply with: not one wish that I would not endeavour to promote and accomplish for her.

I folded her to my heart, as she hung about my neck.

I grieve you—I would not, for the world, grieve my young mamma, said she—henceforth let me call you my mamma. —*Mamma*, as I have heard the word explained, is a more tender name even than *mother*.—The unhappy Mrs. Jervois

shall be Mrs. O'Hara, if she pleases; and only *mother:* a child must not renounce her *mother,* though the mother should renounce, or worse than renounce, her child.

I must leave you, Emily.

Say then *my* Emily.

I must leave you, *my,* and *more* than *my* Emily.—You have cured me of sleepiness for this night!

Oh, then I am sorry——

No; don't be sorry. You have given me pain, 'tis true; but I think it is the sweetest pain that ever entered into a human heart. Such goodness! such innocence! such generosity—I thank God, my love, that there is in my knowledge so worthy a young heart as yours.

Now, how good this is! (and again she wrapped her arms about me). And will you go?

I must, I must, my dear!—I can stay no longer.—But take this assurance, that my Emily shall have a first place in my heart for ever. I will study to promote your happiness; and your wishes shall be the leaders of mine.

Then I am sure I shall live with my guardian and you for ever, as I may say: and God grant, and down on her knees she dropped, with her arms wrapped about mine, that you may be the happiest of women, and that soon, for my sake, as well as your own, in marriage with the best of men, my guardian! (exultingly, said she:) and say, Amen—do, God bless you, madam, say Amen to my prayer.

I struggled from her.—Oh, my sweet girl! I cannot bear you!—I hastened out at the door to go to my chamber.

You are not angry, madam? following me, and taking my hand, and kissing it with eagerness. Say you are not displeased with me. I will not leave you till you do.

Angry! my love! Who can be angry? How you have distressed me by your sweet goodness of heart!

Thank God, I have not offended you. And now say, once more, *my* Emily—say, good rest to you, *my* Emily—my love—and all those tender names—and say, God bless you, my child, as if you were my mamma; and I will leave you, and I shall in fancy go to sleep with angels.

Angels only are fit company for *my* Emily—God bless *my* Emily! Good night! Be your slumbers happy!

I kissed her once, twice, thrice, with fervour; and away she tript; but stopt at the door, courtesying low, as I, delighted, yet *painfully* delighted, looked after her.

Ruminating, in my retirement, on all the dear girl had said, and on what might be my fate; so many different thoughts came into my head, that I could not close my eyes: I therefore arose before day; and while my thoughts were agitated with the affecting subject, had recourse to my pen.

Do, my Lucy, and do you, my grandmamma, my aunt, my uncle, *more* than give me leave, *bid* me, *command* me, if it shall be proposed, to bring down with me my Emily: and yet she shall not come, if you don't all promise to love her as well as you do your for ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XVIII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Monday, March 20.

THE active, the restless goodness of this Sir Charles Grandison, absolutely dazzles me, Lucy!

The good Dr. Bartlett has obliged us all with the sight of two letters, which give an account of what he has done for Lord W——, his uncle. He has been more than a father to his *uncle:* does not that sound strange? But he is to be the obliger of everybody.

The doctor said, that since Miss Grandison had claimed the benefit of her brother's permission for him to use his own discretion in communicating to us such of the letters as he was favoured with by Sir Charles, he believed he could not more unexceptionably oblige Lord L—— and the sisters, than by reading to them those two letters, as they were a kind of family subject.

After the doctor had done reading, he withdrew to his closet. I stole up after him, and obtained his leave to transmit them to you.

Lucy, be chary of them, and return them when perused.

There is no such thing as pointing out particular passages

of generosity, justice, prudence, disinterestedness, beneficence, that strike one in those letters, without transcribing every paragraph in them. And, ah, Lucy! there are other observations to be made; mortifying ones, I fear.

Only let me say, that I think, if Sir Charles Grandison could and would tender himself to *my* acceptance, I ought to decline his hand. Do you think, if I were his, I should not live in continual dread of a separation from him, even by that inevitable stroke which, alone, could be the means of *completing* his existence?

—o—

LETTER XIX.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Saturday Night, March 18.

As soon as I had seen Mrs. Jervois to her chair, I went to attend Lord W——.

He received me with great expressions of esteem and affection.

He commanded his attendants to withdraw, and told me, taking my hand, that my character rose upon him from every mouth. He was in love with me, he said. I was my *mother's* son.

He commended me for my economy, and complimented into *generosity* the *justice* I had done to some of my *friends.*

I frankly own, said he, that at your first arrival, and even till *now* (that I am determined to be the man you, cousin, would wish me to be), I had thought it but prudent to *hold back:* for I imagined that your father had lived at such a rate, that you would have applied to me to extricate you from difficulties; and particularly for money to marry your eldest sister, at least. I took notice, young man, proceeded he, and I heard others observe, that you had not eyes to see any of your father's faults; either when he was living or departed; and this gave me reason to apprehend, that you had your father's extravagant turn: and I was resolved, if I were applied to, *to wrap myself close about in a general denial.* Else, all I had been gathering together for so many years past, might soon have been dissipated; and I should

only have taken a thorn out of the foot of another, and put it into my own.

And then he threw out some disagreeable reflections on my father's spirit.

To those I answered, that every man had a right to judge for himself, in those articles for which he himself is only accountable. My father and your lordship, continued I, had very different ways of thinking. Magnificence was his taste: prudence (so your lordship must account it) is yours. There are people in the world, who would give different names to both tastes: but would not your lordship think it very presumptuous in any man to arraign you at the bar of his judgment, as mistaken in the measures of your prudence?

Look you, nephew, I don't well know what to make of your speech; but I judge that you *mean not* to affront me.

I do not, my lord. While you were apprehensive that you might be a sufferer by me, you acted with your usual prudence to discourage an application. My father had, in your lordship's judgment, but one fault; and he was the principal sufferer by it himself: had he looked into his affairs, he would have avoided the necessity of doing several things that were disagreeable to him, and must ever be, to a man of spirit. His very timber, that *required*, as I may say, the axe, would have furnished him with all he wanted: and he paid interest for a less sum of money than actually was in the hands of his stewards, unaccounted for.

But what a glory to *you*, cousin——

No compliment to me, my lord, I pray you, to the discredit of my father's memory. He had a right to do what he did. Your lordship does what you think fit. I too, now I am my own master, do as I please. My taste is different from both. I pursue mine, as he did his. If I should happen to be more right than my father in some things, he might have the advantage of me in others; and in those I happen to do, that are generally thought laudable, what merit have I? since all this time (directed by a natural bias) I am pursuing my own predominant passion; and that perhaps, with as much ardour, and as little power to resist it, as my father had to restrain his.

Bravo! bravo! said my lord.—Let me ask you, nephew

—may *all* young men, if they will, improve by travelling, as you have done!—if they may, by my troth, nine parts in ten of those who go abroad ought to be hanged up at their fathers' doors on their return.

Very severe, my lord. But thinking minds will be thoughtful, whether abroad or at home: unthinking ones call for our pity.

Well, sir, I do assure you, that I am proud of my nephew, whatever you are of your uncle: and there are two or three things that I want to talk to you about; and one or two that I would consult you upon.

He rang, and asked what time dinner would be ready?

In half an hour was the answer.

Mrs. Giffard came in. Her face glowed with passion. My lord seemed affected at her entrance. It was easy to see that they were upon ill terms with each other; and that my lord was more afraid of her than she was of him.

She endeavoured to assume a complaisant air to me; but it was so visibly struggled for, that it sat very awkwardly on her countenance; and her lips trembled when she broke silence, to ask officiously, as she did, after the health of my sister Charlotte.

I would be alone with my nephew, said my lord, in a passionate tone.

You *shall* be alone, my lord, impertinently replied she, with an air that looked as if they had quarrelled more than once before, and that she had made it up on her own terms. She pulled the door after her with a rudeness that he only could take, and deserve, who was conscious of having degraded himself.

Foolish woman! Why came she in when I was there, except to show her supposed consequence, at the expense of his honour? She knew my opinion of her. She would, by a third hand, once, have made overtures to me of her interest with my lord; but I should have thought meanly of myself, had I not, with disdain, rejected the tender of her services.

A damned woman! said my lord; but looked, first, as if he would be sure she was out of hearing.

This woman, nephew, and her behaviour, is one of the subjects I wanted to consult you upon.

Defer this subject, my lord, till you have recovered your temper. You did not design to begin with it. You are discomposed.

And so I am: and he puffed and panted as if out of breath.

I asked him some indifferent questions: to have followed him upon the subject at that time, whatever resolutions he had taken; they would probably have gone off, when the passion to which they would have owed their vigour, had subsided.

When he had answered them, his colour and his wrath went down together.

He then ran out into my praises again, and particularly for my behaviour to Mrs. Oldham; who, he said, lived now very happily, and very exemplarily; and never opened her lips, when she was led to mention me, but with blessings heaped upon me.

That woman, my lord, said I, was *once* good. A recovery, where a person is not totally abandoned, is more to be hoped for, than the reformation of one who never was well-principled. All that is wished for, in the latter, is, that she may be made unhurtful. Her highest good was never more than harmlessness. She that was once good, cannot be easy, when she is in a state of true penitence, till she is restored to that from which she was induced to depart.

You understand these matters, cousin: I don't. But if you will favour me with more of your company, I shall, I believe, be the better for your notions. But I must talk about this woman, nephew. I am calm now. I must talk of this woman now—I am resolved to part with her: I can bear her no longer. Did you not mind how she pulled the door after her, though you were present?

I did, my lord. But it was plain, that something disagreeable had passed before; or she could not so totally have forgotten herself. But, my lord, we will postpone this subject, if you please. If you yourself lead to it after dinner, I will attend to it, with all my heart.

Well, then, be it so. But now tell me, have you, nephew, any thoughts of marriage?

I have great honour for the state; and hope to be one day happy in it.

Well said—and are you at liberty, kinsman, to receive a proposal of that nature?

And then, without waiting for an answer, he proposed Lady Frances N——, and said, he had been spoken to on that subject.

Lady Frances, answered I, is a very deserving young lady. My father set on foot a treaty with her family. But it has been long broken off: it cannot be resumed.

Well, what think you of Lady Anne S——? I am told that *she* is likely to be the lady. She has a noble fortune. Your sisters, I hear, are friends to Lady Anne.

My sisters wish me happily married. I have such an opinion of both those ladies, that it would give me some little pain to imagine each would not, in her turn, refuse me, were I offered to her, as I cannot myself *make* the offer. I cannot bear, my lord, to think of returning slight for respect to my *own* sex: but as to ladies, how can we expect that delicacy and dignity from them, which are the bulwarks of their virtue, if we do not treat them with dignity?

Charming notions! If you had them not abroad, you had them from your mother: she was all that was excellent in woman.

Indeed she was. Excellent woman! She is always before my eyes.

And excellent kinsman too! Now I know your reverence for your mother, I will allow of all you say of your father, because I see it is all from principle. I have known some men who have spoken with reverence of their mothers, to give themselves dignity; that is to say, for bringing creatures so important as themselves into the world; and who have exacted respect to the good old women, who were *merely* good old women, as we call them, in order to take the incense offered the parent into their own nostrils. This was duty in parade.

The observation, my good Dr. Bartlett, I thought above my Lord W——. I think I have heard one like it, made by my father, who saw very far into men; but was sometimes led, by his wit, into saying a severe thing: and yet, whenever I hear a man praised highly for the performance of

common duties; as for being a good husband, a good son, or a kind father; though each is *comparatively* praiseworthy, I conclude, that there is nothing extraordinary to be said of him. To call a man a good FRIEND, is indeed comprising all the duties in one word: for friendship is the balm, as well as seasoning, of life: and a man cannot be defective in *any* of the social duties, who is capable of it, when the term is rightly understood.

Well, cousin, since you cannot think of either of those ladies, how should you like the rich and beautiful Countess of R——? You know what an excellent character she bears.

I do. But, my lord, I should not choose to marry a widow: and yet, generally, I do not disrespect widows, nor imagine those men to blame who marry them. But as my circumstances are not unhappy, and as riches will never be my principal inducement in the choice of a wife, I may be allowed to indulge my peculiarities; especially as I shall hope (and I should not deserve a good wife if I did not) that, when once married, I shall be married for my whole life.

The countess once declared, said my lord, before half a score in company, two of them her particular admirers, that she never would marry any man in the world, except he were just such another, in mind and manners, as Sir Charles Grandison.

Ladies, my lord, who in absence speak favourably of a man who forms not pretensions upon them, nor is likely to be troublesome to them, would soon convince that man of his mistake, were his presumption to rise upon their declared good opinion of him.

I wonder, proceeded my lord, that every young man is not good. I have heard you, cousin, praised in all the circles where you have been mentioned. It was certainly an advantage to you to come back to us a stranger, as I may say. Many youthful follies may perhaps be overpassed, that we shall never know anything of: but, be that as it will, I can tell you, sir, that I have heard such praises of you, as have made my eyes glisten, because of my relation to you. I was told, within this month past, that no fewer than five ladies, out of one circle, declared that they would stand out by consent, and let you pick and choose a wife from among them.

What your lordship has heard of this nature, let me say, without affecting to disclaim a compliment apparently too high for my merits, is much more to the honour of the one sex than of the other. I should be glad that policy, if not principle (principle might take root, and grow from it), would mend us men.

So should I, nephew: but I [poor man! he hung down his head!] have not been a better man than I ought to be. Do you not despise me in your heart, cousin?—You must have heard—that cursed woman—but I begin to repent! And the truly good, I believe, cannot be either censorious or uncharitable. Tell me, however, do you not despise me?

Despise my mother's brother! No, my lord. Yet were a sovereign to warrant my freedom, and there were a likelihood that he would be the better for it, I would with decency tell him my whole mind. I am sorry to say it; but your lordship, if you have not had virtue to make you worthy of being imitated, have too many examples among the great, as well as among the middling, to cause you to be censured for *singularity*. But your lordship adds, to a confession that is not an ungenerous one, that you begin to repent.

Indeed I do. And your character, cousin, has made me half ashamed of myself.

I am not accustomed, my lord, to harangue on these subjects to men who know their duty: but let me say, that your lordship's good resolutions, to be efficacious, must be built upon a better foundation than occasional disgust or disobligation. But here, again, we are verging to a subject that we are both agreed to defer till after dinner.

I am charmed with your treatment of me, cousin. I shall, for my own sake, adore my sister's son. Had I consulted my chaplain, who is a good man too, he would have too roughly treated me.

Divines, my lord, must do their duty.

He then introduced the affair between Sir Hargrave Pollexfen and me, of which, I found, he was more particularly informed than I could have imagined: and after he had launched out upon that, and upon my refusal of a duel, he, by a transition that was very natural, mentioned the *rescued*

lady, as he called her. I have heard, cousin, said he, that she is the most beautiful woman in England.

I think her so, my lord, replied I: and she has one excellence that I never before met with in a beauty; she is not proud of it.

I then gave my opinion of Miss Byron, in such terms as made my lord challenge me, as my sisters once did, on the warmth of my description and praises of her.

And does your lordship think, that I cannot do justice to the merits of such a lady as Miss Byron, but with an interested view? I do assure you, that what I have said is short of what I think of her. But I can praise a lady without meaning a compliment to myself. I look upon it, however, as one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, that I have been able to serve her, and save her from a forced marriage with a man whom she disliked, and who could not deserve her. There is hardly anything gives me more pain than when I see a worthy woman very unequally yoked, if her own choice has not been at first consulted; and who yet, though deeply sensible of her misfortune, irreproachably supports her part of the yoke.

You are a great friend to the sex, kinsman.

I am. I think the man who is not must have fallen into bad company, and deserves not to have been favoured with better. Yet, to unwomanly faults, to want of morals, and even to want of delicacy, no man is more quick-sighted.

I don't know how it is; but I have not, at this rate, fallen into the best company: but perhaps it is for want of that delicacy, in my own mind, which you are speaking of.

Were we men, my lord, to value women (and to let it be known that we do) for those qualities which are principally valuable in the sex; the less estimable, if they would not be reformed, would shrink out of our company into company more suitable to their taste; and we should never want objects worthy of our knowledge, and even of our admiration, to associate with. There is a kind of magnetism in goodness. Bad people will indeed find out bad people to accompany with, in order to keep one another in countenance; but they are bound together by a rope of sand; while trust, confidence, love, sympathy, twist a cord, by a

reciprocation of beneficent offices, which ties good men to good men, and cannot easily be broken.

I have never had these notions, cousin; and yet they are good ones. I took people as I found them; and, to own the truth, meaning to serve myself, rather than anybody else, I never took pains to look out for worthy attachments. The people I had to do with had the same views upon *me* as I had upon *them;* and thus I went on in a state of hostility with all men; mistrusting and guarding, as well as I could, and not doubting that every man I had to do with would impose upon me, if I placed confidence in him.—But as to this Miss Byron, nephew, I shall never rest till I see her. Pray, what is her fortune? They tell me it is not above 15,000*l.*—What is that to the offers you have had made you?

Just then we were told dinner was on the table.

I am wishing for an inclination to rest; but it flies me. The last letter from Beauchamp, dated from Bologna, as well as those from the bishop, afflict me. Why have I such a feeling heart? Were the unhappy situation of affairs there owing to my own enterprising spirit, I should deserve the pain it gives me. But I should be too happy, had I not these *without door* perplexities, as I may call them, to torment me. Thank God that they arise not from *within*, though they make themselves too easy a passage to my heart.

My paper is written out. If I am likely to find a drowsy moment, I shall welcome its approach: if not, I will rise, and continue my subject.

LETTER XX.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Sunday, March 19.

I HAVE had two happy hours of forgetfulness; I could not, though I tried for it, prevail for more: and I will continue my subject.

After dinner, every attendant being dismissed, my lord, making me first see that nobody was listening in the passages, began as follows:

I am determined, nephew, to part with this Giffard. She is the plague of my life. I would have done it half a year ago, on an occasion that I will not mention to you, because you would despise me, if I did, for my weakness: and now she wants to bring in upon me a sister of hers, and her husband, and to part with two other worthy folks, that I know love me; but of whom, for that reason, she is jealous; and then they would divide me among them: for this man and his wife have six children; all of whom, of late, make an appearance that cannot be honestly supported.

And have you any difficulty, my lord, in parting with her, but what arises from your own want of resolution?

The most insolent devil that ever was about a man at one time, and the most whining at another. Don't despise me, nephew; you know I have taken her as—you know what I mean——

I understand you, my lord.

But say you don't despise me, Sir Charles Grandison. As I hope to live, I am half afraid of you.

My pity, my lord, where I see compunction, is stronger than my censure.

That is well said.—Now I agreed with this woman, in a weak moment, and she has held me to it, to give her an annuity of 150*l.* for life; which was to be made up to 250*l.* if I parted with her, without her consent; and here we have been, for several months, plaguing one another, whether I shall turn *her* out of the house, or she will leave *me:* for she has told me, that she will not stay, unless I take in her sister and brother; yet will not go, because she will then have no more than the 150*l.* a year: and that is too much for her deserts for these two years past.

Your lordship sees the inconveniences of this way of life; and I need not mention to you, how much happier that state is, which binds a man and woman together by interest, as well as by affection, if discretion be not forgotten in their choice. But let me express my surprise, that your lordship, who has so ample an estate, and no child, should seem to value your peace of mind at so low a rate as 100*l.* a year.

I will not let her go away with such a triumph. She has not deserved from me——

Pray, my lord, was she of reputation when you took her?

She was a widow——

But was her character tolerable in the eye of the world? She might be a greater object of pity for being a widow.

My gouty disorders made me want a woman about me. I hated men fellows——

Well, my lord, this regards your *motive*. But have you any previous or later incontinence to charge her with?

I can't say I have. Her cursed temper would frighten, rather than invite, lovers. I *heard* it was no good one; but it broke not out to *me* till within these two years.

Your lordship, surely, must not dispute the matter with her. If you are determined to part with her, give her the 250*l.* a year, and let her go.

To reward a cursed woman for misbehaviour?—I cannot do it.

Give me leave to say, that your lordship has deserved some punishment: give her the annuity, not as a reward to her, but as a punishment to yourself.

You hurt my sore place, nephew.

Consider, my lord, that 250*l.* a year for life, or even for ever, is a poor price, for the reputation of a woman with whom a man of your quality and fortune condescended to enter into treaty. Every quarterly payment must strike her to the heart, if she lives to have compunction seize her, when she thinks that she is receiving, for subsistence, the wages of her shame. Be *that* her punishment. You intimate, that she has so behaved herself, that she has but few friends: part with her, without giving her cause of complaint, that may engage pity for her, if not friends, at your expense. A woman who has lost *her* reputation, will not be regardful of *yours*. Suppose she sue you for non-performance of covenants; would your lordship appear to such a prosecution? You cannot be *capable* of pleading your privilege on a prosecution that would otherwise go against you. You cannot be in earnest to part with this woman, she cannot have offended you beyond forgiveness, if you scruple 100*l.* a year to get rid of her.

He fervently swore that he was in earnest; and added, I am resolved, nephew, to marry, and live honest.

He looked at me, as if he expected I should be surprised.

I believe I could not change countenance on such a hint as this. You have come to a good resolution, my lord; and if you marry a prudent woman, your lordship will find the difference in your own reflections, as well as in your reputation and interest. And shall the difference of 100*l.* a year—don't let me say, that I am ashamed for my Lord W——.

I knew that you would despise me, Sir Charles.

I know that I should despise myself, were I not to deal freely with your lordship in this respect. Indeed, my lord, you have not had so good reason (forgive me!) to think hardly of my father's spirit, as you had to correct your own.

I cannot bear this, nephew. He looked displeased.

You must not be angry, my lord. I will not bear anger from any man breathing, and keep him company, who, consulting me, shall be displeased with me for speaking my mind with freedom and sincerity.

What a man am I talking to!—Well, rid me of this torment [you have spirit, nephew; and nobody can reproach you with acting contrary to your own principles], and I will for ever love you. But *talk* to her: I hardly dare. She whimpers and sobs, and threatens by turns, and I cannot bear it.—Once she was going to tie herself up—would to God I had not prevented her!—And then (oh my folly!) we went on again.

My good Dr. Bartlett, I was ashamed of my uncle. But you see what an artful, as well as insolent, woman this is. What *folly* is there in wickedness! Folly encounters with folly, or how could it succeed so often as it does?—Yet my mother's brother to wish he had suffered a creature, with whom he had been familiar, to destroy herself!—I could hardly bear him. Only that I thought it would be serving both wretches, and giving both a chance for repentance; or I should not have kept my seat.—But we see in my mother, and in her brother, how habitual wickedness debases, and how habitual goodness exalts the human mind. In their youth they were supposed nearer an equality in their understandings and attainments than in their maturity, when occasion called out into action their respective talents. But, perhaps, the brother was not the better man for the uninterrupted prosperity that attended him, and for having

never met with check or control; whereas the most happily married woman in the world must have a will to which she must sometimes resign her own. What a glory to a good woman must it be, who can not only resign her will, but make so happy a use of her resignation, as my mother did!

My lord repeated his request, that I would talk with the woman; and that directly.

I withdrew, and sent for her accordingly.

She came to me, out of breath with passion; and, as I thought, partly with apprehension for what her own behaviour might be before me.

I see, Mrs. Giffard, said I, that you are in great emotion. I am desired to talk with you; a task I am not very fond of: but you will find nothing but civility, such as is due to you, for your sex's sake, from me. Calm, therefore, your mind: I will see you again in a few moments.

I took a turn, and soon came back. Her face looked not quite so bloated; and she burst into tears. She began to make a merit of her services; her care; her honesty; and then inveighed against my lord for the narrowness of his spirit. She paid some compliments to me; and talked of being ashamed to appear before me as a guilty creature; introductory to what she was prepared to say of her sacrifices, the loss of her good name, and the like; on which, with respect to my lord, and his ingratitude to her, as she called it, she laid great stress.

I am never displeased, my dear friend, with the testimony which the most profligate women bear to the honour of virtue, when they come to set a value upon their departure from it.

You have it not to say, Mrs. Giffard, that my lord betrayed, seduced, or deceived you. I say not this so much for reproach, as for justice sake; and not to suffer you to deceive yourself; and to load him with greater faults than he has been guilty of. You were your own mistress: you had no father, mother, husband, to question you, or to be offended with you. You knew your duty. You were treated with as a sole and independent person. One hundred and fifty pounds a year, Mrs. Giffard, though a small price for the virtue of a good woman, which is, indeed, above all price, is,

nevertheless, greatly above the price of common service. I never seek to palliate faults of a flagrant nature; though it is not my meaning to affront, a woman especially, and one who supposes herself in distress. You *must know*, madam, the frail tenure by which you were likely to hold: you stipulated, therefore, for a provision accordingly. The woman who never hoped to be a wife, can have no hardship to take the stipulation, and once more give herself the opportunity to recover her lost fame. This independence my lord is desirous to give you——

What independence, sir?

One hundred and fifty——

Two hundred and fifty, sir, if you please—if my lord thinks fit to dismiss me.

My lord has told me, that *that* was indeed the stipulation; but he pleads misbehaviour.

I was willing to make a little difficulty of the 100*l.* a year, though I thought my *lord* ought not—and as to misbehaviour, Dr. Bartlett, I hardly know how to punish a woman for that, to her keeper. Does she not first misbehave to herself, and to the laws of God and man? And ought a man, that brings her to violate her first duties, to expect from her a regard to a mere discretionary obligation? I would have all these *moralists*, as they affect to call themselves, suffer by such libertine principles, as cannot be pursued, but in violation of the very first laws of morality.

Misbehaviour! sir. He makes this plea to cover his own baseness of heart. I never misbehaved, as he calls it, till I saw——

Well, madam, this may lead to a debate that can answer no end. I presume you are as willing to leave my lord as he is to part with you. It must be a wretchedness beyond what I can well imagine, to live a life of guilt (I must not palliate in this case), and yet of hatred and animosity, with the person who is a partaker in that guilt.

I am put upon a very unequal task, sir, to talk with *you* on this subject. My lord will not refuse to see me, I hope. I know what to say to *him*.

He has requested me to talk with you, madam. As I told you, I am not fond of the task. We have all our faults.

God knows what he will pardon, and what he will punish. His pardon, however, in a great measure, depends upon yourself. You have health and time, to all appearance, before you: your future life may be a life of penitence. I am no divine, madam; I would not be thought to preach to you: but you have now a prospect opened of future happiness, through your mutual misunderstandings, that you never otherwise *might* have had. And let me make an observation to you; that where hatred or dislike have once taken place of liking, the first separation, in such a case as this, is always the best. Affection or esteem between man and woman, once forfeited, hardly ever is recovered. Tell me truth —don't you as heartily dislike my lord as he does you?

I do, sir—he is——

I will not hear *what* he is, from the mouth of declared prejudice. He has his faults. One great fault is, *that* in which you have been joint partakers.—But if you might, would you choose to live together to be torments to each other?

I can torment him more than he can me——

Diabolical temper!—Woman! (and I stood up, and looked sternly), can you forget *to* whom you say this—and *of* whom?—Is not Lord W—— my uncle?

This (as I intended it should) startled her. She asked my pardon.

What a fine hand, proceeded I, has a peer of the realm made of it! to have this said *of* him, and perhaps, had you been in his presence, *to* him, by a woman whose courage is founded in his weakness?—Let me tell you, madam——

She held up her clasped hands—For God's sake, forgive me, sir! and stand my friend.

A hundred and fifty pounds a year, madam, is rich payment for *any* consideration that a woman could give, who has more spirit than virtue. Had you kept *that*, madam, you would, though the daughter of cottagers, have been superior to the greatest man on earth, who wanted to corrupt you.—But thus far, and as a punishment to my lord for his wilful weakness, I *will* be your friend—Retire from my lord: you shall have 250*l.* a year: and as you were not brought up to the expectation of one half of the fortune, bestow the hun-

dred a year that was in debate upon young creatures of your sex, as an encouragement to them to preserve that chastity which you, with your eyes open, gave up; and with the rest live a life suitable to that disposition; and then, as my fellow-creature, I will wish you happy.

She begged leave to withdraw: she could not, she said, stand in my presence.

I had, indeed, spoken with warmth. She withdrew trembling, courtesying, mortified; and I returned to my lord.

He was very earnest to hear my report. I again put it to him whether he adhered to his resolution of parting with his woman? He declared in the affirmative, with greater earnestness than before; and begged to know, if I could manage it that she should go, and that without seeing him? I cannot bear to see her, said he.

Bravoes of the law, cowards and cullies to their paramours, are these keepers generally. I have ever suspected the courage (to magnanimity they must be strangers) of men who can defy the laws of society. I pitied him: and believing that it would not be difficult to manage this heroine, who had made her weak lord afraid of her; I said, have you a mind, my lord, that she shall quit the house this night, and before I leave it? If you have, I think I can undertake that she shall.

And *can* you do this for me? If you can, you shall be my great Apollo. That will, indeed, make me happy: for the moment you are gone she will force herself into my presence, and will throw the gout, perhaps, into my stomach. She reproaches me as if she had been an innocent woman, and I the most ungrateful of men. For God's sake, nephew, release me from her, and I shall be happy. I would have left her behind me in the country, proceeded he; but she would come with me. She was afraid that I would appeal to you: she stands in awe of nobody else. You will be my guardian angel, if you will rid me of this plague.

Well, then, my lord, you will leave it to me to do the best I can with her: but it cannot be the best on your side, for your honour's sake, if we do her not that justice that the law would, or ought to do her. In a word, my lord, you must forgive me for saying, that you shall not resume

that dignity to distress this woman, which you laid aside when you entered into treaty with her.

Well, well, I refer myself to your management: only this 100*l.* a year—Once again, I say, it would hurt me to reward a woman for plaguing me: and 150*l.* a year is two-thirds more than ever she, or any of her family, were entitled to.

The worst and meanest are entitled to justice, my lord; and I hope your lordship will not refuse to perform engagements that you entered into with your eyes open: you must *not*, if I take any concern in this affair.

Just then the woman sent in to beg the favour of an audience, as she called it, of me.

She addressed me in terms above her education. There is something, said she, in your countenance, sir, so terrible, and yet so sweet, that one must fear your anger, and yet hope for your forgiveness, when one has offended. I was too free in speaking of my lord to his nephew.—And then she made a compliment to my character, and told me, she would be determined by my pleasure, be it what it would.

How seldom are violent spirits true spirits! When overawed, how tame are they, generally, in their submission! Yet this woman was not without art in hers. She saw that, displeased as she apprehended I was with her. I had given her hopes of the payment of the hundred pounds a year penalty; and this made her so acquiescent.

I was indeed displeased with you, Mrs. Giffard; and could not, from what you said, but conclude in your disfavour, in justification of my lord's complaints against you.

Will you give me leave, sir, to lay before you the true state of everything between my lord and me?—Indeed, sir, you don't know——

When two persons, who have lived in familiarity, differ, the fault is seldom wholly on one side: but thus far I judge between you, and desire not to hear particulars; the man who dispenses with a known duty, in such a case as this before us, must render himself despicable in the eyes of the very person whom he raises into consequence, by sinking his own. Chastity is the crown and glory of a woman. The most profligate of the men love modesty in the sex, at the very time they are forming plots to destroy it in a par-

ticular object. When a woman has submitted to put a price upon her honour, she must appear, at times, despicable in the eyes even of her seducer; and when these two break out into animosity, ought either to wish to live with the other?

Indeed, indeed, sir, I am struck with remorse; I see my error. And she put her handkerchief to her eyes, and seemed to weep.

I proceeded: You, Mrs. Giffard, doubted the continuance of my lord's passion: you made your terms, therefore, and proposed a penalty besides. My lord submitted to the terms, and by that means secured his right of dismissing you, at his pleasure; the only convenience that a man dishonouring himself, by despising marriage, can think he has. Between him and you, what remains to be said (though you are both answerable at a tribunal higher than your own), but that you should have separated long ago? Yet you would not consent to it: you would not leave him at liberty to assert the right he had reserved to himself. Strange weakness in him, that he would suffer that to depend upon you!—But one weakness is the parent of another.

She then visibly wept.

You found it out, that you could *torment your lord in a higher degree than he could torment you;* and how, acting upon such principles, you have lived together for some time past, you have let every one see.

She, on her knees, besought my pardon for the freedom of that expression:—not from motives of contrition, as I apprehended, but from those of policy.

She was strong enough to raise herself, without my assistance. She did, unbidden, on seeing me step backward a pace or two, to give her an opportunity to do so; and looked very silly; and the more, for having missed my assisting hand: by which I supposed, that she had usually better success with my lord, whenever she had prevailed on herself to kneel to him.

It is easy, my good Dr. Bartlett, from small crevices, to discover day in an artful woman's heart. Nothing can be weaker, in the eye of an observer, who himself disdains artifice, than a woman who makes artifice her study. In a departure from honest nature, their will be such curvings,

as that the eyes, the countenance, will generally betray the heart: and if she either breaks out into uncalled-for apologies, or affects undue reserve, she gives room to confirm the suspicion, that all is not right in her mind.

I excuse you, Mrs. Giffard, said I; my lord has deservedly brought much of what has distressed him upon himself: but now it is best for you to part. My lord chooses not to see you. I would advise you to remove this very afternoon.

What, sir, and not have my 250*l.* a year!

Will you leave the house this night, if I give you my word?

For the whole sum, sir—two hundred and fifty pounds a year, sir?

Yes, for the whole sum.

I will, sir, with all my heart and soul. Most of my things are in the country. My lord came up in a passion, to talk with you, sir. Two or three bandboxes are all I have here. Mr. Halden (he is my lord's favourite) shall go down, and see I take nothing but my own—I will trust to your word of honour, sir—and leave, for ever, the most ungrateful——

Hush, Mrs. Giffard, these tears are tears of passion. There is not a female feature, at this instant, in your face —[What a command of countenance! it cleared up in a moment. I *expected* it from her]—A penitent spirit is a humble, a broken spirit: you show, at present, no sign of it.

She dropt me a courtsey, with such an air (though not designed, I believe), as showed that the benefit she was to reap from the advice, would not be sudden, if ever; and immediately repeated her question, if she had my honour for the payment of the entire sum—and you don't insist, sir (I have poor relations), that I shall pay out the hundred a year, as you mentioned?

You are to do with the whole annuity as you please. If your relations are worthy, you cannot do better than to relieve their necessities. But remember, Mrs. Giffard, that every quarter brings you the wages of iniquity, and endeavour at some atonement.

The woman could too well bear this severity. Had a finger been sufficient to have made her feel, I would not have laid upon her the weight of my whole hand.

She assured me, that she would leave the house in two hours' time. I returned to my lord, and told him so.

He arose from his seat, embraced me, and called me his good angel. I advised him to give his orders to Emilia, or to whom he thought fit, to do her and himself justice, as to what belonged to her in the country.

But the terms! the terms! cried my lord. If you have brought me off for 150*l.* I will adore you.

These are the terms you promised to leave them to me: you pay no more than 150*l.* a year for her life, till you assure me, upon your honour, that you cheerfully, and on mature consideration, make it up 250*l.*

How is that! how is that, nephew?—Then I never shall pay more, depend upon it.

Nor will I ever ask you.

He rubbed his hands, forgetting the gout; but was remembered by the pain, and cried Oh!——

But how did you manage it, kinsman?—I never should have brought her to anything—how did you manage it?

Your lordship does not repent her going?

He swore, that it was the happiest event that could have befallen him. I hope, said he, she will go without wishing to see me. Whether she would whine, or curse, it would be impossible for me to see her, and be myself.

I believe she will go without desiring to see you; perhaps while I am here.

Thank God! a fair riddance! Thank God!—But is it possible, kinsman, that you could bring me off for 150*l.* a year? Tell me, truly.

It is: and I tell your lordship, that it shall cost you no more, till you shall know how to value the comfort and happiness of your future life at more than 100*l.* a year: till then, the respect I pay to my mother's brother, and the regard I have for his honour, will make me cheerfully pay the 100*l.* a year in dispute out of my own pocket.

He looked around him, his head turning as if on a pivot; and, at last, bursting out into tears and speech together—And is it *thus*, is it *thus*, you subdue me? is it *thus* you convince me of my shameful littleness? I cannot bear it: all that this woman has done to me is nothing to this. I

can neither leave you, nor stay in your presence. Leave me, leave me, for six minutes only—Jesus! how shall I bear my own littleness?

I arose. One word, only, my lord. When I re-enter, say not a syllable more on this subject: let it pass as I put it. I would part with a greater sum than a hundred a year, for the satisfaction of giving to my uncle the tranquillity he has so long wanted in his own house, rather than that a person, who has had a dependence upon him, should think herself entitled to complain of injustice from him.

He caught my hand, and would have met it with his lips. I withdrew it hastily, and retired; leaving him to recollect himself.

When I returned, he thrust into my hand a paper, and held it there, and swore that I should take it. If the wretch live ten years, nephew, said he, *that* will reimburse you; if she dies sooner, the difference is yours: and, for God's sake, for the sake of your mother's memory, don't despise me; that is all the favour I ask of you: no man on earth was ever so nobly overcome. By all that's good, you shall chalk me out my path! Blessed be my sister's memory, for giving me such a kinsman! The name of Grandison, that I ever disliked till now, is the first of names: and may it be perpetuated to the end of time!

He held the paper in my hand till he had done speaking. I then opened it, and found it to be a bank note of 1000*l.* I was earnest to return it; but he swore so vehemently, that he would have it so, that I, at last, acquiesced; but declared, that I would pay the *whole* annuity, as far as the sum went; and this, as well in justice to him as to save him the pain of attending to an affair that must be grievous to him. And I insisted upon giving him an acknowledgment under my hand for that sum; and to be accountable to him for it, as his banker would, in the like case.

And thus ended this affair. The woman went away before me. She begged the favour, at the door, of one word with me. My lord started up at her voice: his complexion varied: he whipt as nimbly behind the door, as if he had no gout in his foot. I will not see her, said he.

I stepped out. She complimented, thanked me, and wept;

yet, in the height of her concern, would have uttered bitter things against my lord: but I stopped her mouth, by telling her, that I was to be her paymaster, quarterly, of the 250*l.* a year; and she turned her execrations against her lord, into blessings on me: but, after all, departed with reluctance.

Pride, and not tenderness, was visibly the occasion. Could she have secured her whole annuity, I have no doubt but she would have gratified that pride, by leaving her lord in triumph while she thought her departure would have given him regret: but to be *dismissed*, was a disgrace that affected her, and gave bitterness to her insolent spirit.

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LETTER XXI.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

[In continuation.]

My lord, though he had acquitted himself on the occasion, in such a manner as darted into my mind a little ray of my beloved mother's spirit, could not forbear giving way to his habitual littleness, when he was assured Giffard was out of the house. He called Halden to him, who entered with joy in his countenance, arising (as it came out) from the same occasion: and ordered him to make all his domestics happy on his *deliverance*, as he meanly called it: asking, if there were anybody in the house who loved her? Not a single soul, said Halden; and I am sure, that I may venture to congratulate your lordship, in the names of all your servants: for she was proud, imperious, and indeed a tyranness, to all beneath her.

I then, for the first time, pitied the woman; and should have pitied her still more (true as this might, in some measure, be), had she not gone away so amply rewarded: for, in this little family I looked forward to the family of the state; the sovereign and his ministers. How often has a minister, who has made a tyrannical use of power (and even some who have not), experienced, on his dismission, the like treatment, from those who, had they had his power, would perhaps have made as bad a use of it; who, in its plentitude, were fawning, creeping slaves, as these servants might be to this mis-

tress of their lord! We read but of one grateful Cromwell, in all the superb train of Wolsey, when he had fallen into disgrace; and yet he had in it hundreds, some not ignobly born, and all of them less meanly descended than their magnificent master.

Halden addressed himself to me, as having been the means of making his lord and his whole household happy. Let the joy be moderate, Halden, said I: the poor woman might, possibly, have numbered among her well-wishers (she could not have disobliged *every* body) some of those, who now will be most forward to load her with obloquy. You must not make her too considerable: it is best for my lord, as well as for those that loved her not, to forget there ever was such a woman; except to avoid her faults, and to imitate her in what was commendable. She boasts of her honesty and management: my lord charges her not with infidelity of any kind.

Halden bowed, and withdrew.

My lord swore by his soul, that I had not my good name for nothing. Blessed, said he, be the name of the Grandisons! This last plaudit gratified my pride; [I need not tell my Dr. Bartlett that I have pride;] the more gratified it, as Lord W——'s animosity to my father made him not pleased with his name.

I did not think, when my lord began his story to me, that I should so soon have brought about a separation of guilt from guilt: but their mutual disgusts had prepared the way; resentment and pride, mingled with avarice on one side, and self-interestedness, founded (reasonably) on a stipulation made, and not complied with, on the other, were all that hindered it from taking place as from themselves. A mediator had nothing then to do but to advise an act of justice, and so to gild it by a precedent of disinterestedness in himself, as should excite an emulation in a proud spirit, which, if not then, must, when passion had subsided, have arisen, to make all end as it ought.

When I found my lord's joy a little moderated, I drew my chair near him. Well, my lord, and now as to your hints of marriage——

Blessed God!—Why, nephew, you *overturn* me with your

generosity. Are you not my next of kin? And can you give your consent, were I to ask it, that I should marry?

I give you not only my *consent*, as you condescendingly phrase it, but my *advice*, to marry.

Good God! *I* could not, in the like case, do thus. But, nephew, I am not a *young* man.

The more need of a prudent, a discreet, a tender assistant. Your lordship hinted, that you liked not men servants, about your person, in your illness. You are often indisposed with the gout: servants will not always *be* servants when they find themselves of use. Infirmity requires indulgence: in the very nature of the word and thing, indulgence cannot exist with servility; between man and wife it may: the same interest unites them. Mutual confidence! who can enough value the joy, the tranquillity at least, that results from mutual confidence? A man gives his own consequence to the woman he marries; and he sees himself respected in the respect paid her: she extends his dignity, and confirms it. There is such a tenderness, such a helpfulness, such a sympathy in suffering, in a good woman, that I am always for excusing men in years, who marry prudently; while I censure, for the same reason, women in years. Male nurses are unnatural creatures! [There is not such a character that can be respectable.] Women's sphere is the house, and their shining-place the sick chamber, in which they can exert all their amiable, and, shall I say, lenient qualities? Marry, my lord, by all means. You are not much more than fifty; but were you seventy, and so often indisposed; so wealthy; no children to repine at a mother-in-law, and to render your life or hers uncomfortable by their little jealousies; I would advise you to marry. The man or woman deserves not to be benefited in the disposition of your affairs, that would wish you to continue in the hands of mean people, and to rob you of the joys of confidence, and the comfort of tender help, from an equal, or from one who deserves to be made your equal, in degree. Only, my lord, marry so as not to defeat your own end: marry not a gay creature, who will be fluttering about in public, while you are groaning in your chamber, and wishing for her presence.

Blessings on your heart, my nephew! Best of men! I

can hold no longer. There was no bearing, *before*, your generosity: what can I say now?—But you *must* be in earnest.

Have you, my lord, asked I, any lady in your eye?

No, said he: indeed I have not.

I was the better pleased with him, that he had not; because I was afraid, that, like our eighth Henry, he had some other woman in view, which might have made him more uneasy than he would otherwise have been with Giffard: for though it were better that he should marry, than live in scandal; and a woman of untainted character, rather than one who had let the world see that she could take a price for her honour; yet I thought him better justified in his complaints of that woman's misbehaviour, than in the other case he would have been: and that it was a happiness to both (if a right use were made of the event), that they had been unable to live on, as they had set out.

He told me, that he should think himself the happiest of men, if I could find out, and recommend to him, a woman, that I thought worthy of his addresses; and even would court her for him.

Your lordship ought not to expect fortune.

I do not.

She should be a gentlewoman by birth and education; a woman of a serious turn: such a one is not likely in affluence to run into those scenes of life, from which, perhaps, only want of fortune has restrained the gayer creature. I would not have your lordship fix an age, though I think you should not marry a girl. Some women at thirty are more discreet than others at forty: and if your lordship should be blessed with a child or two to inherit your great estate, that happy event would domesticate the lady, and make your latter years more happy than your former.

My lord held up his hands and eyes, and tears seemed to make themselves furrows on his cheeks.

He made me look at him, by what he said on this occasion, and with anger, till he explained himself.

By my soul, said he, and clapped his two lifted-up hands together, I hate your father: I never heartily loved him; but now I hate him more than ever I did in my life.

My lord!

Don't be surprised. I hate him for keeping so long abroad a son who would have converted us both. Lessons of morality, given in so noble a manner by regular *practice*, rather than by preaching *theory* (those were his words), not only where there is no interest proposed to be served, but *against* interest, must have subdued us both; and that by our own consents. Oh my sister! and he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes, as if he had the dear object of his brotherly address before him; how have you blessed me in your son!

This apostrophe to my mother affected me. What a mixture is there in the character of Lord W——! What a good man might he have made, had he been later his own master!—His father died before he was of age.

He declared that I had described the very wife he wished to have. Find out such a one for me, my dear kinsman, said he; and I give you *carte blanche:* but let her not be younger than between forty and fifty. Make the settlements for me: I am very rich: I will sign them blindfold. If the lady be such a one as *you* say *I ought* to love, I *will* love her: only let her say, she can be grateful for my love, and for the provision you shall direct me to make for her; and my first interview with her shall be at the altar.

I think, my friend, I have in my eye such a woman as my lord ought to do very handsome things for, if she condescend to have him. I will not tell you, not even *you*, whom I mean, till I know she will encourage such a proposal; and, for her own fortune's sake, I think she should: but I had her not in my thoughts when I proposed to my lord the character of the woman he should wish for.

Adieu, my dear friend.

LETTER XXII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Tuesday, March 21.

Dr. Bartlett went to town yesterday. He returned early enough to breakfast with us. He found at dinner

with his patron the whole Danby family and Mr. Sylvester; as also, the two masters of the young gentlemen, with Mr. Galliard, whose son is in love with Miss Danby, and she with him. There all the parties had confirmed to them the generous goodness of Sir Charles, of which he had assured Mr. Sylvester and the two brothers and sisters before.

I am sorry, methinks, the doctor went to town: we should otherwise, perhaps, have had the particulars of all from the pen of the benevolent man. Such joy, such admiration, such gratitude, the doctor says, were expressed from every mouth, that his own eyes, as well as Mr. Sylvester's, and most of those present, more than once were ready to overflow.

Everything was there settled, and even a match proposed by Sir Charles, and the proposal received with approbation on both sides, between the elder Miss Galliard and that audacious young man the *drug merchant;* who recovered, by his behaviour in this meeting, his reputation with Sir Charles, and everybody.

The doctor says, that Mr. Hervey and Mr. Poussin, the two masters of the young gentlemen, are very worthy men; so is Mr. Galliard: and they behaved so handsomely on the occasion, that Sir Charles expressed himself highly pleased with them all. For Mr. Hervey and Mr. Galliard offered to accept of less money than Sir Charles made the young people worth; the one for a portion with Miss Danby; the other for admitting the elder Danby into a partnership with him, on his marriage with his niece: but Sir Charles had no notion, he said, of putting young men, of good characters and abilities, to difficulties at their entrance into the world: the greatest expenses, he observed, were then incurred. In slight or scanty beginnings, scanty plans must be laid, and pursued. Mr. Galliard then declared, that the younger Danby should have the handsomer fortune with his daughter, if she approved of him, for the very handsome one Miss Danby would carry to his son.

Sir Charles's example, in short, fired every one with emulation; and three marriages, with the happiest prospects, are likely very soon to follow these noble instances of generosity. Mr. Sylvester proposed the celebration in one day: in that

case, the gentlemen joined to hope Sir Charles would honour them with his presence. He assentingly bowed. How many families are here, at once, made happy!

Dr. Bartlett, after he had given us this relation, said, on our joining in one general blessing of his patron, You know not, ladies, you know not, my lord, what a general *philanthropist* your brother is: his whole delight is in doing good. It has always been so: and to mend the hearts, as well as fortunes of men, is his glory.

We could not but congratulate the doctor on his having so considerable a hand (as Sir Charles always, Lord L—— said, delighted to own) in cultivating his innate good principles, at so critical a time of life, as that was, in which they became acquainted.

The doctor very modestly received the compliment, and, to wave our praises, gave us another instance of the great manner in which Sir Charles conferred benefits; as follows:

He once, said the doctor, when his fortune was not what it now is, lent a very honest man, a merchant of Leghorn, when he resided there (as he did sometimes for a month or two together, for the conveniency of the English chapel), a considerable sum; and took his bond for it: after a while, things not answering to the poor man's expectation, Mr. Grandison took notice to me, said the doctor, that he appeared greatly depressed and dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his countenance and behaviour, that he could not bear it: and why, said he, should I keep it in my power to distress a man, whose modesty and diffidence show that he deserves to be made easy?—I may die suddenly: my executors may think it but justice to exact payment: and that exaction may involve him in as great difficulties as those were, from which the loan delivered him.—I will make his heart light. Instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects, at his board, or in his bed, I will make both his board and his bed easy to him. His wife and his five children shall rejoice with him; they shall see the good man's countenance, as it used to do, shine upon them; and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort.

He then cancelled the bond: and at the same time, fearing

the man's distress might be deeper than he owned, offered him the loan of a further sum. But, by his behaviour upon it, I found, said Mr. Grandison, that the sum he owed, and the doubt he had of being able to pay it in time, were the whole of the honest man's grievance. He declined with gratitude the additional offer, and walked, ever after, erect.

He is now living, and happy, proceeded the doctor; and, just before Mr. Grandison left Italy, would have made him some part of payment, from the happier turn in his affairs; which, probably, was owing to his revived spirits: but Mr. Grandison asked what he thought he meant when he cancelled the obligation?—Yet he told him, that it was not wrong in him to make the tender: for free minds, he said, loved not to be ungenerously dealt with.

What a man is this, Lucy!

No wonder, thus gloriously employed, with my Lord W—— and the Danbys, said Lord L——, and perhaps in other acts of goodness that we know nothing of, besides the duties of his executorship, that we are deprived of his company! but *some* of these, as he has so good a friend as Dr. Bartlett, he might transfer to him—and oblige us more with his presence; and the rather, as he declares it would be obliging himself.

Ah, my lord! said the doctor, and looked round him, his eyes dwelling longest on me—you don't know—he stopped. We all were silent. He proceeded—Sir Charles Grandison does nothing without reason: a good man must have difficulties to encounter with, that a mere man of the world would not be embarrassed by.—But how I engage your attention, ladies!

The doctor arose; for breakfast was over.—Dear doctor, said Miss Grandison, don't leave us—as to that Bologna, that Camilla, that bishop—tell us more of them, dear doctor.

Excuse me, ladies; excuse me, my lord. He bowed, and withdrew.

How we looked at one another! How the fool, in particular, blushed! How her heart throbbed! At what?——

But, Lucy, give me your opinion—Dr. Bartlett guesses, that I am far from being indifferent to Sir Charles Grandison: he must be assured, that my own heart must be absolutely

void of *benevolence*, if I did not more and more esteem Sir Charles, for *his:* and would Dr. Bartlett be so cruel, as to contribute to a flame that, perhaps, is with difficulty kept from blazing out, as one hears new instances of his generous goodness, if he *knew* that Sir Charles Grandison was so engaged, as to render it impossible—what shall I say?—Oh this cruel, cruel suspense!—What hopes, what fears, what contradictory conjectures!—But all will too soon perhaps—Here he is come—Sir Charles Grandison is come——

Oh no!—A false alarm!—He is not come: it is only my Lord L—— returning from an airing.

I could beat this girl! this Emily—it was owing to her! —a chit!—How we have fluttered each other!—But send for me down to Northamptonshire, my dear friends, before I am quite a fool.

PRAY—Do you know, Lucy, what is the business that calls Mr. Deane to town, at this season of the year? He has made a visit to Sir Charles Grandison: for Dr. Bartlett told me, as a grateful compliment, that Sir Charles was much pleased with him; yet Mr. Deane did not tell *me* that he designed it. I beseech you, my dear friends—do not—but you would not; you *could* not!—I would be torn in pieces: I would not accept of—I don't know what I would say. Only add not disgrace to distress.—But I am safe, if nothing be done but at the motion of my grandmamma and aunt Selby. They would not permit Mr. Deane or anybody to make *improper* visits.—But don't you think, that it must look particular to Sir Charles, to have a visit paid him by a man expressing for me so much undeserved tenderness and affection, so long after the affair was over which afforded him a motive for it?—I dread, as much for Mr. Deane's sake as my own, everything that may be construed into officiousness or particularity, by so nice a discerner. Does he not say, that no man is more quick-sighted than himself, to those faults in women which are owing to want of delicacy?

I have been very earnest with Lord and Lady L—— and Miss Grandison, that they do not suffer their friendship for me to lay me under any difficulties with their brother. They all took my meaning, and promised to consult my punctilio,

as well as my inclination. Miss Grandison was more kindly in earnest, in her assurances of this nature, than I was afraid she would be: and my lord said it was fit that I should find even niceness gratified in this particular.

[I absolutely confide in you, Lucy, to place hooks where I forget to put them; and where, in your delicate mind, you think I *ought* to put them; that they may direct your eye (when you come to read out before my uncle) to omit those passages which very few men have delicacy or seriousness enough to be trusted with. Yet a mighty piece of sagacity, to find out a girl of little more than twenty, in love, as it is called! and to make a jest of her for it!]—[But I am peevish, as well as saucy.—This also goes between hooks.]

Adieu, my dear.

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LETTER XXIII.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

Monday Night, March 20.

I AM very much dissatisfied with myself, my dear Dr. Bartlett. What pains have I taken, to conquer those sudden gusts of passion, to which, from my early youth, I have been subject, as you have often heard me confess! yet to find, at times, that I am unequal—to myself, shall I say? —To *myself* I *will* say; since I have been so much amended by your precepts and example. But I will give you the occasion.

My guests, and you, had but just left me, when the wretched Jervois, and her O'Hara, and another bullying man, desired to speak with me.

I bade the servant show the woman into the drawing-room next my study, and the men into the adjoining parlour; but they both followed her into the drawing-room. I went to her, and, after a little stiff civility (I could not help it), asked, if these gentlemen had business with me?

That gentleman is Major O'Hara, sir: he is my husband. That gentleman is Captain Salmonet; he is the major's brother-in-law. He is an officer of equal worth and bravery.

They gave themselves airs of importance and familiarity;

and the major motioned, as if he would have taken my hand.

I encouraged not the motion. Will you, gentlemen, walk this way?

I led the way to my study. The woman arose, and would have come with them.

If you please to stay where you are, madam, I will attend you presently.

They entered, and, as if they would have me think them connoisseurs, began to admire the globes, the orrery, the pictures and busts.

I took off that sort of attention—Pray, gentlemen, what are your commands with me?

I am called Major O'Hara, sir: I am the husband of the lady in the next room, as she told you.

And what, pray, sir, have I to do either with you or your marriage? I pay that lady, as the widow of Mr. Jervois, 200*l.* a year: I am not obliged to pay her more than one. She has no demands upon me; much less has her husband.

The men had so much the air of bullies, and the woman is so very wicked, that my departed friend, and the name by which she so lately called the poor Emily, were in my head, and I had too little command of my temper.

Look ye, Sir Charles Grandison, I would have you to know——

And he put his left hand upon his sword-handle, pressing it down, which tilted up the point with an air extremely insolent.

What am I to understand by that motion, sir?

Nothing at all, Sir Charles. D—n me, if I mean anything by it.

You are called *major*, you say, sir—do you bear the king's commission, sir?

I *have* borne it, sir, if I do not now.

That, and the house you are in, give you a title to civility. But, sir, I cannot allow that your marriage with the lady in the next room gives you pretence to business with me. If you have, on any other account, pray let me know what it is?

The man seemed at a loss what to say; but not from bashfulness. He looked about him, as if for his woman; set his teeth; bit his lip, and took snuff, with an air so like defiance, that, for fear I should not be able to forbear taking notice of it, I turned to the other: Pray, Captain Salmonet, said I, what are *your* commands with me?

He spoke in broken English; and said, he had the honour to be Major O'Hara's brother: he had married the major's sister.

And why, sir, might you not have favoured me with the company of all your relations?—Have you any business with me, sir, on your own account?

I come, I come, said he, to see my brother righted, sir——

Who has wronged him?—Take care, gentlemen, how—But, Mr. O'Hara, what are your pretensions?

Why look ye, Sir Charles Grandison—(throwing open his coat, and sticking one hand in his side, the other thrown out with a flourish)—Look ye, sir, repeated he——

I found my choler rising. I was afraid of myself.

When I treat *you* familiarly, sir, then treat *me* so; till when, please to withdraw.

I rang: Frederick came in.

Show these gentlemen into the little parlour. You will excuse me, sirs; I attend the lady.

They muttered, and gave themselves brisk and angry airs; nodding their heads at each other; but followed the servant into that parlour.

I went to Mrs. O'Hara, as she calls herself.

Well, madam, what is your business with me *now?*

Where are the gentlemen, sir? Where is my husband?

They are both in the next room, and within hearing of all that shall pass between you and me.

And do you hold them unworthy of your presence, sir?

Not, madam, while *you* are before me, and if they had any business with me, or I with them.

Has not a husband business where his wife is?

Neither wife nor husband has business with me.

Yes, sir, I am come to demand my daughter. I come to demand a mother's right.

,I answer not to such a demand: you know you have no right to make it.

I have been at Colnebrook: she was kept from me: my child was carried out of the house, that I might not see her.

And have you then terrified the poor girl?

I have left a letter for her; and I expect to see her upon it.—Her new father, as worthy and as brave a man as yourself, sir, longs to see her——

Her *new* father, madam.—You *expect to see her!* madam. —What was your behaviour to her, unnatural woman! the last time you saw her? But if you *do* see her, it must be in my presence, and without your man, if he form pretensions, on your account, that may give either her or me disturbance.

You are only, sir, to take care of her fortune; so I am advised: I, as her mother, have the natural right over her person. The Chancery will give it to me.

Then seek your remedy in Chancery: let me never hear of you again, but by the officers of that court.

I opened the door leading into the room where the two men were.

They are not officers, I daresay: common men of the town, I doubt not, new-dressed for the occasion. O'Hara, as she calls him, is, probably, one of her temporary husbands only.

Pray walk in, gentlemen, said I. This lady intimates to me, that she will apply to Chancery against me. The Chancery, if she has any grievance, will be a proper *recourse.* She can have no business with me, after such a declaration —much less can either of you.

And opening the drawing-room door that led to the hall, Frederick, said I, attend the lady and the gentlemen to their coach.

I turned from them to go into my study.

The major, as he was called, asked me, with a fierce air, his hand on his sword, if this were treatment due to gentlemen?

This house, in which, however, you are an intruder, sir, is your protection; or that motion, and that air, if you mean anything by either, would cost you dear.

I am, sir, the protector of my wife: you have insulted her, sir——

Have I insulted your wife, sir?—And I stepped up to him; but just in time recovered myself, remembering where I was—Take care, sir—but you are safe here. Frederick, wait upon the gentlemen to the door——

Frederick was not in hearing: the well-meaning man, apprehending consequences, went, it seems, into the offices, to get together some of his fellow servants.

Salmonet, putting himself in a violent motion, swore, that he would stand by his friend, his brother, to the last drop of his blood; and, in a posture of offence, drew his sword half way.

I wish, friend, said I (but could hardly contain myself), that I were in *your* house, instead of your being in *mine*.—But if you would have your sword broken over your head, draw it quite.

He did, with a vapour. D—n him, he said, if he bore that! My *own* house, on such an insult as this, should not be my protection; and, retreating, he put himself into a posture of defence.

Now, major! *Now*, major! said the wicked woman.

Her major also drew, making wretched grimaces.

I was dressed. I knew not but the men were assassins. I drew, put by Salmonet's sword, closed with him, disarmed him, and, by the same effort, laid him on the floor.

O'Hara, skipping about, as if he watched for an opportunity to make a push with safety to himself, lost his sword, by the usual trick whereby a man, anything skilled in his weapons, knows how sometimes to disarm a *less* skilful adversary.

The woman screamed, and ran into the hall.

I turned the two men, first one, then the other, out of the room, with a contempt that they deserved; and Frederick, Richard, and Jerry, who by that time were got together in the hall, a little too roughly, perhaps, turned them into the square.

They limped into the coach they came in: the woman, in terror, was already in it. They cursed, swore, and threatened.

The pretended captain, putting his body half-way out of the coach, bid the servants tell me, that I was—that I was—and, avoiding a worse name, as it seemed—*no gentleman!*

and that he would find an opportunity to make me repent the treatment I had given to men of honour, and to a lady.

The major, in eagerness to say something, by way of resentment and menace likewise—[beginning with damning his blood]—had his intended threatening cut short, by meeting the captain's head with his, as the other, in a rage, withdrew it, after his speech to the servant: and each cursing the other, one rubbing his forehead, the other putting his hand to his head, away drove the coach.

They forgot to ask for their swords; and one of them left his hat behind him.

You cannot imagine, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how much this idle affair has disturbed me: I cannot forgive myself—to suffer myself to be provoked, by two such men, to violate the sanction of my own house. Yet they came, no doubt, to bully and provoke me; or to lay a foundation for a demand, that they knew, if personally made, must do it.

My only excuse to myself is, that there were two of them; and that, though I drew, yet I had the command of myself so far as only to defend myself, when I might have done anything with them. I have generally found, that those that are the readiest to give offence, are the unfittest when brought to the test, to support their own insolence.

But my Emily! my poor Emily! How must she be terrified!—I will be with you very soon. Let her not know anything of this idle affair; nor anybody but Lord L——.

—o—

Tuesday Morning.

I HAVE just parted with one Blagrave, an attorney, who already had been ordered to proceed against me: but, out of regard to my character, and having, as he owned, no great opinion of his clients, he thought fit to come to me in person, to acquaint me of it, and to inform himself from me of the whole affair.

The gentleman's civility entitled him to expect an account of it: I gave it him.

He told me, that if I pleased to restore the swords, and the hat, by him, and would promise not to stop the future quarterly payments of the 200*l.* a year, about which they were

very apprehensive; he dared to say that after such an exertion of spirit, as he called a choleric excess, I should not hear any more of them for one while; since he believed they had only been trying an experiment, which had been carried farther, he dared to say, than they had designed it should.

He hinted his opinion, that the men were common men of the town; and that they had never been honoured with commissions in any service.

The woman (I know not by what name to call her, since it is very probable that she has not a real title to that of O'Hara) was taken out of the coach in violent hysterics, as O'Hara told him; who, in consulting Mr. Blagrave, may be supposed to aggravate matters, in order to lay a foundation for an action of damages.

She accused the men of cowardice before Mr. Blagrave; and that in very opprobrious terms.

They excused themselves, as being loath to hurt me; which, they said, they easily could have done; especially before I drew.

They both pretended to Mr. Blagrave personal damages; but I hope their hurts are magnified.

I am (however that be) *most* hurt; for I am not at all pleased with myself. They, possibly, though they have no cause to be satisfied with their parts in the fray, have been more accustomed to such scuffles than I; and are above, or rather beneath, all punctilio.

Mr. Blagrave took the swords and the hat with him in the coach that waited for him.

If I thought it would not have looked like a compromise, and encouraged their insolence, I could freely have sent them *more* than what belonged to them. I am really greatly hurt by the part I acted to such men.

As to the annuity; I bid Mr. Blagrave tell the woman, that the payment of that depended upon her future good behaviour; and yet, that I was not sure, that she was entitled to it, but as the *widow* of my friend.

However, I told this gentleman, that no provocation should hinder me from doing strict justice, though I were sure that they would go to law with the money I should cause to be paid to them quarterly. You will therefore

know, sir, added I, that the fund which they have to depend upon to support a law-suit, should they commence one, and think fit to employ in it so honest a man as you seem to be, is 100*l.* a year. It would be madness, if not injustice, to pay the other 100*l.* for such a purpose, when it was left to my discretion to pay it, or not, with a view to discourage that litigious spirit, which is one of a hundred of this poor woman's bad qualities.

And thus, for the present, stands this affair. I look upon my trouble from this woman as over till some new scheme arises, either among these people, or from others whom she may consult or employ. You and I, when I have the happiness to attend you and my other friends, will not renew the subject. I am, etc.

—o—

LETTER XXIV.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Colnebrook, Wednesday, March 22.

SIR CHARLES arrived this morning, just as we had assembled to breakfast; for Lady L—— is not an early riser. The moment he entered sunshine broke out in the countenance of every one.

He apologised to all, but me, for his long absence, especially when they had *such* a guest, were his words, bowing to me; and I thought he sighed, and looked with tender regard upon me; but I dared not ask Miss Grandison whether she saw anything particular in his devoirs to me.

It was owing to his politeness, I presume, that he did not include me in his apologies; because that would have been to suppose that I had *expected* him. Indeed I was not displeased in the main, that he did not compliment me, as a *third* sister. See, Lucy, what little circumstances a doubtful mind will sometimes dwell upon.

I was not pleased that he had been so long absent, and had my thoughts to myself upon it; inclining once to have gone back to London; and perhaps *should,* could I have fancied myself of importance enough to make him uneasy by it: [the sex! the sex! Lucy, will my uncle say; but I

pretend not to be above its little foibles:] but the moment I saw him, all my disgusts were over. After the Anderson, the Danby, the Lord W—— affairs, he appeared to me in a much more shining light than a hero would have done, returning in a triumphal car, covered with laurels, and dragging captive princes at his wheels. How much more glorious a character is that of *the friend of mankind*, than that of *the conqueror of nations!*

He told me that he paid his compliments yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves. He mentioned Mr. Deane's visit to him; and said very kind but just things in his praise. I read not anything in his eyes, or manner, that gave me uneasiness on the visit that other good man made him.

My dear Emily sat generously uneasy, I saw, for the trouble she had been the cause of giving to her best friend, though she knew not of a visit, that her mother and O'Hara and Salmonet made her guardian on Monday, as the doctor had hinted to us, without giving us particulars.

Sir Charles thanked me for my goodness, as he called it, in getting the good girl so happily out of her mother's way, as *his* Emily would have been too much terrified to see her: and he thanked Lord L—— for his tenderness to his ward on that occasion.

My lord gave him the letter which Mrs. Jervois had left for her daughter. Sir Charles presented it to the young lady without looking into it. She instantly returned it to him, in a very graceful manner. We will read it together by and by, my Emily, said he. Dr. Bartlett tells me there is tenderness in it.

The doctor made apologies to him for having communicated to us some of his letters.—Whatever Dr. Bartlett does, said Sir Charles, must be right. But what say my sisters to my proposal of correspondence with them?

We should be glad, replied Lady L——, to see all you write to Dr. Bartlett; but could not undertake to write you letter for letter.

Why so?

Miss Byron, said Miss Grandison, has put us quite out of heart as to the talent of narrative letter-writing.

I should be greatly honoured with a sight of such letters

of Miss Byron, as you, my lord, have seen. Will Miss Byron, applying to me, favour *one* brother, and exclude *another?*

Brother! Lucy; I thought he was not, at that time, quite so handsome a man as when he first entered the room.

I was silent, and blushed. I knew not what answer to make; yet thought I should say something.

May we, Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, hope for a perusal of your letters to Dr. Bartlett for the same number of weeks past, letter for letter, if we could prevail on Miss Byron to consent to the proposal?

Would Miss Byron consent upon that condition?

What say you, Miss Byron? said my lord.

I answered that I could not presume to think that the little chit-chat, which I wrote to please my partial friends in the country, could appear tolerable in the eye of Sir Charles Grandison.

They all answered with high encomiums on my pen; and Sir Charles, in the most respectful manner, insisting upon not being denied to see what Lord L—— had perused; and Miss Grandison having said, that I had, to oblige them, been favoured with the return of my letters from the country; I thought it would look like a too meaning particularity if I refused to oblige him, in the light (though not a very agreeable one, I own to you, Lucy) of *another* brother: I told him, that I would show him very willingly, and without condition, all the letters I had written, of the narrative kind, from my first coming to London, to the dreadful masquerade affair, and even Sir Hargrave's barbarous treatment of me, down to the deliverance he had so generously given me.

How did he extol me for what he called my noble frankness of heart! In that grace, he said, I excelled all the women he had conversed with. He assured me, that he would not wish to see a line that I was not willing he should see; and that, if he came to a word or passage that he could suppose would be of that nature, it should have no place in his memory.

Miss Grandison called out—But the *condition,* Sir Charles——

Is only this, replied I (I am sure of your *candour,* sir); that you will correct me, where I am wrong, in any of my notions or sentiments. I have been very pert and forward in some of my letters, particularly in a dispute that was carried on in relation to learning and languages. If I could not, for *improvement's* sake, more heartily bespeak your correction than your approbation, I should be afraid of your eye there.

Excellent Miss Byron! Beauty shall not bribe me on your side, if I think you wrong in any point that you submit to my judgment: and if I am beauty proof, I am sur nothing on earth can bias me.

Miss Grandison said she would number the letters according to their dates, and then would give them to me that I might make such conditions with her brother on the loan, as every one might be the better for.

BREAKFAST being over, Miss Grandison renewed the talk of the visit made here by Mrs. O'Hara on Sunday last. Miss Jervois very prettily expressed her grief for the trouble given her guardian by her unhappy mother. He drew her to him, as he sat, with looks of tenderness; and called her his dear Emily; and told her she was the *child of his compassion.* You are called upon, my dear, said he, young as you are, to a glorious trial; and hitherto you have shone in it; I wish the poor woman would be but half as much the mother, as you would be the child! But let us read her letter.

His goodness overwhelmed her. He took her mother's letter out of his pocket: she stood before him, drying her eyes, and endeavouring to suppress her emotion: and when he had unfolded the letter, he put his arm round her waist. Surely, Lucy, he is the tenderest, as well as bravest of men! What would I give for a picture drawn but with half the life and love which shone out in his looks, as he cast his eyes, now on the letter, and now up to his Emily!—Poor woman! said he, two or three times as he read; and, when he had done, You *must* read it, my dear, said he; there is the *mother* in it: we will acknowledge the mother, wherever we can find her.

Why did not the dear girl throw her arms about his neck just then?—She was ready to do so. Oh my best of guardians! said she; and, it was plain, was but just restrained, by virgin modesty, from doing so; her hands caught back, as it were, and resting for a moment on his shoulder: and she looked as much abashed as if she had *not* checked herself.

I took more notice of this her grateful motion than anybody else. I was affected with the beautiful check, and admired her for it.

And *must* I, sir, would you *have me,* read it? I will retire to my chamber with it.

He rose, took her hand, and coming with her to me, put it into mine: be so good, madam, to fortify this worthy child's heart, by your prudence and judgment, while she reads the *mother,* in the only instance that I have ever known it visible in this unhappy woman.

Emily and I withdrew into the next room: and there the good girl read the letter; but it was long in reading; her tears often interrupting her: and more than once, as wanting a refuge, she threw her arms about my neck, in silent grief.

I called her twenty tender names; but I could not say much: What could I? The letter in some places affected *me.* It was the letter of a mother, who seemed extremely sensible of hardships. Her guardian had promised observations upon it: I knew not then all the unhappy woman's wickedness: I knew not but the husband might be in some fault.—What could I say? I could not think of giving comfort to a daughter at the expense of even a *bad* mother.

Miss Grandison came to us: she kissed the sobbing girl; and with tenderness, calling us her two loves, led us into the next room.

Sir Charles, it seems, had owned, in our absence, that Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara and Captain Salmonet had made him a visit in town, on their return from Colnebrook, and expressed himself to be vexed at his own behaviour to them.

Miss Jervois gave the letter to her guardian, and went

behind his chair, on the back of which she leaned, while he looked into the letter, and made observations upon what he read, as nearly in the following words as I can remember.

An unhappy mother, whose faults have been barbarously aggravated—My Emily's father was an indulgent husband! He forgave this unhappy woman crimes which very few men would have forgiven: she was the wife of his choice: he doated on her: his first forgiveness of an atrocious crime hardened her.

When he could not live with her, he removed from place to place, to avoid her: at last, afraid of her private machinations, which were of the blackest nature, he went abroad, in order to pursue that traffic in person, which he managed to great advantage by his agents and factors; having first, however, made a handsome provision for his wife.

Thither, after some time passed in riot and extravagance, she followed him.

I became acquainted with him at Florence. I found him to be a sensible and honest man; and every one whom he could serve, or assist, experienced his benevolence. Not a single soul who knew him but loved him, this wife excepted.

She at *that* time insisted upon his giving up to her management his beloved Emily; and solemnly promised reformation on his compliance. She knew that the child would be a great fortune.

I was with Mr. Jervois on her first visit to him at Leghorn; and, though I had heard her character to be very bad, was inclined to befriend her. She was specious. I hoped that a mother, whatever *wife* she made, could not but be a *mother;* and poor Mr. Jervois had not been forward to say the worst of her. But she did not long save appearances. The whole English factory at Leghorn were witnesses of her flagrant enormities. She was addicted to an excess that left her no guard, and made her a stranger to that grace which is the glory of a woman.

I am told, that she is less frequently intoxicated than heretofore. I should be glad of the least shadow of reformation in her. That odious vice led her into every other, and hardened her to a sense of shame. Other vices, perhaps,

at first, wanted *that* to introduce them; but the most flagitious have been long habitual to her.

Nothing but the justice due to the character of my departed friend could have induced me to say what I have said of this unhappy woman. Forgive me, my Emily: but shall I not defend your father?—I have not said the *worst* I could say of his wife.

Yet she writes, *that her faults have been barbarously aggravated in order to justify the ill usage of a husband who*, she says, *was not faultless.* Ill usage of a husband! Wretched woman! She knew I must see this letter; how *could* she write thus? She knows that I have authentic proofs in my custody of his unexceptionable goodness to her; and confessions, under her own hand, of her guilt and ingratitude to him.

But, my Emily—and he arose, and took her hand, her face overwhelmed with tears, you may rejoice in your father's character: he was a good man, in *every* sense of the word. With regard to her, he had but one fault, and that was, his indulgence.—Shall I say, that after repeated elopements, after other men had cast her off, he took her back! When she had forfeited his love, his *pity* operated in her favour; and she was hardened enough to despise the man who could much more easily forgive than punish her. I am grieved to be obliged to say this; but repeat, that the memory of my friend must not be unjustly loaded. Would to Heaven that I could suggest the shadow of a plea that would extenuate any part of her vileness, either respecting him or herself: let whosesoever character suffer by it, I would suggest it. How often has this worthy husband wept to me, for those faults of his wife, for which *she* could not be sorry!

I discourage not these tears, my Emily, on what you have heard me say; but let me now dry them up.

He took her own handkerchief, and tenderly wiped her cheeks: It is unnecessary, proceeded he, to say anything further, at this time, in defence of your father's character: we come now to other parts of the letter, that will not, I hope, be so affecting to the heart of a good child.

She insists upon your making her a visit, or receiving one from her: she longs, she says, to see you; to lay you in her

bosom. She congratulates you on your improvements: she very *pathetically* calls upon you, not to despise her——

My dear girl! you *shall* receive her visit: she shall name her place for it, provided I am present. I shall think it a sign of her amendment, if she is really capable of rejoicing in your improvements. I have always told you, that you must distinguish between the *crime* and the *mother:* the one is entitled to your pity; the other calls for your abhorrence—Do you *choose,* my dear, to see your mother?—I hope you do. Let not even the faulty have cause to complain of unkindness from us. There are faults that must be left to Heaven to punish; and against the consequences of which it behoves us only to *guard,* for our own sakes. I hope you are in a safe protection, and have nothing to fear from her: you are *guarded therefore.* Can my Emily forget the terrors of the last interview, and calmly, in my presence, kneel to her mother?

Whatever you command me to do I will do.

I would have you answer this letter. Invite her to the house of your guardian—I think you should not go to her lodgings: yet, if you incline to see her there, and she insists upon it, I will attend you.

But, sir, must I own her husband for my father?

Leave that to me, my dear: little things, punctilios, are not to be stood upon: pride shall have no concern with us. But I must first be satisfied that the man and she are actually married. Who knows, if they are, but his dependence on her annuity, and the protection she may hope for from him, may make it convenient to both to live in a more creditable manner than hitherto she has aimed to do? If she save but *appearances,* for the future, it will be a point gained.

I will in everything, sir, do as you would have me.

One thing, my dear, I think I will advise: if they are really married, if there be any prospect of their living tolerably together, you shall, if you please (your fortune is very large), make them a handsome present; and give hope that it will be an annual one, if the man behave with civility to your mother. She complains that she is made poor and dependent. Poor if she be, it is her own fault: she brought not 200*l.* to your father. Ungrateful woman! he married her, as I

hinted, for love. With 200*l.* a year well paid, she ought not to be poor; but *dependent* she must be. Your father would have given her a larger annuity, had he not known by experience, that it was but strengthening her hands to do mischief, and to enable her to be more riotous. I found a declaration of this kind among his papers, after his death. This his *intention*, if there could have been any hope of a good use to be made of it, justifies my advice to you, to *enlarge* her stipend: I will put it in such a way, that you, my dear, shall have the credit of it; and I will take upon myself the advice of restraining it to good behaviour, for their own sakes, and for yours.

Oh, sir! how good you are! You may give me courage to wish to see my poor mother, in hopes that it will be in my power to do her good: continue to your Emily the blessing of your direction, and I shall be a happy girl indeed. Oh, that my mother *may* be married! that so she may be entitled to the best you shall advise me to do for her.

I doubt her man is a man of the town, added he, but he *may* have lived long enough to see his follies. She may be tired of the life she has led. I have made several efforts to do her service; but have no hope to reclaim her; I wish she may now be a wife in earnest. But this I think shall be my last effort. Write, my dear; but nothing of your intention. If she is not married, things must remain as they are.

She hastened up stairs, and very soon returned, with the following lines:—

MADAM,—I beseech you to believe, that I am not wanting in duty to my mother. You rejoice my heart when you tell me that you love me. My guardian was so good, before I could have time to ask him, as to bid me write to you, and to let you know that he will himself present me to you, whenever you please to favour me with an opportunity to pay my duty to you, at his house at St. James's Square.

Let me hope, my dear mamma, that you will not be so angry with your poor girl, as you was last time I saw you at Mrs. Lane's; and then I will see you with all the duty

that a child owes to her mother. For I am, and will ever be, your dutiful daughter, EMILIA JERVOIS.

Sir Charles generously scrupled the last paragraph. We will not, I think, Emily, said he, remind a mother, who has written such a letter as that before us, of a behaviour that she should be glad to forget.

Miss Grandison desired it might stand. Who knows, said she, but it may make her ashamed of her outrageous behaviour at that time?

She deserves not generous usage, said Lady L——; she cannot feel it.

Perhaps *not*, replied Sir Charles; but we should do proper things, *for our own sakes*, whether the persons are capable of feeling them as they ought or not. What say *you*, Miss Byron, to this last paragraph?

I was entirely in his way of thinking, and for the reason he gave; but the two ladies having given their opinion in a pretty earnest manner, and my lord saying he thought it might pass, I was afraid it would look like bespeaking his favour at their expense, if I adopted his sentiments: I therefore declined giving my opinion. But being willing to keep Emily in countenance, who sat suspended in her judgment, as one who feared she had done a wrong thing, I said it was a very natural paragraph, I thought, from Miss Jervois's pen, as it was written: I dared to say, rather in apprehension of hard treatment, from what she remembered of the last, than in a spirit of recrimination or resentment.

The good girl declared it was. Both ladies and my lord said I had distinguished well; but Sir Charles, though he said no more upon the subject looked upon each sister with meaning; which I wondered they did not observe. Dr. Bartlett was withdrawn, or I believe he would have had the honesty to speak out, which I had not: but the point was a point of delicacy and generosity; and I thought I should not seem to imagine, that I understood it better than they: nor did I think, that Sir Charles would have acquiesced with their opinion.

Miss Jervois retired to transcribe her letter. We all

separated to dress; and I, having soon made an alteration in mine, dropt in upon Dr. Bartlett in his closet.

I am stealing from this good man a little improvement in my geography; I am delighted with my tutor, and he professes to be pleased with his scholar; but sometimes more interesting articles slide in: but now he had just begun to talk of Miss Jervois, as if he would have led, I thought, to the proposal hinted at by Miss Grandison, from the letter she had so clandestinely seen, of my taking her under my care, when Sir Charles entered the doctor's apartment. He would have withdrawn when he saw me; but the doctor, rising from his chair, besought him to oblige us with his company.

I was silly: I did not expect to be caught there. But why was I silly on being found with Dr. Bartlett?—But let me tell you, that I thought Sir Charles himself, at first addressing me, seemed a little unprepared. You invited me in, doctor: here I am. But if you were upon a subject that you do not pursue, I shall look upon myself as an intruder, and will withdraw.

We had concluded one subject, sir, and were beginning another—I had just mentioned Miss Jervois.

Is not Emily a good child, Miss Byron? said Sir Charles.

Indeed, sir, she is.

We then had some general talk of the unhappy situation she is in from such a mother; and I thought some hints would have been given of his desire that she should accompany me down to Northamptonshire; and my heart throbbed, to think how it would be brought in, and how I should behave upon it: and the more, as I was not to be supposed to have so much as *heard* of such a designed proposal. What would it have done, had I been prevailed upon to read the letter? But not one word passed, leading to that subject.

I now begin to *fear* that he has changed his mind, if that was his mind. Methinks I am more fond of having the good girl with us, than I imagined it was possible I ever could have been. What a different appearance have things to us, when they are out of our power, to what they had when we believed they were in it!

But I see not that there is the least likelihood that any thing on which you had all set your hearts, can happen—I can't help it.

Emily, flattering girl! told me, she saw great signs of attachment to me in his eyes and behaviour; but I see no grounds for such a surmise: his affections are certainly engaged. God bless him, whatever his engagements are!—When he was absent, encouraged by his sisters and Lord L——, I thought pretty well of myself; but, now he is present, I see so many excellences shining out in his mind, in his air and address, that my humility gets the better of my ambition.

Ambition! did I say? Yes, ambition, Lucy. Is it not the nature of the passion we are so foolishly apt to call *noble*, to exalt the object, and to lower, if not to debase one's self?—You see how Lord W—— depreciates me on the score of fortune. [I was loath to take notice of that before, because I knew that were slenderness of fortune the only difficulty, the partiality of all my friends for their Harriet would put them upon making efforts that I would sooner die than suffer to be made. This, Lucy, observe, is between hooks.]

I forget the manner in which Lord W——'s objection was permitted to go off—but I remember Sir Charles made no attempt to answer it; and yet he tells my lord, that fortune is not a principal article with him, and that he has an ample estate of his own. No question but a man's duties will rise with his opportunities. A man, therefore, may be as good with a less estate, as with a larger: and is not goodness the essential part of happiness? Be our station what it will, have we any concern but humbly to acquiesce in it, and fulfil the duties belonging to that station?

But who, for selfish considerations, can wish to *circumscribe* the power of this good man? The greater opportunities he has of doing good, the higher must be his enjoyment.—No, Lucy, do not let us flatter ourselves.

Sir Charles rejoices on Sir Hargrave's having just now, by letter, suspended the appointment till next week, of his dining with him at his house on the forest.

LETTER XXV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

I LEFT Sir Charles with Dr. Bartlett. They would both have engaged me to stay longer; but I thought the ladies would miss me, and think it particular to find me with him in the doctor's closet.

My lord and the two sisters were together in the drawing-room adjoining to the library. On my entrance, Well, Harriet, said Miss Grandison, we will now endeavour to find out my brother: you must be present too yourself, and put in a word now and then. We shall see if Dr. Bartlett is right, when he says, that my brother is the most unreserved of men.

Just then came in Dr. Bartlett—I think, doctor, said Lady L——, we will take your advice, and ask my brother all the questions in relation to his engagements abroad, that come into our heads.

She had not done speaking, when Sir Charles entered and drew his chair next me; and just *then* I thought myself he looked upon me with equal benignity and respect.

Miss Grandison began with taking notice of the letter from which Dr. Bartlett, she said, had read some passages, of the happiness he had procured to Lord W—— in ridding him of his woman. She wished, she told him, that she knew who was the lady he had in his thoughts to commend to my Lord for a wife.

I will have a little talk with her before I name her, even to you, my lord, and my sisters. I am sure my sisters will approve of their aunt, if she accept of my lord for a husband: I shall pay my compliments to her in my return from Grandison Hall.—Do you, Charlotte, choose to accompany me thither? I must, I think, be present at the opening of the church. I don't ask you, my lord, nor you, Lady L——, so short as my stay will be there. I purpose to go down on Friday next, and return the Tuesday following.

Miss Gr. I think, brother, I should wish to be excused. If, indeed, you would stay there a week or fortnight, I could like to attend you; and so, I dare say, would Lord and Lady L——.

Sir Ch. I must be in town on Wednesday next week; but you may stay the time you mention: you cannot pass it disagreeably in the neighbourhood of the Hall; and there you will find your cousin Grandison: he will gallant you from one neighbour to another: and, if I judge by your freedoms with him, you have a greater regard for him than perhaps you know you have.

Miss Gr. Your servant, sir, bowing—but I will take my revenge. Pray, Sir Charles, may I ask—(we are all brothers and sisters)——

Sir Ch. Stop, Charlotte: [pleasantly:] if you are going to ask any questions by way of *revenge*, I answer them not.

Miss Gr. Revenge!—Not revenge, neither—But when my Lord W——, as by the *passages* Dr. Bartlett was so good as to read to us, proposed to you this lady for a wife, and that lady, your answers gave us apprehension that you are not inclined to marry——

Lady L. You are very unceremonious, Charlotte——

Indeed, Lucy, she made me tremble. Sure he can have no notion that I have seen the *whole* letter—seen myself named in it.

Miss Gr. What signifies ceremony among relations?

Sir Ch. Let Charlotte have her way.

Miss Gr. Why then, sir, I would ask—Don't you intend one day to marry?

Sir Ch. I do, Charlotte. I shall not think myself happy till I can obtain the hand of a worthy woman.

I was, I am afraid, Lucy, visibly affected: I knew not how to stay; yet it would have looked worse to go.

Miss Gr. Very well, sir—and pray, have you not, either abroad or at home, seen the woman you could wish to call yours?—Don't think me impertinent, brother.

Sir Ch. You cannot be impertinent, Charlotte. If you want to know anything of me, it pleases me best when you come directly to the point.

Miss Gr. Well, then, if I cannot be impertinent; if you are best pleased when you are most freely treated; and if you are inclined to marry; pray why did you decline the proposals mentioned by Lord W—— in behalf of Lady

Frances N——, of Lady Anne S——, and I cannot tell how many more?

Sir Ch. The friends of the first-named lady proceeded not generously with my father in that affair. The whole family builds too much on the interest and quality of her father. I wanted not to depend upon any public man: I chose, as much as possible, to fix my happiness within my own little circle. I have strong passions: I am not without ambition. Had I loosened the reins to the latter, young man as I am, my tranquillity would have been pinned to the feather in another man's cap. Does this satisfy you, Charlotte, as to Lady Frances?

Miss Gr. Why, yes; and the easier, because there is a lady whom I could have preferred to Lady Frances.

I should not, thought I, have been present at this conversation. Lord L—— looked at me. Lord L—— should *not* have looked at me: the ladies did not.

Sir Ch. Who is she?

Miss Gr. Lady Anne S——, you know, sir—Pray, may I ask, why that *could not be?*

Sir Ch. Lady Anne is, I believe, a deserving woman—but her fortune must have been my principal inducement, had I made my addresses to her. I never yet went so low as that alone, for an inducement to see a lady three times.

Miss Gr. Then, sir, you *have* made your addresses to ladies—abroad, I suppose?

Sir Ch. I thought, Charlotte, your curiosity extended only to the ladies in England.

Miss Gr. Yes, sir, it extends to ladies in England and out of England, if any there be that have kept my brother a single man, when such offers have been made him as we think would have been unexceptionable. But you hint, then, sir, that there *are* ladies abroad——

Sir Ch. Take care, Charlotte, that you make as free a respondent, when it comes to your turn, as you are a questioner.

Miss Gr. Your answers to my questions, sir, teach me how I am to answer yours, if you have any to ask.

Sir Ch. Very well, Charlotte. Have I not answered satisfactorily your questions about the ladies you named?

Miss Gr. Pretty well. But, sir, have you not seen ladies

abroad whom you like better than either of those I have named?—Answer me to that.

Sir Ch. I *have*, Charlotte, and at home too.

Miss Gr. I don't know what to say to you—but pray, sir, have you not seen ladies abroad whom you have liked better than any you ever saw at home?

Sir Ch. No. But tell me, Charlotte, to what does all this tend?

Miss Gr. Only, brother, that we long to have you happily married; and we are afraid, that your declining this proposal and that, is owing to some previous attachment. And now *all* is out.

Lord L. And now, my dear brother, all *is* out——

Lady L. If our brother will gratify our curiosity——

Had I ever before, Lucy, so great a call upon me, as now, for presence of mind?

Sir Charles sighed: he paused: and at last said—You are very generous, very kind, in your wishes to see me married. I *have* seen the lady with whom, of all the women in the world, I think I could be happy.

A fine blush overspread his face, and he looked down. Why, Sir Charles, did you blush? Why did you look down? The happy, thrice happy woman, was not present, was she?—Ah, no! no! no!——

Sir Ch. And now, Charlotte, what other questions have you to ask, before it comes to your turn to answer some that I have to put to *you?*

Miss Gr. Only one—Is the lady a foreign lady?

How everybody but I looked at him, expecting his answer!—He really hesitated. At last—I think, Charlotte, you will excuse me, if I say, that this question gives me some pain—because it leads to *another*, that, *if* made, I *cannot at present myself answer*: [But why so, sir? thought I:] and if *not* made, it cannot be of any signification to speak to this.

Lord L. We would not give you pain, Sir Charles: and yet——

Sir Ch. What *yet*, my dear Lord L——?

Lord L. When I was at Florence, there was much talk——

Sir Ch. Of a lady of that city—Olivia, my lord!—There was.—She has fine qualities, but unhappily blended with others less approvable.—But I have nothing to wish for from Olivia. She has done me too much honour. I should not so readily have named her now, had she herself been more solicitous to conceal the distinction she honoured me with. But your lordship, I dare hope, never heard even *ill will* open its mouth to her disreputation, only that she descended too much in her regard for one object.

Lord L. Your character, Sir Charles, was as much to the reputation of her favour, as——

Sir Ch. [interrupting.] Oh, my lord, how *brotherly* partial! But this lady out of the question, my peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in my constitution —and yet I would not be without it.

The sweet Emily arose, and, in tears, went to the window. A sob, endeavoured to be suppressed, called our attention to her.

Sir Charles went and took her hand: Why weeps my Emily?

Because you, who so well deserve to be happy, seem not to be so.

Tender examples, Lucy, are catching: I had much ado to restrain *my* tears.

He kindly consoled her. My unhappiness, my dear, said he, arises chiefly from that of other people. I should, but for *that*, be happy in myself; because I endeavour to accommodate my mind to bear inevitable evils, and to make, if possible, a virtue of necessity: but, Charlotte, see how grave you have made us all! and yet I must enter with *you* upon a subject that possibly may be thought as serious by you, as that which, at present, I wish to quit.

'Wish to quit!' 'The question gave him some pain, 'because it led to another, which he cannot himself, at 'present, answer?—' What, Lucy, let me ask you, before I follow him to his next subject, can you gather from what passed in *that* already recited? If he is himself at an uncertainty, he may deserve to be pitied, and not blamed: but don't you think he might have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not?—How could he *know* what the next question would have been?

I had the assurance to ask Miss Grandison afterwards, aside, whether anything could be made out, or guessed at, by his eyes, when he spoke of having *seen* the woman he could prefer to all others? For he sat next me; she over against him.

I know not what to make of him, said she: but, be the lady native or foreigner, it is my humble opinion, that my brother is in love. He has all the symptoms of it, that I can guess by.

I am of Charlotte's opinion, Lucy. Such tender sentiments; such sweetness of manners; such gentleness of voice!—Love has certainly done all this for him: and the lady to be sure is a foreigner. It would be strange if such a man should not have engaged his heart in the seven or eight years past; and those from eighteen to twenty-six or seven, the most susceptible of a man's life.

But what means he by saying, 'His peace has been broken in pieces by a tender fault in his constitution?'—Compassion, I suppose, for some unhappy object.—I will soon return to town, and there prepare to throw myself into the arms of my dearest relations in Northamptonshire: I shall otherwise, perhaps, add to the number of those who have broken his peace. But it is strange, methinks, that he could not have answered, whether the lady is a foreigner, or not.

Dr. Bartlett, you are mistaken: Sir Charles Grandison is not so very *un*-reserved a man as you said he was.

But oh! my dear little flattering Emily, how could you tell me, that you watched his eyes, and saw them always kindly bent on me!—Yes, perhaps, when you thought so, he was drawing comparisons to the advantage of his fair foreigner, from my less agreeable features!——

But this Olivia! Lucy. I want to know something more of *her*. 'Nothing,' he says, 'to wish for from Olivia.'—Poor lady! methinks I am very much inclined to pity her.

Well, but I will proceed now to his next subject. I wish I could find some faults in him. It is a *cruel* thing to be under a kind of necessity to be angry with a man whom we cannot blame: and yet, in the next conversation, you will see *him* angry. Don't you long, Lucy, to see how Sir Charles Grandison will behave when he is angry?

LETTER XXVI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Now, Charlotte, said he (as if he had fully answered the questions put to him—Oh these men!) let me ask *you* a question or two. I had a visit made me yesterday by Lord G——. What, my dear, do you intend to do with regard to him?—but, perhaps, you would choose to withdraw with me on this question.

Miss Gr. I wish I had made to you the same overture of withdrawing, Sir Charles, on the questions I put to you: if I had, I should have received more satisfaction, I fancy, than I can now boast of.

Sir Ch. I will withdraw with you, if you please, and hear any other questions you have to put to me.

Miss Gr. You can put no questions to me, sir, that I shall have any objections to answer before this company.

Sir Ch. You know my question, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. What would *you* advise me to do in that affair, brother?

Sir Ch. I have only one piece of advice to give you:—It is, that you will either encourage or discourage his address —if you know your own mind.

Miss Gr. I believe, brother, you want to get rid of me.

Sir Ch. Then you intend to encourage Lord G——?

Miss Gr. Does that follow, sir?

Sir Ch. Or you could not have supposed, that I wanted to part with you. But, come, Charlotte, let us retire. It is very difficult to get a direct answer to such questions as these, from ladies, before company, though the company be ever so nearly related to them.

Miss Gr. I can answer, before this company, any questions that relate to Lord G——.

Sir Ch. Then you *don't* intend to encourage him?

Miss Gr. I don't see how that follows, neither, from what I said.

Sir Ch. It does, very clearly. I am not an absolute stranger to the language of women, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. I thought my brother too polite to reflect upon the sex.

Sir Ch. Is it to reflect upon the sex, to say, that I am not an absolute stranger to their language?

Miss Gr. I protest, I think so, in the way you spoke it.

Sir Ch. Well, then, try if you cannot find a language to speak in, that may *not* be capable of such an interpretation.

Miss Gr. I am afraid you are displeased with me, brother. I will answer more directly.

Sir Ch. Do, my Charlotte: I have promised Lord G—— to procure him an answer.

Miss Gr. Is the question he puts, sir, a brief one—*On* or *off?*

Sir Ch. Trust *me,* Charlotte: you *may,* even with your punctilio.

Miss Gr. Will you not advise me, sir?

Sir Ch. I will—to pursue your inclination.

Miss Gr. Suppose, if I knew *yours,* that *that* would turn the scale?

Sir Ch. Is the balance even?

Miss Gr. I can't say that, neither.

Sir Ch. Then *dismiss* my Lord G——.

Miss Gr. Indeed, brother, you are angry with me.

Sir Ch. [Addressing himself to me.] I am sure, Miss Byron, that I shall find, in such points as this, a very different *sister* in you, when I come to be favoured with the perusal of your letters. Your cousin Reeves once said, that when you knew your own mind, you never kept any one in suspense.

Miss Gr. But I, brother, can't say that I *know* my mind absolutely.

Sir Ch. That is another thing. I am silent. Only, when you do, I shall take it for a favour if you will communicate it to me, for your service.

Miss Gr. I am among my best friends—Lord L——, what is your advice? Sir Charles does not incline to give me *his.*

Sir Ch. It is owing to my regard to your own inclinations, and not to displeasure or petulance, that I do not.

Lord L. I have a very good opinion of Lord G——. What is yours, my dear? [to Lady L——].

Lady L. I really think very well of my Lord G——. What is yours, Miss Byron?

Har. I believe Miss Grandison must be the sole determiner on this occasion. If *she* has no objection, I presume to think that no one else can have any.

Miss Gr. Explain, explain, Harriet——

Sir Ch. Miss Byron answers as she always does: penetration and prudence, with her, never quit company. If I have the honour to explain her sentiments in giving mine, take both as follow: My Lord G—— is a good-natured, mild man: he will make a woman happy, who has some share of prudence, though she has a still greater share of will. Charlotte is very lively: she loves her jest *almost* as well as she loves her friend.——

Miss Gr. How, brother!

Sir Ch. And Lord G—— will not stand in competition with her in that respect: there should not be a rivalry in particular qualities, in marriage. I have known a poet commence a hatred to his wife, on her being complimented with making better verses than he. Let Charlotte agree upon those qualities in which she will allow her husband to excel; and he allow, in her, those she has a desire to monopolise; and all may do well.

Miss Gr. Then Lord G—— must not be disputed with, I presume, were I to be his wife, on the subjects of moths and butterflies.

Sir Ch. Yet Lord G—— may give them up, when he has a more considerable trifle to amuse himself with. Pardon me, Charlotte—are you not, as far as we have gone in this conversation, a pretty trifler?

Miss Gr. [Bowing.] Thank you, brother. The epithets *pretty*, and *young*, and *little*, are great qualifiers of harsh words.

Sir Ch. But do you like Sir Walter Watkyns better than Lord G——?

Miss Gr. I think not. He is not, I believe, so *good-natured* a man as the other.

Sir Ch. I am glad you make that distinction, Charlotte.

Miss Gr. You think it a necessary one in my case, I suppose, sir?

Sir Ch. I have a letter of his to answer. He is very urgent with me for my interest with you. I am to answer it. Will you tell me, my sister (giving her the letter), what I shall say?

Miss Gr. [After perusing it.] Why, ay, poor man! he is very much in love: but I should have some trouble to teach him to spell: and yet, they say, he has both French and Italian at his fingers' end.

She then began to pull in pieces the letter.

Sir Ch. I will not permit that, Charlotte. Pray return me the letter. No woman is entitled to ridicule a lover whom she does not intend to encourage. If she has a good opinion of herself, she will pity him. Whether she has or not, if she wounds, she should heal. Sir Walter may address himself to a hundred women, who, for the sake of his gay appearance and good estate, will forgive him his indifferent spelling.

Miss Gr. The fluttering season is approaching. One wants now and then a *dangling* fellow or two after one in public: perhaps I have not seen enough of *either* of these to determine which to *choose*. Will you not allow one, since neither of them have *very* striking merits, to behold them in different lights, in order to enable one's self to judge which is the most *tolerable* of the two? Or, whether a still *more* tolerable wretch may not offer?

She spoke this in her very archest manner, serious as the subject was; and seriously as her brother wished to know her inclinations.

Sir Charles turned to Lord L——, and gravely said, I wonder how our cousin Everard is amusing himself at this instant at the Hall.

She was sensible of the intended rebuke, and asked him to forgive her.

Wit, my lord, continued he, inattentive to the pardon she asked, is a dangerous weapon: but that species of it which cannot shine without a foil, is not a wit to be proud of. The lady before me, (what is her name?) and I, have been both under a mistake: I took her for my sister Charlotte: she took me for our cousin Everard.

Every one felt the severity. It seemed to pierce me, as

if directed to me. So unusually severe from Sir Charles Grandison; and delivered with such serious unconcern in the manner; I would not, at that moment, have been Miss Grandison for the world.

She did not know which way to look. Lady L—— (amiable woman!) felt it for her sister: tears were in the eyes of both.

At last Miss Grandison arose. I will take away the impostor, sir; and when I can rectify my mistake, and bring you back your *sister*, I hope you will receive her with your usual goodness.

My Charlotte! my sister! (taking her hand), you must not be *very* angry with me. I love to feel the *finer* edge of your wit; but when I was bespeaking your attention upon a very serious subject, a subject that concerned the happiness of your future life, and if *yours* mine, and you could be able to say something that became only the mouth of an unprincipled woman to say, how could I forbear to wish that some *other* woman, and not my sister, had said it? *Times* and *occasions*, my dear Charlotte!

No more, I beseech you, sir; I am sensible of my folly. Let me retire.

I, Charlotte, will retire; don't *you*; but take the comfort your friends are disposed to give you. Emily, one word with you, my dear. She flew to him, and they went out together.

There, said Miss Grandison, has he taken the girl with him, to warn her against falling into my folly.

Dr. Bartlett retired in silence.

Lady L—— expressed her concern for her sister; but said, Indeed, Charlotte, I was afraid you would carry the matter too far.

Lord L—— blamed her. Indeed, sister, he bore with you a great while; and the affair was a serious one. He had engaged very seriously, and even from principle, in it. O Miss Byron! he will be delighted with you, when he comes to read your papers, and sees your treatment of the humble servants you resolved not to encourage.

Yes, yes, Harriet will shine, at my expense; but *may* she; —Since I have lost my brother's favour, I pray to Heaven

that she may gain it. But he shall never again have reason to say I take him for my cousin Everard. But was I *very* wicked, Harriet?—Deal fairly with me. Was I *very* wicked?

I thought you wrong all the way: I was afraid for you. But for what you last said, about encouraging men to dangle after you, and seeming to aim at making new conquests, I could have chidden you, had you *not* had your brother to hear it. Will you forgive me? [whispering her.] They were the words of a very coquette; and the air was so arch!—Indeed, my Charlotte, you were very much out of the way.

So!—Everybody against me!—I must have been wrong indeed——

The *time*, the *occasion*, was wrong, sister Charlotte, said Lord L——. Had the subject been of less weight, your brother would have passed it off as pleasantly as he has always before done your vivacities.

Very happy, replied she, to have such a character, that everybody must be in fault who differs from him or offends him.

In the midst of his displeasure, Charlotte, said Lady L——, he forgot not the brother. The subject, he told you, concerned the happiness of your future life, and if *your's*, his.

One remark, resumed Lord L——, I must make, to Sir Charles's honour (take it not amiss, sister Charlotte): not the least hint did he give of your error relating to a certain affair; and yet he must think of it, so lately as he has extricated you from it. His aim evidently is to amend, not to wound.

I think, my lord, retorted Miss Grandison, with a glow in her cheeks, you might have spared your remark. If the one brother did not *recriminate*, the other needed not to *remind*. My lord, you have not my thanks for your remark.

This affected good Lady L——. Pray, sister, blame not my lord: you will lose *my* pity, if you do. Are not we *four* united in one cause? Surely, Charlotte, we are to speak our whole hearts to each other?

So!—I have brought man and wife upon me now. Please the Lord I will be married, in hopes to have *somebody* on my side. But, Harriet, say, am I wrong *again?*

I hope, my dear Miss Grandison, replied I, that what you

said to my lord was in pleasantry: and if so, the fault was, that you spoke it with too grave an air.

Well, well, let me take hold of your hand, my dear, to help me out of this *new* difficulty. I am dreadfully out of luck to-day: I am sorry I spoke not my pleasantry with a pleasant air—yet were not you likewise guilty of the same fault, Lady L——? Did not you correct me with too grave an air?

I am very willing, returned Lady L——, it should pass so: but, my dear, you must not, by your petulance, rob yourself of the sincerity of one of the best hearts in the world; looking with complacency at her lord.

He bowed to her with an affectionate air.—Happy couple!

As I hope to live, said Miss Grandison, I thought you all pitied me, when Sir Charles laid so heavy a hand upon me: and so *he* seemed to think, by what he said at going out. How did you deceive me, all of you, by your eyes!

I do assure you, said my lord, I did pity you: but had I not thought my sister in fault, I should *not*.

Your servant, my lord. You are a nice distinguisher.

And a *just* one, Charlotte, rejoined Lady L——

No doubt of it, Lady L——; and that was *your* motive too. I beseech you, let me not be *deprived of your pity*. I have *yours* also, Harriet, upon the same kind consideration.

Why now *this* archness becomes you, Charlotte, said I: [I was willing it should pass so, Lucy:] this is *pretty* pleasantry.

It is a *pretty* specimen of Charlotte's penitence, said Lady L——

I was glad Lady L—— spoke this with an air of good humour; but Miss Grandison withdrew upon it, not well pleased.

We heard her at her harpsichord, and we all joined her. Emily also was drawn to us by the music. Tell me, my dear, said Miss Grandison to her (stopping), have you not had all my faults laid before you, for your caution?

Indeed, madam, my guardian said but one word about you; and this was it: I love my sister: she has amiable qualities: we are none of us right at all times. You see, Emily, that I, in chiding her, spoke with a little too much petulance.

God for ever bless my brother! said Miss Grandison, in a kind of rapture: but now his goodness makes my flippancy odious to myself. Sit down, my child, and play your Italian air.

This brought in Sir Charles. He entered with a look of serenity, as if nothing had passed to disturb him.

When Emily had done playing and singing, Miss Grandison began to make apologies: but he said, Let us forget each other's failings, Charlotte.

Notice being given of dinner, Sir Charles complaisantly led his sister Charlotte to her seat at the table.

A most *intolerable* superiority!—I wish he would do something wrong; something cruel: if he would but bear malice, would but stiffen his air by resentment, it would be something. As a MAN, cannot he be lordly and assuming, and where he is so much regarded, I may say *feared*, nod his imperial significance to his vassals about him?—Cannot he be imperious to servants, to show his displeasure with principals? No! it is *natural* to him to be good and just. His whole aim, as my lord observed, is 'to convince and amend, and not to wound or hurt.'

After dinner, Miss Grandison put into my hands the parcel of my letters which I had consented Sir Charles should see. Miss Byron, sir, said she, will oblige you with the perusal of some of her letters. You will in them see another sort of woman than your Charlotte. May I amend, and be but half as good!—When you have read them, you will say, Amen; and, if your prayer take place, will be satisfied with your sister.

He received them from me, standing up, bowing; and kissed the papers with an air of gallantry, that I thought greatly became him. [Oh the vanity of this girl! methinks my uncle says, at this place.] He put them in his pocket.

Without conditions, Harriet? said Miss Grandison. Except those of candour, yet correction, answered I. Again he bowed to me.

I don't know what to say to it, Lucy; but I think Sir Charles looks highly pleased to hear me praised; and the ladies and my lord miss no opportunity to say kind things of me: but could he not have answered Miss Grandison's

question, Whether his favourite was a *foreigner* or not!—Had any other question arisen afterwards, that he had not cared to answer, he could but have declined answering it, as he did that.

What a great deal of writing does the reciting of half an hour or an hour's conversation make, when there are three or four speakers in company; and one attempts to write what each says in the *first* person! I am amazed at the quantity, on looking back. But it *will* be so in narrative letter-writing. Did not you, Lucy, write as long letters when you went with your brother to Paris?—I forget. Only this I remember, that I always was sorry when I came to the end of them. I am afraid it is quite otherwise with mine.

By the way, I am concerned that Lady D—— is angry with me: yet, methinks, she shows, by her anger, that she had a value for me. As to what you told me of Lord D——'s setting his heart on the proposed alliance, I am not so much concerned at that, because he never saw me: and had the affair been in his own power, 'tis likely he would not have been very solicitous about his success. Many a one, Lucy, I believe, has found an ardour, when repulsed, which they would never have known had they succeeded,

Lady Betty and Miss Clements were so good as to make me a visit this afternoon in their way to Windsor, where they are to pass two or three days. They lamented my long absence from town; and Lady Betty kindly regretted for me the many fine entertainments I had lost, both public and private, by my country excursion at this unpropitious season of the year, as she called it; shrugging her shoulders, as if in compassion to my rustic taste.

Good lady! she knew not that I am in company that want not entertainments out of themselves. They have no time to kill, or to delude: on the contrary, our constant complaint is, that time flies too fast: and I am sure, for my part, I am forced to be a manager of it; since, between conversation and writing, I have not a moment to spare: and I never in my life devoted so few hours to rest.

Sir Charles spoke very handsomely of Miss Clements on occasion of Miss Grandison saying she was a plain, but good

young woman. She is not a beauty, said he; but she has qualities that are more to be admired than mere beauty.

Would she not, asked Lady L——, make a good wife for Lord W——? There is, said Sir Charles, too great a disparity in years. She has, and must have, too many hopes. My lord W——'s wife will, probably, be confined six months out of twelve, to a gouty man's chamber. She must, therefore, be one who has outlived half her hopes: she must have been acquainted with affliction, and known disappointment. She must consider her marriage with him, though as an act of condescension, yet partly as a preferment. Her tenderness will, by this means, be engaged; yet her dignity supported: and if she is not too much in years to bring my lord an heir, he will then be the most grateful of men to her.

My dear brother, said Miss Grandison, forgive me all my faults: your actions, your sentiments, shall be the rule of mine!—But who can come up to you? The Danbys—Lord W——

Anybody may, Charlotte, interrupted Sir Charles, who will be guided by the well-known rule of *doing to others as you would they should do unto you.* Were you in the situation of the Danbys, or of Lord W——, would you not wish to be done by, as I have done, and intend to do, by them? What must be those who, with hungry eyes, wait and wish for the death of a relation? May they not be compared to savages on the sea-shore, who look out impatiently for a wreck, in order to plunder and prey upon the spoils of the miserable? Lord W—— has been long an unhappy man from want of principles: I shall rejoice, if I can be a means of convincing him, by his own experience, that he was in a wrong course, and of making his latter days happy. Would I not, in *my* decline, wish for a nephew that had the same notions? And can I expect such a one, if I set not the example?

Pretty soon after supper, Sir Charles left us; and Miss Grandison, seeing me in a reverie, said, I will lay my life, Harriet, you fancy my brother is gone up to read your letters—nay, you are in the right; for he whispered as much to me before he withdrew. But do not be appre-

hensive, Harriet; (for she saw me concerned); you have nothing to fear, I am sure.

Lady L—— said, that her brother's notions and mine were exactly alike on every subject: but yet, Lucy, when one knows one's cause to be under actual examination, one cannot but have some heart-aches.—Yet why?—If his favourite woman is a *foreigner*, what signifies his opinion of my letters?—And yet it does: one would be willing to be well thought of by the worthy.

—o—

LETTER XXVII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Thursday, March 23.

We sat down early this morning to breakfast: Miss Grandison dismissed the attendants as soon as Sir Charles entered the room.

He addressed himself to me the moment he saw me: Admirable Miss Byron, said he, what an entertainment have your letters given me, down to a certain period!—How, at and after that, have they distressed me for your sufferings from a savage!—It is well for him, and perhaps for me, that I saw not sooner this latter part of your affecting story: I have read through the whole parcel.

He took it from his bosom, and, with a respectful air, presented it to me—Ten thousand thanks for the favour—I dare not hope for further indulgence—yet not to say, how desirous I am—but forgive me—think me not too great an encroacher——

I took them.

Surely, brother, said Miss Grandison, you cannot already have read the whole.

I have—I could not leave them—I sat up late——

And so, thought I, did your *sister* Harriet, sir.

Well, brother, said Miss Grandison, and what are the *faults?*

Faults! Charlotte.—Such a noble heart! such an amiable frankness! No prudery! No coquetry! Yet so much and so justly admired by as many as have had the happiness

to approach her!—Then, turning to me, I adore, madam, the goodness, the *greatness* of your heart.

How I blushed! how I trembled! How, though so greatly flattered, was I delighted!

Is Miss Byron, in those letters, all perfect, all faultless, all excellence, Sir Charles? asked Miss Grandison: is there no—but I am sensible (though you have raised my envy, I assure you) that Miss Byron's is another sort of heart than your poor Charlotte's.

But I hope, sir, said I, that you will correct——

You called upon me yesterday, interrupted he, to attend to the debate between you and Mr. Walden: I think I have something to observe upon that subject. I told you that beauty should not bribe me. I have very few observations to make upon it.

Lady L. Will you give us, brother, your opinion, in writing, of what you have read? *

Sir Ch. That would fill a volume: and it would be almost all panegyric.

How flattering!—But *this* foreign lady, Lucy!——

Lady L—— began another subject.

Pray, brother, said she, let me revive one of the topics of yesterday—concerning Lord G—— and Sir Walter Watkyns—and I hope you, Charlotte, will excuse me.

Miss Gr. If it *can* be revived, without reviving the memory of my flippant folly—not else will I excuse you, Lady L——. And casting her eye bashfully round her Dr. Bartlett withdrew; but as if he had business to do.

Lady L. Then let me manage this article for my sister. You said, brother, that you have engaged to give Lord G—— either hope or otherwise——

Sir Ch. Lord G—— was very earnest with me for my interest with my sister. I, supposing that she is now absolutely disengaged, did undertake to let him know what room he had for hope, or if any; but told him, that I would not, by any means, endeavour to influence her.

Lady L. Charlotte is afraid that you would not, of yourself, from displeasure, have revived the subject——not that she values——

* This subject is spoken to by Sir Charles subsequently.

There she stopt.

Sir Ch. I might, at the time, be a little petulant; but I *should* have revived the subject, because I had engaged to procure an answer for an absent person, to a question that was of the highest importance to him: but, perhaps, I should have entered into the subject with Charlotte when we were alone.

Lady L. She can have no objection, I believe, to let all of us, who are present, know her mind, on this occasion.

Miss Gr. To be sure I have not.

Lady L. What signifies mincing the matter? I undertook, at *her* desire, to recall the subject, because you had seemed to interest yourself in it.

Sir Ch. I think I know as much of Charlotte's mind already, from what you have hinted, Lady L——, as I ought to be iniquisitive about.

Lady L. How so, brother? What have I said?

Sir Ch. What meant the words you stopt at—*Not that she values?*—Now, though I will not endeavour to lead her choice in behalf of a *prince;* yet would I be *earnest* to oppose her marriage with a man for whom she declaredly has no value.

Lady L. You are a little sudden upon me, Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. You must not think the words you stopt at, Lady L——, slight words: *Principle,* and Charlotte's future happiness, and that of a worthy man, are concerned here. But, perhaps, you mean no more than to give a little specimen of lady-like pride in those words. It is a very hard matter for women, on such occasions as these, to be absolutely right.—Dear Miss Byron, bowing to me, excuse me.—There is one lady in the world that ought not, from what I have had the honour to see, on her *own* account, to take amiss my freedom with her sex, though she perhaps will on *that* of those she loves. But have I not some reason for what I say, when even Lady L——, speaking for her sister on this concerning subject, cannot help throwing in a salvo for the pride of her sex.

Har. I doubt not, sir, but Lady L—— and Miss Grandison will explain themselves to your satisfaction.

Lady L—— then called upon her sister.

Miss Gr. Why, as to value—and all that—to be sure—Lord G—— is not a man, that—(and she looked round her on each person)—that a woman—Hem!—that a woman—But, brother, I think you are a little too ready—to—to—A word and a blow, as the saying is, are two things. Not that—and there she stopt.

Sir Ch. [Smiling]. Oh, my dear Lord L——! what shall we say to these *Not thats?* Were I my cousin Everard, I am not sure but I should suppose, when ladies were suspending unnecessarily, or with affectation, the happiness of the man they resolve to marry, that they were reflecting on themselves by an indirect acknowledgment of *self-denial.*

Miss Gr. Good God! brother.

I was angry at him, in my mind. How came this *good* man, thought I, by such thoughts as these, of our sex? What, Lucy, could a woman do with such a man, were he to apply to her in courtship, whether she denied or accepted of him?

Sir Ch. You will consider, Lady L——, that you and Charlotte have brought this upon yourselves. *That* I call female pride, which distinguishes not either time, company, or occasion. You will remember that Lord G—— is not *here;* we are *all* brothers and sisters: and why, Charlotte, do you approve of entering upon the subject in this company, yet come with your exceptions, as if Lord G—— had his father present, or pleading for him? These *Not that she values,* and so forth, are so like the dealings between petty chapmen and common buyers and sellers, that I love *properly* (observe that I say *properly*) to discourage them among persons of sense and honour. But come, Charlotte, enter into your own cause: you are an excellent pleader, on occasion. You know, or at least you *ought* to know, your own mind. I never am for encouraging *agency* (Lady L—— excuse me—will you give up yours?) where principals can be present.

Lady L. With all my heart. I stumbled at the very threshold. E'en, Charlotte, be your own advocate. The cause is on.

Miss Gr. Why, I don't know what to say. My brother will be *so* peremptory, perhaps——

Sir Ch. A good sign for somebody—Don't you think so, madam? to me.—But the snail will draw in its horns, if the finger hastily touch it—come, *no* good sign, perhaps, Charlotte.—I will *not* be peremptory. You shall be indulged, if you have not already been indulged enough, in all the pretty *circumambages* customary on these occasions.

Miss Gr. This is charming:—but pray, sir, what is your advice on this subject?

Sir Ch. In our former conversation upon it, I told you what I thought of my lord's good-humour; what of your vivacity. Can you, Charlotte, were you the wife of Lord G——, content yourself now and then to make him start, by the lancet-like delicacy of your wit, without going deeper than the skin? Without exposing him (and yourself for doing so) to the ridicule of others? Can you bear with *his* foibles, if he can bear with *yours?* And if the forbearance is greater on *his* side than on *yours*, can you value him for it, and for his good-humour?

Miss Gr. Finely run off, upon my word!

Sir Ch. I am afraid only that you will be able, Charlotte, to do what you will with him. I am sorry to have cause to say that I have seen very good women who have not known how to bear indulgence!—Waller was not absolutely wrong, as to *such*, when he said, 'that women were born to be controlled.' If control is *likely* to be necessary, it will be with women of such charming spirits as you know whose, Charlotte, who will not confine to time and place their *otherwise* agreeable vivacities.

Miss Gr. Well, but, sir, if it should chance to *be* so, and I were Lord G——'s upper servant; for *control* implies *dominion;* what a fine advantage would he have in a brother, who could direct him so well (though he might still, perhaps, be a bachelor) how to manage a wife so flippant!

Sir Ch. Bachelors, Charlotte, are close observers. It is not every married couple, if they were solicitous to have a bachelor marry, that should admit him into a very close intimacy with themselves.

Miss Gr. [Archly]. Pray, Lord L——, did we not once hear our *cousin Everard* make an observation of this nature?

Sir Ch. Fairly retorted, Charlotte!—But how *came* your

cousin Everard to make this observation? I once heard you say, that he was but a *common* observer. Every married pair is not Lord and Lady L——.

Miss Gr. Well, well, I believe married people must do as well as they can. But may I ask you, brother, is it owing to such observations as those you have been making, that you are now a single man?

Sir Ch. A fair question from you, Charlotte. I answer, It is not.

Miss Gr. I should be glad, with all my heart, to know what is.

Sir Ch. When the subject comes fairly on the carpet, your curiosity may perhaps be gratified. But tell me, do you intend that the subject you had engaged Lady L—— to introduce, in relation to Lord G—— and Sir Walter Watkyns, should be dismissed, at present? I mean not to be *peremptory*, Charlotte: be not *afraid* to answer.

Miss Gr. Why, that's kind. No, I can't say that I do: and yet I frankly confess, that I had much rather *ask* than *answer* questions. You *know*, sir, that I have a wicked curiosity.

Sir Ch. Well, Charlotte, you will find me, wicked as you call it, very ready, at a proper time, to gratify it. To some things that you may want to know, in relation to my situation, you needed not now to have been a stranger had I had the pleasure of being more with you, and had you yourself been as explicit as I would have wished you to be. But the crisis is at hand. When I am certain myself, you shall not be in doubt. I would not suppose, that my happiness is a matter of indifference to my sisters; and if it be not, I should be ungrateful not to let them know everything I know, that is likely to affect it.

See! Lucy. What can be gathered from all this? But yet this speech has a noble sound with it; don't you think it has? It is, I think, worthy of Sir Charles Grandison. But by what clouds does this sun seem to be obscured? He says, however, that the *crisis is at hand*—solemn words, as they strike *me*. Ah, Lucy!—but this is my prayer—May the crisis produce happiness to him, let who will be unhappy!

Miss Gr. You are always good, noble, uniform—*Curiosity*, get thee behind me, and lie still!—And yet, brother, like a favoured squirrel repulsed, I am afraid it would be soon upon my shoulder, if the crisis be suspended.

'Crisis is at hand.' Lucy—I *cannot* get over these words; and yet they make my heart ache.

Sir Ch. But now, Charlotte, as to your two admirers——

Miss Gr. Why, sir, methinks I would not be a *petty chapwoman*, if I could help it: and yet, what can I say?—I don't think highly of either of the men: but, pray now, *what*, Lady L—— [affecting an audible whisper], will you ask a question for me?

Lady L. What is it, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. [Whispering, but still loud enough for every one to hear.] What sort of a man is Beauchamp?

Lady L. Mad girl!—You heard the question, brother.

Miss Gr. No!—You did not hear it, sir, if it will displease you. The whispers in conversation are no more to be heard than the *asides* in a play.

Sir Ch. Both the one and the other are wrong, Charlotte. Whisperings in conversations are censurable, to a proverb: the *asides*, as you call them, and the soliloquies, in a play, however frequent, are very poor (because unnatural) shifts of bungling authors to make their performances intelligible to the audience. But *am* I to have heard your whisper, Charlotte, or not?

Miss Gr. I think the man my brother so much esteems must be worth a hundred of such as those we have just now heard named.

Sir Ch. Well, then, I am supposed to be answered, I presume, as to the two gentlemen. I will show you the letter, when written, that I shall send to Sir Walter Watkyns. I shall see Lord G——, I suppose, the moment he knows I am in town.

Miss Gr. The Lord bless me, brother!—Did you not say, you would not be *peremptory?*

Lord L. Very right. Pray, Sir Charles, don't let my sister part with the *two*, without being sure of a *third.*

Miss Gr. Pray, Lord L——, do you be quiet: your sister is in no hurry, I do assure you.

Sir Ch. The female drawback again, Lady L——. *Not that she values.*

Harriet. Well but, Sir Charles, may I, without offence, repeat Miss Grandison's question in relation to Mr. Beauchamp?

Miss Gr. That's my dear creature!

Sir Ch. It is impossible that Miss Byron can give offence. —Mr. Beauchamp is an excellent young man: about five-and-twenty, not more: he is brave, learned, sincere, cheerful; gentle in his manners, agreeable in his person. Has my good Miss Byron any further questions to ask?—Your frankness of heart, madam, entitles you to equal frankness. Not a question you can ask but the answer shall be ready upon my lips.

Is the lady, sir, whom you could prefer to all others, a foreign or an English lady?—Ah, Lucy! And do you think I asked him this question?—Oh no! but I had a mind to startle you. I *could* have asked it, I can tell you: and if it had been proper, it would have been the first of questions with me: yet, had not the answer been such as I had liked, perhaps I should not have been able to stay in company.

I only bowed, and I believe blushed with complacency, at the kind manner in which he spoke to me: every one, by their eyes, took notice of it with pleasure.

Lady L. Well, brother, and what think you of the purport of Charlotte's question? Charlotte says, that she does not think highly of either of the other men.

Sir Ch. That, at present, is all that concerns me to know. I will write to Sir Walter; I will let Lord G—— know, that there is a man in the clouds that Charlotte waits for; that ladies must not be easily won. Milton justifies you, in his account of the behaviour of your common grandmother, on the first interview between her and the man *for whom she was created.* Charming copiers! You, Miss Byron, are an exception. You know nothing of affectation. You——

Miss Gr. [Unseasonably interrupting him.] Pray, sir, be pleased, since we are such fine copiers of the old lady you mentioned, to repeat the lines: I have no remembrance of them.

Sir Charles.

> ' She heard me thus ; and, tho' divinely brought,
> Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
> That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
> Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd.
> I follow'd her. She what was honour knew,
> And with obsequious majesty approv'd
> My pleaded reason——'

I have looked for the passage, since, Lucy. He missed several lines.

Now, Charlotte, said Sir Charles, though these lines are a palpable accommodation to the future practice of the daughters of the *old lady*, as you call her, and perhaps intended for an instruction to *them*, since it could not be a natural behaviour in Eve, who was *divinely brought* to be the wife of Adam, and it being in the state of innocence, could not be conscious of *dishonour* in receiving his address; yet, if you know what is meant by *obsequious majesty*, you had as good try for it: and as you are *followed*, and should not *follow*, approve of the *pleaded reason* of one or other of your admirers.

Miss Gr. After hearing the *pleaded reason* of *both*, should you not say? *I* have the choice of two; that had not Eve. But, hold! I had like to have been drawn in to be flippant again; and then you would have inquired after my cousin Everard, *and so forth*, and been angry.

Sir Ch. Not *now*, Charlotte: we are now at play together, I see there is constitution in your fault. The subjects we are upon, *courtship* and *marriage*, cannot, I find, be talked seriously of by a lady before company. Shall I retire with you to solitude? Make a lover's *Camera Obscura* for you? Or, could I place you upon the mossy bank of a purling stream, gliding through an enamelled mead; in such a scene, a now despised Lord G——, or a Sir Walter, might find his account, sighing at your feet. No witnesses but the grazing herd, lowing love around you; the feathered songsters, from an adjacent grove, contributing to harmonise and fan the lambent flame——

Miss Gr. [Interrupting.] Upon my word, brother, I knew you had travelled through Greece, but dreamt not

that you had dwelt long in the fields of *Ar-ca-dy!*—But one question let me ask you, concerning your friend Beauchamp —we women don't love to be slighted!—Whether do you think him *too* good, or not good *enough* for your sister?

Sir Ch. The friendship, Charlotte, that has for some years subsisted, and I hope will for ever subsist, between Mr. Beauchamp and me, wants not the tie of a relation to strengthen it.

Lord L. Happy Beauchamp!

Sir Ch. Lord L—— himself is not dearer to me, brother as I have the honour to call him, than my Beauchamp. It is one of my pleasures, my lord, that I am assured you will love him, and he you.

Lord L—— bowed, delighted; and, if *he* did, his good lady, you may be sure, partook of her lord's delight. They are a happy pair! They want not sense; they have both fine understandings! But, oh, my Lucy, they are not the striking, dazzling qualities in men and women that make us happy. Good sense, and solid judgment, a natural complacency of temper, a desire of obliging, and an easiness to be obliged, procure the silent, the serene happiness, to which the fluttering, tumultuous, impetuous fervours of passion can never contribute. Nothing violent can be lasting.

Miss Gr. Not that I value—there, brother—you see, I am a borrower of Lady L——.

Lady L. Upon my honour, Charlotte, I believe you led me into those words; so don't say you borrowed them.

Sir Ch. Far be it from me to endeavour to cure women of affectation on such subjects as that which *lately* was before us—I don't know what is become of it (looking humorously round, as if he had lost something which he wanted to recover); but that, permit me, ladies, to say, may be an affectation in one company, that is but a necessary reserve in another.—Charlotte has genius enough, I am sure, to vary her humour to the occasion, and if she would give herself time for reflection, to know when to be grave, when to be airy.

Miss Gr. I don't know *that*, brother: but let me say for Charlotte, that I believe you sometimes think better for her (as in the present case), sometimes worse, than she deserves.

Charlotte has not much reflection; she is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, without considering much about the fit, or the unfit. It is *constitution*, you know, brother; and she cannot easily cure it: but she will try. Only, sir, be so good as to let me have an answer to my last question, whether you think your friend too good, or not good enough? Because the answer will let me know what my brother thinks of me; and that, let me tell you, is of very high importance with me.

Sir Ch. You have no reason, Charlotte, to endeavour to come at this your end, by indirect or comparative means. Your brother loves you——

Miss Gr. With all my faults, sir?

Sir Ch. With all your faults, my dear; and I had almost said, *for* some of them. I love you for the pretty playfulness, on serious subjects, with which you puzzle yourself, and bewilder me: you see I follow your lead. As to the other part of your question (for I would always answer directly, when I can), my friend Beauchamp deserves the best of women. *You* are excellent in my eyes; but I have known two very worthy persons, who, taken separately, have been admired by every one who knew them, and who admired each other before marriage, yet not happy in it.

Miss Gr. Is it possible? To what could their unhappiness be owing?—both, I suppose, *continuing* good?

Sir Ch. To a hundred almost nameless reasons—too little consideration on one side; too much on the other: diversions different: too much abroad the man—too much at home will sometimes have the same effect: acquaintance approved by the one; disapproved by the other: one liking the town; the other the country: or either preferring town or country in different humours, or at different times of the year. Human nature, Charlotte——

Miss Gr. No more, no more, I beseech you, brother—Why, this human nature, I believe, is a very vile thing! I think, Lady L——, I won't marry at all.

Sir Ch. Some such trifles, as these I have enumerated, will be likely to make you, Charlotte, with all your excellences, not so happy as I wish you to be. If you cannot have a man of whose understanding you have a higher opinion

than you have of your own, you should think of one who is likely to allow to yours a superiority. If——

Miss Grandison interrupted him again: I wished she would not so often interrupt him: I wanted to find out his notions of our sex. I am afraid, with all his politeness, he thinks us poor creatures. But why should not the character of a good, a prudent woman, be as great as that of a good, a prudent man?

Miss Gr. Well, but, sir; I suppose the gentleman abroad has more understanding than I have.

Sir Ch. A good deal will depend upon what *you'll* think of that: not what I, or the world, will judge.

Miss Gr. But the judgment of us women generally goes with the world.

Sir Ch. Not *generally*, in *matrimonial* instances. A wife, in general, may allow of a husband's superior judgment; but, in particular cases, and as they fall out one by one, the man may find it difficult, to have it allowed in any one instance.

Miss Gr. I think you said, sir, that bachelors were *close* observers.

Sir Ch. We may, in the *sister*, sometimes see the *wife*. I admire you, myself, for your vivacity; but I am not sure that a husband would not think himself hurt by it, especially if it be true, as you say, 'that Charlotte has not much reflec-'tion, and is apt to speak as the humour comes upon her, 'without troubling herself about the fit or the unfit.'

Miss Gr. Oh, sir! what a memory you have. I hope that the man who is to call me *his* (that's the dialect, isn't it?) will not have half your memory.

Sir Ch. For his sake, or your own, do you hope this, Charlotte?

Miss Gr. Let me see—Why for *both* our sakes, I believe.

Sir Ch. You'll tell the man, in courtship, I hope, that all this liveliness is 'constitution;' and 'that you know not 'how to cure it.'

Miss Gr. No, by no means, sir: let him in the *mistress*, as somebody else in the *sister*, guess at the *wife*, and take warning.

Sir Ch. Very well answered, Charlotte, in the play we are at: but I am willing to think highly of my sister's

prudence; and that she will be happy, and make the man so, to whom she may think fit to give her hand at the altar. And now the question recurs, what shall I say to Lord G——? What to Sir Walter?

Miss Gr. Why I think you must make my compliments to Sir Walter, if you will be so good: and, after the example of my sister Harriet to the men she sends a grazing, very civilly tell him, he may break his heart as soon as he pleases; for that I cannot be his.

Sir Ch. Strange girl! But I wish not to lower this lively spirit—you will put your determination into English.

Miss Gr. In plain English, then, I can by no means think of encouraging the address of Sir Walter Watkyns.

Sir Ch. Well, and what shall I say to Lord G——?

Miss Gr. Why, that's the thing—I was afraid it would come to this—Why, sir, you must tell him, I think—I profess I can't tell what—But, sir, will you let me know what you would have me tell him?

Sir Ch. I will follow your lead as far as I can.—Can you, do you think, love Lord G——?

Miss Gr. Love him! love Lord G——! what a question is that?—Why no! I verily believe, that I can't say that.

Sir Ch. Can you esteem him?

Miss Gr. Esteem!—Why that's a quaint word, though a *female* one. I believe, if I were to marry the honest man, I could be civil to him, if he would be very complaisant, very observant, and all that—pray, brother, don't, however, be angry with me.

Sir Ch. I will not, Charlotte (smiling). It is *constitution*, you say.—But if *you* cannot be *more* than civil; and if *he* is to be very observant; you'll make it your agreement with him, before you meet him at the altar, that he shall subscribe to the woman's part of the vow; and that you shall answer to the man's.

Miss Gr. A good thought, I believe! I'll consider of it. If I find, in courtship, the man will bear it, I may make the proposal.—Yet I don't know, but it will be as well to *suppose* the vow changed, without *conditioning* for it, as other good women do; and act accordingly. One would not begin with a singularity, for fear of putting the parson

out. I heard an excellent lady once advise a good wife, who, however, very little wanted it, to give the man a hearing, and never do anything that he would wish to be done, except she chose to do it. If the man loves quiet, he'll be glad to compound.

Har. Nay now, Miss Grandison, you are much more severe upon your sex, and upon matrimony, than Sir Charles.

Sir Ch. Have I been severe upon either, my dear Miss Byron?

Har. Indeed I think so.

Sir Ch. I am sorry for it; I only intended to be *just*. See, Charlotte, what a censure, from goodness itself, you draw upon me! But I am to give encouragement (*am* I?) to Lord G——?

Miss Gr. Do as you please, sir.

Sir Ch. That is saying nothing. Is there a man in the world you prefer to Lord G——?

Miss Gr. In the world, sir!—A very wide place, I profess.

Sir Ch. You know what I mean by it.

Miss Gr. Why, No—Yes—No—What can I say to such a question?

Sir Ch. Help me, Lady L——. You know, better than I, Charlotte's language: help me to understand it.

Lady L. I believe, brother, you may let Lord G—— know, that he will not be denied an audience, if he come——

Sir Ch. 'Will not be denied an audience, if he come?' And this to Charlotte's brother! Women! Women!' Women!—*You*, Miss Byron, I repeat it with pleasure, are an exception—In your letters and behaviour we see what a woman is, and what she ought to be—yet, I know you have too much greatness of mind to accept (as you once told Sir Rowland Meredith) of a compliment made you at the expense of your sex—but my *heart* does you justice.

Lord L. See, however, brother Grandison, this excellence in the two sisters!—You say, indeed, but just things in praise of Miss Byron; but they are more than women: for they enjoy that praise, and the acknowledged superiority of the only woman in Britain, to whom they can be inferior.

Do you think I did not thank them both for compliments so high? I did.

You DID, Harriet.

Ah, Lucy! I had a mind to surprise you again. I *did* thank them; but it was in downcast silence, and by a glow in my cheeks that was even painful to me to feel.

The sisters have since observed to me (flattering ladies!) that their brother's eyes—But is it not strange, Lucy, that they did not ask him, in this long conversation, whether his favourite of our sex is a *foreigner*, or not? If she be, what signifies the eye of pleasure cast upon your Harriet?

But what do you think was Miss Grandison's address to me on this agreeable occasion? You, my grandmamma, will love her again, I am sure, though she so lately incurred your displeasure.

Sweet and ever amiable Harriet! said she; Sister! Friend! enjoy the just praises of two of the best of men!—You *can* enjoy them with equal modesty and dignity; and we can (what say *you*, Lady L—— ?) find our praise in the honour you do our sex, and in being allowed to be seconds to you.

And what do you think was the answer of Lady L—— (generous woman!) to this call of her sister?

I can cheerfully, said she, subscribe to the visible superiority of my Harriet, as shown in all her letters, as well as in her whole conduct: but then you, my lord, and you, my brother, who in my eye are the first of men, must not let me have cause to dread, that your Caroline is sunk in yours.

I had hardly power to sit, yet had less to retire; as I had, for a moment, a thought to do. I am glad I did not attempt it: my return to company must have been awkward, and made me look particular. But, Lucy, what is in my letters to deserve all these fine speeches?—But my lord and his sisters are my true friends, and zealous well-wishers. No fear that I should be too proud on this occasion: it is humbling enough to reflect, that the worthy three thought it all no more than necessary to establish me with somebody; and yet, after all, if there be a *foreign* lady, what signify all these fine things?

But how (you will ask) did the brother acknowledge these generous speeches of his sisters and Lord L——?—How? Why, as he ought to do. He gave them, for their generous goodness to their Harriet, in preference to them-

selves, such due praises, as more than restored them, in my eye, to the superiority they had so nobly given up.

Sir Charles afterwards addressed himself to me jointly with his sisters. I see, with great pleasure, said he, the happy understanding that there is between you three ladies: it is a demonstration, to me, of surpassing goodness in you all. To express myself in the words of an ingenious man, to whose works your sex, and if *yours ours,* are more obliged than to those of any single man in the British world,

> 'Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
> Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
>
> ADDISON'S *Campaign.*

The two sisters and your Harriet bowed as they sat.

Encouraged by this happy understanding among you, let me hope, proceeded he, that *you,* Miss Byron, will be so good as to inform your-*self,* and let *me* know, what I may certainly depend upon to be our Charlotte's inclinations, with respect to the two gentlemen who court her favour; and whether there is any man that she *can* or *does* prefer to the most favoured of either of them. From *you* I shall not meet with the 'Not that she values'—the depreciating indifferences, the affected slights, the *female circumambages,* if I may be allowed the words; the coldly expressed consent to visits not deserving to be discouraged, and perhaps not *intended* to be so; that I have had to encounter with in the past conversation. I have been exceedingly diverted with my sister's vivacity: but as the affair is of a very serious nature; as I would be extremely tender in my interposition, having really no choice but hers; and wanting only to know on whom that choice will fall, or whether on *any* man, at present; on *your* noble frankness I can rely: and Charlotte will open her mind to you: if not, she has very little profited by the example you have set her in the letters you have permitted her to read.

He arose, bowed, and withdrew; Miss Grandison called after him, Brother, brother, brother — one word — don't leave us.—But he only kissed his hand to us at the door; and bowing, with a smiling air, left us looking at each other in a silence that held a few moments.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

LORD L—— broke the silence. You are a delightful girl, Charlotte; but your brother has had a great deal of patience with you.

Oh my lord, said she, if we women play our cards right, we shall be able to manage the best and wisest of you all, as we please. It is but *persevering*, and you men, if not out-*argued*, may be out-*teased*.—But, Harriet—upon my word—the game seems to be all in your own hands.

We want but my brother to be among us, said Lady L——. Beauty would soon find its power: and *such* a mind—And then they complimented me, that their brother and I were born for each other.

Miss Grandison told us all three her thoughts, in relation to the alliance with Lord G——. She said, she was glad that her brother had proposed to know her mind from *me*. Something, Harriet, said she, may rise in the tête-a-tête conversation, that may let us into a little of his own.

But shall I trust myself with him alone, Lucy? Indeed I am afraid of him, of my-*self* rather. My own concerns so much in my head, I wish I don't confound them with Miss Grandison's. A fine piece of work shall I make of it, if I do. If I get it so happily over, as not to be dissatisfied with myself for my part in it, I shall think I have had a deliverance.

But, Lucy, if all these distinctions paid me in this conversation, and all this confidence placed in me, produce nothing—if—Why, what *if*?—In one word, should this *if* be more than *if*—why then it will go the harder, that's all, with your Harriet, than if she had not been so much distinguished.

At afternoon-tea, the Danbys being mentioned, Lord L—— asked Sir Charles what was the danger from which he relieved their uncle? And we all joining in requesting particulars, he gave the following, which I will endeavour to repeat, as near as possible, in his own words. My heart interested itself in the relation.

'Mr. Danby, said he, was a merchant of equal eminence 'and integrity: he was settled at Cambray: he had great 'dealings in the manufactures of cambrics and lace. His 'brother John, a very profligate man, had demanded of him, 'and took it ill that he denied him, a thousand guineas; for 'no better reason, but because he had generously given that 'sum to each of the wicked man's children. Surely, he 'pleaded, he was as nearly related to his brother as were 'those his children. No plea is too weak for folly and self-'interest to insist upon. Yet my Mr. Danby had often 'given this brother large sums, which he squandered away 'almost as soon as he received them.

'My father used to make remittances to Mr. Danby, for 'my use; for his dealings in other branches of commerce 'extended to the south of France and Italy: this brought 'me acquainted with him.

'He took a great liking to me. I saw him first at Lyons; 'and he engaged me to visit him at Cambray, whenever I 'should go to Paris or Flanders.

'Accompanying a friend, soon after, to Paris, I performed 'my promise.

'He had a villa in the Cambresis, at a small dis-'tance from the city, which he sometimes called his '*cottage*, at others his *dormitory*. It was a little lone 'house: he valued it for its elegance. Thither, after I 'had passed two days with him at his house in the city, he 'carried me.

'His brother, enraged at being refused the sum he had so 'unreasonably demanded, formed a plot to get possession of 'his whole fortune. My Mr. Danby was a bachelor, and, 'it was known, had, to that time, an aversion to the thought 'of making his will.

'The wretch, in short, hired three ruffians to murder him. 'The attempt was to be made in this little house, that the 'fact might have the appearance of being committed by 'robbers; and the cabinets, in the bed-chamber, if there 'were time for it, after the horrid fact was perpetrated, were 'to be broke open, and rifled, in order to give credit to that 'appearance. The villains were each to be rewarded with 'a thousand crowns, payable on the wicked man's getting

'possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty 'crowns a-piece paid them in hand.

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haps, of detaining your ear on *more* than one subject: [How my heart throbbed!] but that which I shall begin with relates to my Lord G—— and *our* sister Charlotte. I observe from hints thrown out by herself, as well as from what Lady L—— said, that she intends to encourage his addresses; but it is easy to see that she thinks but slightly of him. I am indeed apprehensive that she is rather induced to favour my lord, from an opinion that he has my interest and good wishes, than from her own inclination. I have told her more than once, that hers are, and shall be, mine: but such is her vivacity, that it is very difficult for me to know her real mind. I take it for granted that she prefers my lord to Sir Walter.

I believe, sir—but why should I say *believe*, when Miss Grandison has *commissioned* me to own, that Lord G—— is a man whom she greatly prefers to Sir Walter Watkyns?

Does she, *can* she, do you think, madam, prefer Lord G——, not only to Sir Walter, but to all the men whom she at present knows? In other words, is there *any* man that you think she would prefer to Lord G——? I am extremely solicitous for my sister's happiness; and the more, because of her vivacity, which I am afraid will be thought less to become the wife than the single woman.

I dare say, sir, that if Miss Grandison thought of any other man in preference to Lord G——, she would not encourage his addresses upon any account.

I don't expect, madam, that a woman of Charlotte's spirit and vivacity, who has been disappointed by a failure of supposed merit in her first love (if we may so call it), should be deeply in love with a man that has not *very* striking qualities. She can play with a flame now, and not burn her fingers. Lord G—— is a worthy, though not a very brilliant man. Ladies have eyes; and the eye expects to be gratified. Hence men of appearance succeed often, where men of intrinsic merit fail. Were Charlotte to consult her happiness, possibly she would have no objection to Lord G——. She cannot, in the same man, have everything. But if Lord G—— consulted *his*, I don't know whether he would wish for Charlotte. Excuse me, madam, you have heard, as well as she, my opinion of both men. Sir Walter, you say, has

no part in the question; Lord G—— wants not understanding: he is a man of probity; he is a virtuous man, a quality not to be despised in a young nobleman: he is also a mild man: he will bear a great deal. But contempt, or such a behaviour as should look like contempt, in a wife, what husband can bear? I should much more dread, for her sake, the exasperated spirit of a meek man, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

Miss Grandison, sir, has authorised me to say, that if you approve of Lord G——'s addresses, and will be so good as to take upon yourself the direction of everything relating to settlements, she will be entirely governed by you. Miss Grandison, sir, has known Lord G—— some time: his good character is well known: and I dare answer, that she will acquit herself with honour and prudence, in *every* engagement, but more especially in that which is the highest of all worldly ones.

Pray, madam, may I ask, if you know what she could mean by the questions she put in relation to Mr. Beauchamp? I think she has never seen him. Does she suppose, from his character, that she could prefer him to Lord G——?

I believe, sir, what she said in relation to that gentleman, was purely the effect of her vivacity, and which she never thought of before, and probably never will again. Had she meant anything by it, I dare say she would not have put the questions about him in the manner she did.

I believe so. I love my sister, and I love my friend. Mr. Beauchamp has delicacy. I could not *bear*, for *her* sake, that were she to behold him in the light hinted at, he should imagine he had reason to think slightly of my sister, for the correspondence she carried on, in so private a manner, with a man absolutely unworthy of her. But I hope she meant nothing, but to give way to that vein of raillery, which, when opened, she knows not always how to stop.

My spirits were not high: I was forced to take out my handkerchief—Oh my dear Miss Grandison! said I; I was *afraid* she had forfeited, partly, at least, what she holds most dear, the good opinion of her brother!

Forgive me, madam, it is a generous pain that I have made you suffer: I adore you for it. But I think I can reveal all

the secrets of my heart to you. Your noble frankness calls for equal frankness: you would inspire it, where it is not. My sister, as I told her more than once in your hearing, has not lost any of my love. I love her, with all her faults, but must not be blind to them. Shall not praise and dispraise be justly given? I have faults, great faults, myself. What should I think of the man who called them virtues? How dangerous would it be to me, in that case, were my opinion of his judgment, joined to self-partiality, to lead me to believe him, and acquit myself!

This, sir, is a manner of thinking worthy of Sir Charles Grandison.

It is worthy of every man, my good Miss Byron.

But, sir, it would be very hard that an indiscretion (I *must* own it to be such) should fasten reproach upon a woman who recovered herself so soon, and whose virtue was never sullied, or in danger.

Indeed it would: and therefore it was in tenderness to her that I intimated, that I never could think of promoting an alliance with a man of Mr. Beauchamp's nice notions, were *both* to incline to it.

I hope, sir, that my dear Miss Grandison will run no risk of being slighted, by any *other* man, from a step which has cost her so dear in her peace of mind—I hesitated, and looked down.

I know, madam, what you mean. Although I love my friend Beauchamp above all men, yet would I do Lord G——, or any other man, as much justice, as I would do him. I was so apprehensive of my sister's indifference to Lord G——, and of the difference in their tempers, though both good, that I did my utmost to dissuade him from thinking of her: and when I found that his love was fixed beyond the power of dissuasion, I told him of the affair between her and Captain Anderson; and how lately I had put an end to it. He flattered himself that the indifference, with which she had hitherto received his addresses, was principally owing to the difficulty of her situation; which being now so happily removed, he had hopes of meeting with encouragement; and doubted not, if he did, of making a merit with her by his affection and gratitude. And now,

madam, give me your opinion—Do you think Charlotte can be won (I hope she can) by indulgence, by love? Let me caution her by you, madam, that it is fit she should still be more careful to restrain her vivacity, if she marry a man to whom she thinks she has superior talents, than she need to be if the difference were in his favour.

Permit me to add, that if she should show herself capable of returning slight for tenderness; of taking *such* liberties with a man who loves her, after she had given him her vows, as should depreciate him, and of consequence *herself*, in the eye of the world, I should be apt to forget that I had more than one sister: for, in cases of right and wrong, we ought not to know either relation or friend.

Does not this man, Lucy, show us, that goodness and greatness are synonymous words?

I think, sir, replied I, that if Lord G—— prove the good-natured man he seems to be; if he dislike not that brilliancy of temper in his *lady*, which he seems not to value *himself* upon, though he may have qualities, at least, *equally* valuable; I have no doubt but Miss Grandison will make him very happy: for has she not great and good qualities? Is she not generous, and perfectly good-natured? You know, sir, that she is; and can it be supposed, that her charming vivacity will ever carry her so far beyond the bounds of prudence and discretion, as to make her forget what the nature of the obligation she will have entered into requires of her?

Well, madam, then I may rejoice the heart of Lord G——, by telling him, that he is at liberty to visit my sister at her coming to town; or, if she come not soon (for he will be impatient to wait on her), at Colnebrook?

I dare say you may, sir.

As to articles and settlements, I will undertake for all those things; but be pleased to tell her that she is absolutely at her own liberty, for me. If she shall think, when she sees further of Lord G——'s temper and behaviour, that she cannot esteem him as a wife ought to esteem her husband, I shall not be concerned if she dismiss him; provided that she keeps him not in suspense, after she knows her own mind; but behaves to him according to the example set her by the best of women.

I could not but know to whom he designed this compliment; and had liked to have bowed; but was glad I did not.

Well, madam, and now I think this subject is concluded. I have already written a letter to Sir Walter, as at the request of my sister, to put an end, in the civillest terms, to his hopes. My Lord G—— will be impatient for my return in town. I shall go with the more pleasure, because of the joy I shall be able to give him.

You must be very happy, sir; since, besides the pleasure you take in doing good for its own sake, you are entitled to partake, in a very high manner, of the pleasures of every one you know.

He was so nobly modest, Lucy, that I could talk to him with more confidence than I believed at my entrance into my lord's study, would fall to my share: and I had, besides, been led into a presence of mind, by being made a person of some consequence in the love case of another. But I was soon to have my whole attention engaged in a subject still nearer to my heart; as you shall hear.

Indeed, madam, said he, I am not *very* happy in myself. Is it not right, then, to endeavour, by promoting the happiness of others, to entitle myself to a share of theirs?

If *you* are not happy, sir—and I stopt: I believe I sighed; I looked down: I took out my handkerchief, for fear I should want it.

There seems, said he, to be a mixture of generous concern and kind curiosity, in one of the loveliest and most intelligent faces in the world. My sisters have, in your presence, expressed a great deal of the latter. Had I not been myself in a manner uncertain as to the event, that must, in some measure, govern my future destiny, I would have gratified it; especially as my Lord L—— has of late joined in it. The crisis, I told them, however, as perhaps you remember, was at hand.

I do remember you said so, sir. And indeed, Lucy, it was *more* than *perhaps*. I had not thought of any words half so often, since he spoke them.

The crisis, madam, *is* at hand: and I had not intended to open my lips upon the subject till it was over, except to Dr. Bartlett, who knows the whole affair, and indeed every

affair of my life: but, as I hinted before, my heart is opened by the frankness of yours. If you will be so good as to indulge me, I will briefly lay before you a few of the difficulties of my situation; and leave it to you to communicate or not, at your pleasure, what I shall relate, to my two sisters and Lord L——. You four seem to be animated by one soul.

I am extremely concerned, sir—I am very much concerned—repeated the trembling simpleton (one cheek feeling to myself very cold, the other glowingly warm, by turns; and now pale, now crimson, perhaps to the eye), that anything should make you unhappy. But, sir, I shall think myself favoured by your confidence.

I am interrupted in my recital of his affecting narration. Don't be impatient, Lucy; I almost wish I had not heard it myself.

—o—

LETTER XXX.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

I DO not intend, madam, to trouble you with a history of all that part of my life which I was obliged to pass abroad from about the seventeenth to near the twenty-fifth year of my age; though, perhaps, it has been as busy a period as could well be in the life of a man so young, and who never sought to tread in oblique or crooked paths. After this entrance into it, Dr. Bartlett shall be at liberty to satisfy your curiosity in a more *particular* manner; for he and I have corresponded for years, with an intimacy that has few examples between a youth and a man in advanced life. And here let me own the advantages I have received from his condescension; for I found the following questions often occur to me, and to be of the highest service in the conduct of my life—'What account shall I give of this to Dr. 'Bartlett?'—'How, were I to give way to this temptation, 'shall I report it to Dr. Bartlett?'—Or, 'Shall I be a hypo-'crite, and only inform him of the best, and meanly conceal 'from him the worst?'

Thus, madam, was Dr. Bartlett in the place of a second conscience to me. And many a good thing did I do, many

a bad one did I avoid, for having set up such a monitor over my conduct. And it was the more necessary that I should, as I am naturally passionate, proud, ambitious; and as I had the honour of being early distinguished (pardon, madam, the seeming vanity) by a sex, of which no man was ever a greater admirer; and, possibly the *more* distinguished, as for my safety's sake, I was as studious to decline intimacy with the gay ones of it, however dignified by rank or celebrated for beauty, as most young men are to cultivate their favour.

Nor is it so much to be wondered at that I had advantages which every one who travels has not. Residing for some time at the principal courts, and often visiting the same places, in the length of time I was abroad, I was considered, in a manner, as a native, at the same time that I was treated with the respect that is generally paid to travellers of figure, as well in France as Italy. I was very genteelly supported: I stood in high credit with my countrymen, to whom I had many ways of being serviceable. They made known to everybody my father's affection for me; his magnificent spirit; the ancient families, on both sides, from which I was descended. I kept the best company; avoided intrigues; made not myself obnoxious to serious or pious people, though I scrupled not to avow, when called upon, my own principles. From all these advantages, I was respected beyond my degree.

I should not, madam, have been thus lavish in my own praise, but to account to you for the favour I stood in with several families of the first rank; and to suggest an excuse for more than one of them, which thought it no disgrace to wish me to be allied with them.

Lord L—— mentioned to you, madam, and my sisters, a Florentine lady, by the name of OLIVIA. She is, indeed, a woman of high qualities, nobly born, generous, amiable in her features, genteel in her person, and mistress of a great fortune in possession, which is entirely at her own disposal; having not father, mother, brother, or other near relations. The first time I saw her was at the opera. An opportunity offered in her sight, where a lady, insulted by a lover made desperate by her just refusal of him, claimed and received my protection. What I did, on the occasion, was generally

applauded: Olivia, in particular, spoke highly of it. Twice, afterwards, I saw her in company where I was a visitor: I had not the presumption to look up to her with hope; but my countryman, Mr. Jervois, gave me to understand that I might be master of my own fortune with Lady Olivia. I pleaded difference of religion: he believed, he said, that matter might be made easy—but could I be pleased with the change, would she have made it, when passion, not conviction, was likely to be the motive?—There could be no objection to her person: nobody questioned her virtue; but she was violent and imperious in her temper. I had never left MIND out of my notions of love: I could not have been happy with her, had she been queen of the globe. I had the mortification of being obliged to declare myself to the lady's face: it *was* a mortification to me, as much for her sake as my own. I was obliged to leave Florence upon it, for some time; having been apprised, that the spirit of revenge had taken place of a gentler passion, and that I was in danger from it.

How often did I lament the want of that refuge in a father's arms, and in my native country, which subjected me to evils that were more than a match for my tender years, and to all the inconveniences that can attend a banished man! Indeed I often considered myself in this light; and, as the inconveniences happened, was ready to repine; and the more ready, as I could not afflict myself with the thought of having forfeited my father's love: on the contrary, as the constant instances which I received of his paternal goodness, made me still more earnest to acknowledge it at his feet.

Ought I to have forborne, Lucy, showing a sensibility at my eyes on this affecting instance of filial gratitude? If I ought, I wish I had had more command of myself: but consider, my dear, the affecting subject we were upon. I was going to apologise for the trickling tear, and to have said, as I *truly* might, Your filial goodness, sir, affects me: but, with the consciousness that must have accompanied the words, would not that, to so nice a discerner, have been to own, that I thought the tender emotion wanted an apology? These little tricks of ours, Lucy, may satisfy our own punctilio, and serve to keep us in countenance with ourselves

(and that, indeed, is doing something); but to a penetrating eye, they tend only to show that we imagined a cover, a veil, wanting; and what is that veil, but a veil of gauze?

What makes me so much afraid of this man's discernment? Am I not an honest girl, Lucy?

He proceeded.

From this violent lady I had great trouble; and to this day—But this part of my story I leave to Dr. Bartlett to acquaint you with. I mention it as a matter that *yet* gives me concern, for her sake, and as what I find has given some amusement to my sister Charlotte's curiosity.

But I hasten to the affair which, of all others, has most embarrassed me; and which, engaging my compassion, though my honour is free, gives torture to my very soul.

I found myself not well—I thought I should have fainted. —The apprehensions of his taking it as I wished him not to take it (for indeed, Lucy, I don't think it was *that*), made me worse. Had I been by *myself*, this faintishness might have come over my heart. I am sure it was not *that:* but it seized me at a very unlucky moment, you'll say.

With a countenance full of tender concern, he caught my hand, and rang. In ran his Emily. My dear Miss Jervois, said I, leaning upon her—Excuse me, sir—And I withdrew to the door; and, when there, finding my faintishness going off, I turned to him, who attended me thither; I am better, sir, already; I will return instantly. I must beg of you to proceed with your interesting story.

I was well the moment I was out of the study. It was kept too warm, I believe; and I sat too near the fire: that was it, to be sure; and I said so, on my return; which was the moment I had drank a glass of cold water.

How tender was his regard for me! He did not abash me by *causelessly* laying my disorder on his story, and by offering to discontinue or postpone it. Indeed, Lucy, it was not owing to *that;* I should easily have distinguished it, if it had: on the contrary, as I am not generally so much affected at the moment when anything unhappy befalls me, as I am upon reflection, when I extend, compare, and weigh consequences, I was quite brave in my heart. Anything, thought I, is better than suspense. Now will my fortitude

have a call to exert itself; and I warrant I bear, as well as he, an evil that is inevitable. At this instant, this trying instant, however, I found myself thus brave: so, my dear, it was nothing but the too great warmth of the room which overcame me.

I endeavoured to assume all my courage, and desired him to proceed; but held by the arm of my chair, to steady me lest my little tremblings should increase. The faintness *had* left some little tremblings upon me, Lucy; and one would not care, you know, to be thought affected by anything in his story. He proceeded.

AT Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are seated two branches of a noble family, marquises and counts of Porretta, which boasts its pedigree from Roman princes, and has given to the church two cardinals; one in the latter age, the other in the beginning of this.

The Marchese della Porretta, who resides in Bologna, is a nobleman of great merit: his lady is illustrious by descent, and still more so for her goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, and prudence. They have three sons and a daughter——

[Ah, that daughter! thought I.]

The eldest of the sons is a general officer, in the service of the king of the Two Sicilies; a man of equal honour and bravery, but passionate and haughty, valuing himself on his descent. The second is devoted to the church, and is already a bishop. The interest of his family, and his own merits, it is not doubted, will one day, if he lives, give him a place in the Sacred College. The third, Signor Jeronymo (or, as he is sometimes called, the Barone) della Porretta, has a regiment in the service of the king of Sardinia. The sister is the favourite of them all. She is lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and has high, but just, notions of the nobility of her descent, of the honour of her sex, and of what is due to her own character. She is pious, charitable, beneficent. Her three brothers preferred her interests to their own. Her father used to call her, *The pride of his life;* her mother, *her other self; her own Clementina.*

[CLEMENTINA!—Ah! Lucy, what a pretty name is Clementina!]

I became intimate with Signor Jeronymo at Rome, near two years before I had the honour to be known to the rest of his family, except by his report, which he made run very high in my favour. He was master of many fine qualities; but had contracted friendship with a set of dissolute young men of rank, with whom he was very earnest to make me acquainted. I allowed myself to be often in their company; but, as they were totally abandoned in their morals, it was in hopes, by degrees, to draw him from them: but a love of pleasure had got fast hold of him; and his other companions prevailed over his good nature. He had courage, but not enough to resist their libertine attacks upon his morals.

Such a friendship could not hold, while each stood his ground; and neither would advance to meet the other. In short, we parted, nor held a correspondence in absence: but afterwards meeting, by accident, at Padua, and Jeronymo having, in the interim, been led into inconveniences, he avowed a change of principles, and the friendship was renewed.

It however held not many months: a lady, less celebrated for virtue than beauty, obtained an influence over him, against warning, against promise.

On being expostulated with, and his promise claimed, he resented the friendly freedom. He was passionate; and, on this occasion, less polite than it was natural for him to be: he even defied his friend. My dear Jeronymo! how generously has he acknowledged since the part his friend, at that time, acted! But the result was, they parted resolving never more to see each other.

Jeronymo pursued the adventure which had occasioned the difference; and one of the lady's admirers, envying him his supposed success, hired Brescian bravoes to assassinate him.

The attempt was made in the Cremonese. They had got him into their toils in a little thicket at some distance from the road. I, attended by two servants, happened to be passing, when a frightened horse ran across the way, his bridle broken, and his saddle bloody. This making me apprehend some mischief to the rider, I drove down the opening he came from, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians; one of whom was just stopping his mouth,

the other stabbing him. I leapt out of the post chaise, and drew my sword, running towards them as fast as I could: and calling to my servants to follow me, indeed calling as if I had a number with me, in order to alarm them. On this they fled; and I heard them say, Let us make off; we have done his business. Incensed at the villany, I pursued and came up with one of them, who turned upon me. I beat down his *trembone*, a kind of blunderbuss, just as he presented it at me, and had wounded and thrown him on the ground; but seeing the other ruffian turning back to help his fellow, and on a sudden two others appearing with their horses, I thought it best to retreat, though I would fain have secured one of them. My servants then, seeing my danger, hastened, shouting towards me. The bravoes (perhaps apprehending there were more than two) seemed as glad to get off with their rescued companion as I was to retire. I hastened then to the unhappy man: but how much was I surprised, when I found him to be the Barone della Porretta, who, in disguise, had been actually pursuing his amour.

He gave signs of life. I instantly despatched one of my servants to Cremona for a surgeon: I bound up, meantime, as well as I could, two of his wounds, one in his shoulder the other in his breast. He had one in his hip-joint, which disabled him from helping himself, and which I found beyond my skill to do anything with; only endeavouring with my handkerchief to stop its bleeding. I helped him into my chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till one of my men told me, they had, in another part of the thicket, found his servant bound and wounded, his horse lying dead by his side. I then alighted, and put the poor fellow into the chaise, he being stiff with his hurts, and unable to stand.

I walked by the side of it; and in this manner moved towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon.

My servant soon returned with one. Jeronymo had fainted away. The surgeon dressed him, and proceeded with him to Cremona. Then it was, that, opening his eyes, he beheld and knew me; and being told by the surgeon that he owed his preservation to me, O Grandison! said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!

—How did I insult you!—Can my deliverer forgive me! You shall be the director of my future life, if it please God to restore me.

His wounds proved not mortal; but he never will be the man he was: partly from his having been unskilfully treated by this his first surgeon, and partly from his own impatience and the difficulty of curing the wound in his hip-joint. Excuse this particularity, madam. The subject requires it; and Signor Jeronymo now deserves it, and all your pity.

I attended him at Cremona, till he was fit to remove. He was visited there by his whole family from Bologna. There never was a family more affectionate to one another. The suffering of one is the suffering of every one. The Barone was exceedingly beloved by his father, mother, sister, for the sweetness of his manners, his affectionate heart, and a wit so delightfully gay and lively, that his company was sought by everybody.

You will easily believe, madam, from what I have said, how acceptable to the whole family the service was which I had been so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined to bless me; and the more, when they came to know that I was the person whom their Jeronymo, in the days of our intimacy, had highly extolled in his letters to his sister, and to both brothers; and who now related to them, by word of mouth, the occasion of the coolness that had passed between us, with circumstances as honourable for me, as the contrary for himself: such were his penitential confessions, in the desperate condition to which he found himself reduced.

He now, as I attended by his bed or his couch-side, frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had, till *now*, derided. He besought me to forgive him for treating them before with levity, and me with disrespect, next, as he said, to insult: and he begged his family to consider me not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his *morals*. This gave the whole family the highest opinion of *mine;* and, still more to strengthen it, the generous youth produced to them, though as I may say, at his own expense (for his reformation was sincere), a letter which I wrote to lie by him, in hopes to enforce his temporary convictions; for he had a noble nature, and a

lively sense of what was due to his character, and to the love and piety of his parents, the bishop, and his sister; though he was loath to think he could be wrong in those pursuits in which he was willing to indulge himself.

Never was there a more grateful family. The noble *father* was uneasy, because he knew not how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart, to a man in genteel circumstances, the obligation laid upon them all. The *mother*, with a freedom more amiably great than the Italian ladies are accustomed to express, bid her Clementina regard, as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third. The Barone declared, that he should never rest, nor *recover*, till he had got me rewarded in such manner as all the world should think I had honour done me in it.

When the Barone was removed to Bologna, the whole family were studious to make occasions to get me among them. The general made me promise, when *my relations*, as he was pleased to express himself, at Bologna, could part with me, to give him my company at Naples. The bishop, who passed all the time he had to spare from his diocese at Bologna, and who is a learned man, in compliment to his *fourth* brother, would have me initiate him into the knowledge of the English tongue.

Our Milton has deservedly a name among them. The friendship that there was between him and a learned nobleman of their country, endeared his memory to them. Milton, therefore, was a principal author with us. Our lectures were usually held in the chamber of the wounded brother, in order to divert him: *he* also became my scholar. The father and mother were often present; and at such times their Clementina was seldom absent. *She* also called me her tutor; and, though she was not half so often present at the lectures as her brothers were, made a greater proficiency than either of them.

[Do you doubt it, Lucy?]

The father, as well as the bishop, is learned; the mother well read. She had had the benefit of a French education; being brought up by her uncle, who resided many years at Paris in a public character: and her daughter had, under her own eye, advantages in her education which are hardly ever

allowed or sought after by the Italian ladies. In such company, you may believe, madam, that I, who was kept abroad against my wishes, passed my time very agreeably. I was particularly honoured with the confidence of the marchioness, who opened her heart to me, and consulted me on every material occurrence. Her lord, who was one of the politest of men, was never better pleased than when he found us together; and not seldom, though we were not engaged in lectures, the fair Clementina claimed a right to be where her mother was.

About this time, the young Count of Belvedere returned to Parma, in order to settle in his native country. His father was a favourite in the court of the Princess of Parma, and attended that lady to Madrid, on her marriage with the late king of Spain, where he held a very considerable post, and lately died there immensely rich. On a visit to this noble family, the young lord saw, and loved Clementina.

The Count of Belvedere is a handsome, a gallant, a sensible man; his fortune is very great: such an alliance was not to be slighted. The marquis gave his countenance to it: the marchioness favoured me with several conversations upon the subject. She was of opinion, perhaps, that it was necessary to know my thoughts on this occasion; for the younger brother, unknown to me, declared, that he thought there was no way of rewarding my merits to the family but by giving me a relation to it. Dr. Bartlett, madam, can show you, from my letters to him, some conversations, which will convince you, that in Italy, as well as in other countries, there are persons of honour, of goodness, of generosity; and who are above reserve, vindictiveness, jealousy, and those other bad passions by which some mark indiscriminately a whole nation.

For my own part, it was impossible (distinguished as I was by every individual of this noble family, and lovely as is this daughter of it, mistress of a thousand good qualities, and myself absolutely disengaged in my affections) that my vanity should not sometimes be awakened, and a wish arise that there might be a possibility of obtaining such a prize: but I checked the vanity the moment I could find it begin to play about and warm my heart. To have attempted to recom-

mend myself to the young lady's favour, though but by looks, by assiduities, I should have thought an infamous breach of the trust and confidence they all reposed in me.

The pride of a family so illustrious in its descent; their fortunes unusually high for the country which, by the goodness of their hearts, they adorned; the relation they bore to the church; my foreign extraction and interest; the lady's exalted merits, which made her of consequence to the hearts of several illustrious youths, before the Count of Belvedere made known his passion for her; none of which the fond family thought worthy of their Clementina, nor any of whom could engage her heart; but, above all, the difference in religion; the young lady so remarkably steadfast in hers, that it was with the utmost difficulty they could restrain her from assuming the veil; and who once declared, in anger, on hearing me, when called upon, avow my principles, that she grudged to a heretic the glory of having saved the Barone della Porretta; all these considerations outweighed any hopes that might otherwise have arisen in a bosom so sensible of the favours they were continually heaping upon me.

About the same time, the troubles, now so happily appeased, broke out in Scotland: hardly anything else was talked of in Italy, but the progress, and supposed certainty of success, of the young invader. I was often obliged to stand the triumphs and exultations of persons of rank and figure; being known to be warm in the interest of my country. I had a good deal of this kind of spirit to contend with, even in this more moderate Italian family; and this frequently brought on debates, which I would gladly have avoided holding; but it was impossible. Every new advice from England revived the disagreeable subject; for the success of the rebels, it was not doubted, would be attended with the restoration of what they called the Catholic religion: and Clementina particularly, pleased herself that then her *heretic tutor* would take refuge in the bosom of his holy mother, the church: and she delighted to say things of this nature in the language I was teaching her, and which, by this time, she spoke very intelligibly.

I took a resolution, hereupon, to leave Italy for a while, and to retire to Vienna, or to some one of the German

courts that was less interested than they were in Italy in the success of the Chevalier's undertaking; and I was the more desirous to do so, as the displeasure of Olivia against me began to grow serious, and to be talked of, even by herself, with less discretion than was consistent with her high spirit, her noble birth, and ample fortune.

I communicated my intention to the marchioness first: the noble lady expressed her concern at the thoughts of my quitting Italy, and engaged me to put off my departure for some weeks; but, at the same time, hinted to me, with an explicitness that is peculiar to her, her apprehensions, and her lord's, that I was in love with her Clementina. I convinced her of my honour, in this particular; and she so well satisfied the marquis, in this respect, that, on their daughter's absolute refusal of the Count of Belvedere, they confided in me to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and I had a conference upon the subject; Dr. Bartlett can give you the particulars. The father and mother, unknown to us both, had placed themselves in a closet adjoining to the room we were in, and which communicated to another, as well as to that: they had no reason to be dissatisfied with what they heard me say to their daughter.

The time of my departure from Italy drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the younger brother (still unknown to me, for he doubted not but I should rejoice at the honour he hoped to prevail upon them to do me) declared in my favour. They objected the more obvious difficulties in relation to religion and my country: he desired to be commissioned to talk to me on those subjects, and to his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but they would not hear of his speaking to me on this subject; the marchioness giving generous reasons, on my behalf, for her joining in the refusal; and undertaking herself to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her her reasons for rejecting every proposal that had been made her.

She accordingly closeted her Clementina. She could get nothing from her but tears: a silence, without the least appearance of sullenness, had, for some days before, shown that a deep melancholy had begun to lay hold of her heart:

she was, however, offended when love was attributed to her; yet her mother told me, that she could not but suspect that she was under the dominion of that passion, without knowing it; and the rather, as she was never cheerful but when she was taking lessons for learning a tongue, which never, as the marchioness said, was likely to be of use to her.

['As the *marchioness* said'—Ah, my Lucy!]

The melancholy increased. Her tutor, as he was called, was desired to talk to her. He did. It was a task put upon him that had its difficulties. It was observed, that she generally assumed a cheerful air while she was with *him*, but said little; yet seemed pleased with everything he said to her; and the little she did answer, though he spoke in Italian or French, was in her newly-acquired language: but, the moment he was gone, her countenance fell, and she was studious to find opportunities to get from company.

[What think you of my fortitude, Lucy? Was I not a good girl? But my curiosity kept up my spirits. When I come to reflect, thought I, I shall have it all upon my pillow.]

Her parents were in the deepest affliction. They consulted physicians, who all pronounced her malady to be love. She was taxed with it; and all the indulgence promised her that her heart could wish, as to the object; but still she could not, with patience, bear the imputation. Once she asked her woman, who told her that she was certainly in love, Would you have me hate myself?—Her mother talked to her of the passion in favourable terms, and as laudable: she heard her with attention, but made no answer.

The evening before the day I was to set out for Germany the family made a sumptuous entertainment in honour of a guest on whom they had conferred so many favours. They had brought themselves to approve of his departure the more readily, as they were willing to see whether his absence would affect their Clementina; and, if it did, in what manner.

They left it to her choice, whether she would appear at table or not. She chose to be there. They all rejoiced at her recovered spirits. She was exceeding cheerful: she

supported her part of the conversation, during the whole evening, with her usual vivacity and good sense, insomuch that I wished to myself I had departed sooner. Yet it is surprising, thought I, that this young lady, who seemed always to be pleased, and even since these reveries have had power over her, to be most cheerful in my company, should rejoice in my departure; should seem to owe her recovery to it; a departure which every one else kindly regrets: and yet there was nothing in her behaviour or looks that appeared in the least affected. When acknowledgments were made to me of the pleasure I had given to the whole family, she joined in them: when my health and happiness were wished, she added *her* wishes by cheerful bows, as she sat: when they wished to see me again, before I went to England, she did the same. So that my heart was dilated: I was overjoyed to see such a happy alteration. When I took leave of them, she stood forward to receive my compliments with a polite French freedom. I offered to press her hand with my lips: My brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, and, in a manner, offered her cheek; adding, God preserve my tutor wherever he sets his foot (and in English, God convert you too, chevalier!) May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us!

Signor Jeronymo was not able to be with us. I went up to take leave of him: Oh, my Grandison! said he, and flung his arms about my neck; and will you go?—Blessings attend you!—But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you?

You will rejoice me, replied I, if you will favour me with a few lines, by a servant whom I shall leave behind me for three or four days, and who will find me at Inspruck, to let me know how you all do; and whether your sister's health continues.

She must, she shall be yours, said he, if I can manage it. Why, why will you leave us?

I was surprised to hear him say this: he had never before been so particular.

That cannot, cannot be, said I. There are a thousand obstacles——

All of which, rejoined he, that depend upon us, I doubt not to overcome. Your heart is not with Olivia?

They all knew, from that lady's indiscretion, of the proposals that had been made me relating to her: and of my declining them. I assured him that my heart was free.

We agreed upon a correspondence, and I took leave of one of the most grateful of men.

But how much was I afflicted when I received at Inspruck the expected letter, which acquainted me that this sunshine lasted no longer than the next day! The young lady's malady returned with redoubled force. Shall I, madam, briefly relate to you the manner in which, as her brother wrote, it operated upon her?

She shut herself up in her chamber, not seeming to regard or know that her woman was in it; nor did she answer to two or three questions that her woman asked her; but, setting her chair with its back towards her, over against a closet in the room, after a profound silence, she bent forwards, and, in a low voice seemed to be communing with a person in the closet.—'And you say he is actually gone? 'Gone for ever? No, not for ever!'

Who gone, madam? said her woman. To whom do you direct your discourse?

'We were all obliged to him, no doubt. So bravely to 'rescue my brother, and to pursue the bravoes: and, as my 'brother says, to put him in his own chaise, and walk on 'foot by the side of it.—Why, as you say, assassins might 'have murdered him: the horses might have trampled him 'under their feet.' Still looking as if she were speaking to somebody in the closet.

Her woman stept to the closet, and opened the door, and left it open, to take off her attention to the place, and to turn the course of her ideas; but still she bent forward towards it, and talked calmly, as if to somebody in it: then breaking into a faint laugh, 'In love!—that is such a silly 'notion: and yet I love everybody better than I love myself.'

Her mother came into the room just then. The young lady arose in haste, and shut the closet door, as if she had somebody hid there, and throwing herself at her mother's feet, My dear, my ever-honoured mamma, said she, forgive

me for all the trouble I have caused you!—But I will, I must, you can't deny me; I will be God's child, as well as yours. I will go into a nunnery.

It came out afterwards, that her confessor, taking advantage of confessions extorted from her of regard for her tutor, though only such as a sister might bear to a brother, but which he had suspected might come to be of consequence, had filled her tender mind with terrors, that had thus affected her head. She is, as I have told you, madam, a young lady of exemplary piety.

I will not dwell on a scene so melancholy. How I afflict your tender heart, my good Miss Byron!

[Do you think, Lucy, I did not weep? Indeed I did—Poor young lady!—But my mind was *fitted* for the indulging of scenes so melancholy. Pray, sir, proceed, said I: what a heart must that be, which bleeds not for such a distress! Pray, sir, proceed.]

Be it Dr. Bartlett's task to give you further particulars. I will be briefer—I will not indulge my own grief.

All that medicine could do was tried: but her confessor, who, however, is an honest, a worthy man, kept up her fears and terrors. He saw the favour her tutor was in with the whole family: he knew that the younger brother had declared for rewarding him in a very high manner: he had more than once put this favoured man upon an avowal of his principles: and, betwixt her piety and her gratitude, had raised such a conflict in her mind, as her tender nature could not bear.

At Florence lives a family of high rank and honour, the ladies of which have with them a friend noted for the excellency of her heart and her genius; and who, having been robbed of her fortune early in life by an uncle to whose care she was committed by her dying father, was received both as a companion and a blessing, by the ladies of the family she has now for many years lived with. She is an Englishwoman, and a Protestant; but so very discreet, that her being so, though at first they hoped to proselyte her, gives them not a less value for her; and yet they are all zealous Roman Catholics. These two ladies, and this their companion, were visiting one day at the Marchese della Por-

retta's; and there the distressed mother told them the mournful tale: the ladies, who think nothing that is within the compass of human prudence impossible to their Mrs. BEAUMONT, wished that the young lady might be entrusted for a week to her care, at their own house at Florence.

It was consented to, as soon as proposed; and Signora Clementina was as willing to go; there having always been an intimacy between the families; and she (as everybody else) having a high opinion of Mrs. Beaumont. They took her with them on the day they set out from Florence.

Here, again, for shortening my story, I will refer to Dr. Bartlett. Mrs. Beaumont went to the bottom of the malady: she gave her advice to the family upon it. They were resolved (Signor Jeronymo supported her advice) to be governed by it. The young lady was told, that she should be indulged in all her wishes. She then acknowledged what those were; and was the easier for the acknowledgment, and for the advice of such a prudent friend; and returned to Bologna much more composed than when she left it. The tutor was sent for, by common consent; for there had been a convention of the whole family; the Urbino branch, as well as the general, being present. In that, the terms to be proposed to the supposed happy man were settled; but they were not to be mentioned to him, till after he had seen the lady: a wrong policy, surely.

He was then at Vienna. Signor Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him in high terms; as a man, whom he had it now, at last, in his power to reward: and he hinted, in general, that the conditions would be such, as it was impossible but he must find his very great advantage in them; as to fortune, to be sure, he meant.

The friend so highly valued could not but be affected with the news; yet, knowing the lady and the family, he was afraid that the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised between them. He therefore summoned up all his prudence to keep his fears alive, and his hope in suspense.

He arrived at Bologna. He was permitted to pay his compliments to Lady Clementina in her mother's presence. How agreeable, how nobly frank, was the reception both

from mother and daughter! How high ran the congratulations of Jeronymo! He called the supposed happy man *brother*. The marquis was ready to recognise the *fourth* son in him. A great fortune additional to an estate bequeathed her by her two grandfathers, was proposed. My father was to be invited over, to grace the nuptials by his presence.

But let me cut short the rest. The terms could not be complied with. For I was to make a formal renunciation of my religion, and to settle in Italy: only once, in two or three years, was allowed, if I pleased, for two or three months, to go to England; and, as a visit of curiosity, once in her life, if their daughter desired it, to carry her thither, for a time to be limited by them.

What must be my grief, to be obliged to disappoint such expectations as were raised by persons who had so sincere a value for me! You cannot, madam, imagine my distress: so little as could be expected to be allowed by them to the principles of a man whom they supposed to be in an error that would inevitably cast him into perdition! But when the friendly brother implored my compliance; when the excellent mother, in effect, besought me to have pity on *her* heart, and on her *child's* head; and when the tender, the amiable Clementina, putting *herself* out of the question, urged me, for my soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother, the church—What, madam—But how I grieve you!

[He stopt—his handkerchief was of use to him, as mine was to me—What a distress was here!]

And what, and what, sir, (sobbing,) was the result? Could you, *could* you resist?

Satisfied in my own faith; entirely satisfied! Having insuperable objections to that I was wished to embrace!—A lover of my native country too—Were not my God and my country to be the sacrifice, if I complied! But I *laboured*, I *studied*, for a compromise. I must have been unjust to Clementina's merit, and to my own character, had she not been dear to me. And indeed I beheld graces in her *then*, that I had before resolved to shut my eyes against; her rank next to princely; her fortune high as her rank;

religion; country; all so many obstacles, that had appeared to me insuperable, removed by themselves; and no apprehension left of a breach of the laws of hospitality, which had, till now, made me struggle to behold one of the most amiable and noble-minded of women with indifference.—I offered to live one year in Italy, one in England, by turns, if their dear Clementina would live with me there; if not, I would content myself with passing only three months, in every year, in my native country. I proposed to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by *her*, the sons by *me;* a condition to which his holiness himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction, as there were precedents for it. This, madam, was a great sacrifice to compassion, to love.—What *could* I more!

And would not, sir, would not Clementina consent to this compromise?

Ah, the unhappy lady! It is this reflection that strengthens my grief. She *would* have consented: she was earnest to procure the consent of her friends upon these terms. This her earnestness in my favour, devoted as she was to her religion, *excites* my compassion, and *calls for* my gratitude.

What scenes, what distressful scenes, followed!—The noble father forgot his promised indulgence; the mother indeed seemed, in a manner, neutral; the youngest brother was still, however, firm in my cause; but the marquis, the general, the bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were not to be moved; and the less, because they considered the alliance as derogatory to their own honour, in the same proportion as they thought it honourable to me; a *private*, an *obscure* man, as now they began to call me. In short, I was allowed, I was *desired*, to depart from Bologna; and not suffered to take leave of the unhappy Clementina, though on her knees she begged to be allowed a parting interview—And what was the consequence?—Dr. Bartlett must tell the rest—Unhappy Clementina!—Now they wish me to make them one more visit at Bologna!—Unhappy Clementina!—To what purpose?

I saw his noble heart was too much affected to answer questions, had I had voice to ask any.

But, oh my friends! you see how it is! Can I be so unhappy as he is? As his Clementina is? Well might Dr. Bartlett say, that this excellent man is not happy. Well might he himself say, that he has suffered greatly, even from good women. Well might he complain of sleepless nights. Unhappy Clementina! let me repeat after him; and not happy Sir Charles Grandison!—And who, my dear, is happy? Not, I am sure, your HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XXXI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

I WAS *forced* to lay down my pen. I begin a new letter. I did not think of concluding my former where I did.

Sir Charles saw me in grief, and forgot his own, to applaud my *humanity*, as he called it, and sooth me. I have often, said he, referred you, in my narrative, to Dr. Bartlett. I will beg of him to let you see anything you shall wish to see, in the free and unreserved correspondence we have held. You that love to entertain your friends with your narrations, will find something, perhaps, in a story like this, to engage their curiosity. On their honour and candour, I am sure, I may depend. Are they not *your* friends? Would to Heaven it were in my *power* to contribute to *their* pleasure and *yours!*

I only bowed. I *could* only bow.

I told you, madam, that my compassion was engaged; but that my honour was free; I *think* it is so. But when you have seen all that Dr. Bartlett will show you, you will be the better able to judge *of* me, and *for* me. I had rather be thought favourably of by Miss Byron than by any woman in the world.

Who, sir, said I, knowing only so far as I know of the unhappy Clementina, but must wish her to be——

Ah, Lucy! there I stopt—I had like to have been a false girl!—and yet ought I not, from my heart, to have been able to say what I was going to say?—I do aver, Lucy, upon repeated experience, that love is a narrower of the

heart. Did I not use to be thought generous and benevolent, and to be above all selfishness? But am I so now?

And now, madam, said he [and he was going to take my hand, but with an air, as if he thought the freedom would be too great—a tenderness *so* speaking in his eyes; a respectfulness *so* solemn in his countenance; he just touched it, and withdrew his hand], what shall I say?—I cannot tell what I *should* say—but you, I see, can pity me—you can pity the noble Clementina—honour forbids me!—Yet honour bids me—yet I cannot be unjust, ungenerous—selfish——

He arose from his seat—Allow me, madam, to thank you for the favour of your ear—pardon me for the trouble I see I have given to a heart that is capable of a sympathy so tender——

And, bowing low, he withdrew with precipitation, as if he would not let me see his emotion. He left me looking here, looking there, as if for my heart; and then, as giving it up for irrecoverable, I became for a few moments motionless, and a statue.

A violent burst of tears recovered me to sense and motion; and just then Miss Grandison (who, having heard her brother withdraw, forbore for a few minutes to enter, supposing he would return), hearing me sob, rushed in.—Oh, my Harriet! said she, clasping her arms about me, what is done?—Do I, or do I not, embrace my sister, my *real* sister, my sister Grandison?

Ah, my Charlotte! No flattering hope is now left me—no sister! It must not, it cannot be! The lady is—but lead me, lead me out of this room!—I don't love it! spreading one hand before my eyes, my tears trickling between my fingers—tears that flowed not only for myself, but for Sir Charles Grandison and the unhappy Clementina: for, gather you not, from what he said, that something disastrous has befallen the poor lady? And then, supporting myself with her arm, I hurried out of Lord L——'s study, and up stairs into my own chamber; she following me—Leave me, leave me here, dear creature, said I, for six minutes: I will attend you then, in your own dressing-room.

She kindly retired; I threw myself into a chair, indulged

my tears for a few moments, and was the fitter to receive the two sisters, who, hand in hand, came into my room to comfort me.

But I could not relate what had passed immediately with any connexion: I told them only, that all was over; that their brother was to be pitied, not blamed; and that if they would allow me to recollect some things that were most affecting, I would attend them; and they should have my narrative the more exactly, for the indulgence.

They stayed no longer with me than to see me a little composed.

Sir Charles and Dr. Bartlett went out together in his chariot: he inquired more than once of my health; saying to his sister Charlotte that he was afraid he had affected me too much, by the melancholy tale he had been telling me.

He excused himself from dining with us. Poor man! What must be his distress!—Not able to see us, to sit with us!

I would have excused myself also, being not very fit to appear; but was not permitted.

I sat, however, but a very little while at table after dinner: yet how tedious did the dinner-time appear! The servants' eyes were irksome to me; so were Emily's (dear girl!) glistening as they did, though she knew not for what, but sympathetically, as I may say; she supposing that all was not as she would have it.

She came up soon after to me—One word, my dearest madam (the door in her hand, and her head only within it): tell me only that there is no misunderstanding between my guardian and you!—Tell me only *that*——

None, my dear!—None, none at all, my Emily!

Thank God! clasping her hands together; thank God! If there were, I should not have known whose part to take! —But I won't disturb you—and was going.

Stay, stay, my precious young friend! Stay, my Emily! I arose; took her hand: My sweet girl! say, will you live with me?

God for ever bless you, dearest madam!—*Will* I? It is the wish next my heart.

Will you go down with me to Northamptonshire, my love?

To the world's end I will attend you, madam: I will be your handmaid; and I will love you better than I love my guardian, if possible.

Ah, my dear! but how will you live without seeing your guardian now and then?

Why, he will live with us, won't he?

No, no, my dear!—And you would choose, then, to live with him, not with me; would you?——

Indeed but I won't—indeed I will live and die with you, if you will let me; and I warrant his kind heart will often lead him to us. But tell me, why these tears, madam? Why this grief?—Why do you speak so quick and short? And why do you seem to be in such a hurry?

Do I speak quick and short? *Do* I seem to be in a hurry? —Thank you, my love, for your observation. And now leave me: I will profit by it.

The amiable girl withdrew on tiptoe; and I set about composing myself.

I was obliged to her for her observation: it was really of use to me. But you must think, Lucy, that I must be fluttered.—His manner of *leaving* me—was it not particular? —To break from me so *abruptly*, as I may say—and what he said with looks so earnest! Looks that seemed to carry more meaning than his words: and withdrawing without conducting me out, as he had led me in—and as if—I don't know how as if—but you will give me your opinion of all these things. I can't say but I think my suspense is over, and yet in a way not very desirable—yet—but why should I puzzle myself? What must be, must.

At afternoon tea, the gentlemen not being returned, and Emily undertaking the waiter's office, I gave my lord and the two ladies, though she was present, some account of what had passed, but briefly; and I had just finished, and was quitting the room, as the two gentlemen entered the door.

Sir Charles instantly addressed me with apologies for the concern he had given me. His emotion was visible as he spoke to me. He hesitated: he trembled. *Why* did he hesitate? *Why* did he tremble?

I told him, I was not ashamed to own that I was very much affected by the melancholy story. The poor lady, said I, is greatly to be pitied—but remember, sir, what you promised Doctor Bartlett should do for me.

I have been requesting the doctor to fulfil my engagements.

And I am ready to obey, said the good man. My agreeable task shall soon be performed.

As I *was* at the door, going up stairs to my closet, I courtesied, and pursued my intention.

He bowed, said nothing, and looked, I thought, as if he were disappointed that I did not return to company.—No indeed!

Yet I pity him at my heart: how odd is it, then, to be angry with him?—So much goodness, so much sensibility, so much compassion (whence all his woes, I believe), never met together in a heart so manly.

Tell me, tell me, my dear Lucy—yet tell me nothing till I am favoured with, and you have read, the account that will be given me by Dr. Bartlett: then, I hope, we shall have everything before us.

—o—

Saturday, March 25.

HE [Yet why that disrespectful word?—Fie upon me, for my narrowness of heart!] *Sir Charles* is setting out for town. He cannot be happy, himself; he is therefore giving himself the pleasure of endeavouring to make his friends so. He can *enjoy* the happiness of his *friends!* Oh, the blessing of a benevolent heart! Let the world frown as it will upon such a one, it cannot possibly bereave it of all delight.—Fortune, do thy worst! If Sir Charles Grandison cannot be happy with his Clementina, he will make himself a partaker of Lord G——'s happiness; and as that will secure, if not her own fault, the happiness of his sister, he will not be destitute of felicity. And let me, after his example—Ah, Lucy! that I could!—but in time, I hope, I shall *deserve*, as well as be esteemed, to be the girl of my grandmamma and aunt; and then, of course, be worthy to be called, my dear Lucy, your HARRIET BYRON.

Saturday, noon.

SIR CHARLES is gone, and I have talked over the matter again with the ladies and Lord L——.

What do you think?—They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very best of my recollection—*they all will have it*, that Sir Charles's great struggle, his great grief, is owing —his great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think—but let it go) is between his *compassion* for the unhappy Clementina, and his *love*—for—somebody else.

But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart? *Compassion*, Lucy!—The compassion of such a heart—it must be *love*—and ought it not to be to *such* a woman?—Tell me—don't you, Lucy, with all *yours*, pity the unhappy Clementina, who loves, against the principles of her religion, and in that respect, against her *inclination*, a man who cannot be hers, but by a violation of his honour and conscience?—What a fatality in a love so circumstanced!—To *love* against *inclination!* What a sound has that! But what an absurdity is this passion called love? Or rather, of what absurd things does it make its votaries guilty? Let mine be evermore circumscribed by the laws of reason, of duty; and then my recollections, my reflections, will never give me a lasting disturbance:

DR. BARTLETT has desired me to let him know what the particular passages are, of which I more immediately wish to be informed, for our better understanding the unhappy Clementina's story, and has promised to transcribe them. I have given him a list in writing. I have been half guilty of affectation. I have asked for some particulars that Sir Charles referred to, which are not so immediately interesting: the history of Olivia, of Mrs. Beaumont; the debates Sir Charles mentioned, between himself and Signor Jeronymo: but, Lucy, the particulars I am most impatient for, are these:

His first conference with Lady Clementina on the subject of the Count of Belvedere; which her father and mother overheard.

The conference he was desired to hold with her, on her being first seized with melancholy.

Whether her particularly cheerful behaviour, on his departure from Bologna, is anywhere accounted for.

By what means Mrs. Beaumont prevailed on her to acknowledge a passion so studiously concealed from the tenderest of parents.

Sir Charles's reception, on his return from Vienna.

What regard his proposals of compromise, as to religion and residence, met with, as well from the family, as from Clementina.

The most important of all, Lucy—the last distressful parting. What made it necessary; what happened at Bologna afterwards; and what the poor Clementina's situation now is.

If the doctor is explicit, with regard to this article, we shall be able to account for their desiring him to revisit them at Bologna, after so long an absence, and for his seeming to think it will be to no purpose to oblige them. O Lucy! what a great deal depends upon the answer to this article, as it may happen!—But no more suspense, I beseech you, Sir Charles Grandison! No more suspense, I pray you, Dr. Bartlett! My heart sickens at the thought of further suspense. I cannot bear it.

Adieu, Lucy! Lengthening my letter would be only dwelling longer (for I know not how to change my subject) on weakness and follies that have already given you *too much* pain for your HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XXXII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Colnebrook, Monday, March 27.

DR. BARTLETT, seeing our impatience, asked leave to take the assistance of his nephew in transcribing from Sir Charles's letters the passages that will enable him to perform the task he has so kindly undertaken. By this means, he has already presented us with the following transcripts. We have eagerly perused them. When *you* have done so, be pleased to hasten them up, that my cousins Reeves may have the same opportunity. *They* are so good as to give cheerfully the preference to the venerable circle, as my

cousin, who dined with us yesterday, bid me tell you. Oh, my Lucy! what a glorious young man is Sir Charles Grandison! But he had the happiness of a Dr. Bartlett, as he is fond of owning, to improve upon a foundation that was so nobly laid by the best and wisest of mothers.

Dr. Bartlett's first letter.

My task, my good Miss Byron, will be easy, by the assistance you have allowed me: for what is it, but to transcribe part of Sir Charles's letters, adding a few lines, here and there, by way of connexion? And I am delighted with it, as it will make known the heart of my beloved patron in all the lights which the most interesting circumstances can throw upon it, to so many worthy persons as are permitted a share in this confidence.

The first of your commands runs thus——

> *I should imagine,* say you, *that the debate Sir Charles mentions between himself and Signor Jeronymo, and his companions, at their first acquaintance, must be not only curious, but edifying.*

They *are,* my good Miss Byron: but as I presume that you ladies are more intent upon being obeyed in the *other* articles, [See, Lucy, I had better not have dissembled!] I will only at present transcribe for you, with some short connexions, two letters; by which you will see how generously Mr. Grandison sought to recover his friend to the paths of virtue and honour, when he had formed schemes, in conjunction with, and by the instigation of, other gay young men of rank, to draw him in to be a partaker in their guilt, and an abettor of their enterprises.

You will judge from these letters, madam (without shocking you by the recital), what were the commonplace pleas of those libertines, despisers of marriage, of the laws of society, and of WOMEN, but as they were subservient to their pleasures.

To the Barone della Porretta.

WILL my Jeronymo allow his friend, his Grandison, the liberty he is going to take with him? If the friendship he

professes for him be such a one as a great mind can, on reflection, glory in, he *will*. And what is this liberty, but such as constitutes the essence of true friendship?—Allow me, on this occasion, to say that your Grandison has seen more of the world than most men, who have lived no longer in it, have had an opportunity to see. I was sent abroad for improvement, under the care of a man who came out to be the most intriguing and profligate of those to whom a youth was ever entrusted. I saw in *him*, the inconvenience, the odiousness, of libertinism; and, by the assistance of an excellent monitor, with whom I happily became acquainted, and (would it not be false shame, and cowardice if I did not say), by the divine assistance, I escaped snares that were laid to corrupt my morals: hence my dearest friend will the more readily allow me to impart to him some of the lessons that were of so much use to myself.

I am the rather encouraged to take this liberty, as I have often flattered myself that I have seen my Jeronymo affected by the arguments urged in the course of the conversations that have been held in our select meetings at Padua and at Rome; in which the cause of virtue and true honour has been discussed and pleaded.

I have now no hopes of influencing any one of the noble youths, whom, at your request, I have of late so often met: but of *you* I still have hopes, because you continue to declare that you prefer my friendship to theirs. You think that I was disgusted at the ridicule with which they generally treated the arguments they could not answer; but, as far as I innocently could, I followed them in their levity. I returned raillery for ridicule, and not always, as you know, unsuccessfully; but still they renewed the charge, and we had the same arguments one day to refute, that the preceding were given up. They could not convince me, nor I them.

I quit, therefore (yet not without regret), the society I cannot meet with pleasure: but let not my *Jeronymo* renounce me. In *his* opinion I had the honour to stand high, before I was prevailed upon to be introduced to *them;* we cultivated, with mutual pleasure, each other's acquaintance, independent of this association. Let us be to each other, what we were for the first month of our intimacy. You have

noble qualities, but are diffident and too often suffer yourself to be influenced by men of talents inferior to your own.

The ridicule they have aimed at, has weakened, perhaps, the force of the arguments that I wished to have a more than temporary effect on your heart. Permit me to remind you on paper of some of them, and urge to you others: the end I have in view is your good, in hopes to confirm, by the efficacy they may have on you, my own principles: nor think me too serious. The occasion, the call that true friendship makes upon you, is weighty.

You have showed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and others from your uncle; and still, if possible, more admirable ones, from your sister—all filled with concern for your present and future welfare! How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and by *such* a family! And how tenderly does he love them all—What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, that I will not attempt to enforce *their* arguments upon him.

By the endeavours of my friend to find excuses for some of the liberties in which he allows himself, I infer that, if he thought them criminal, he has too much honour to be guilty of them. He cannot say, with the mad Medea,

> '——Video meliora, proboque;
> Deteriora sequor.'——

No! His judgment must be misled, before he can *allow* himself in a deviation. But let him beware; for has not every faulty inclination something to plead in its own behalf? —Excuses, my dear friend, are more than tacit confessions: and the health of the mind, as of the body, is impaired by almost imperceptible degrees.

My Jeronymo has pleaded, and justly may he boast of, a disposition to benevolence, charity, generosity—What pity that he cannot be still more perfect!—that he resolves not against meditated injuries to others of his fellow-creatures! But remember, my lord, that true goodness is a uniform thing, and will alike influence every part of a man's conduct;

and that true generosity will not be confined to obligations, either written or verbal.

Besides, who, though in the least guilty instance and where some false virtue may hold out colours to palliate an excess, can promise himself to stop, when once he has thrown the reins on the neck of lawless appetite? And may I not add, that my Jeronymo is not in his own power? He suffers himself to be a led man!—Oh that he would choose his company anew, and be a leader! Every virtue, then, that warms his heart would have a sister-virtue to encourage the noble flame, instead of a vice to damp it.

Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent; of the excellency of every branch of your family: bear with my question, my lord: Are you determined to sit down satisfied with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your family, have given you reason to applaud *their* worthiness: will you not give them cause to boast of *yours?*

In answer to the earnest entreaties of all your friends, that you will marry, you have said that, were women angels, you would with joy enter into the state—But what ought the *men* to be, who form upon women such expectations?

Can you, my dear lord, despise matrimony, yet hold it to be a sacrament? Can you, defying the maxims of your family, and wishing to have the sister I have heard you mention with such high delight and admiration, strengthen your family interest in the female line, determine against adding to its strength in the male?

You have suffered yourself to speak with contempt of the generality of the Italian women; for their illiterateness. Let not their misfortune be imputed to them, my noble friend, as their fault. They have the same natural geniuses that used to distinguish the men and women of your happy climate. Let not the want of cultivation induce you, a learned man, to hold them cheap. The cause of virtue, and of the sex, can hardly be separated.

But, oh my friend! my Jeronymo! have I not too much reason to fear that guilty attachments have been the cause of your slighting a legal one?—That you are studying for pretences to justify the way of life into which you have fallen?

Let us consider the objects of your pursuit—Alas! there

have been more than one!—Are they women seduced from the path of virtue by yourself?—who otherwise, perhaps, would have married, and made useful members of society?—Consider, my friend, what a capital crime is a seduction of this kind!—Can you glory in the virtue of a sister of your own, and allow yourself in attempts upon the daughter, the sister, of another? And, let me ask, how can that crime be thought pardonable in a man which renders a woman infamous?

A good heart, a delicate mind, cannot associate with a corrupt one. What tie can bind a woman who has parted with her honour? What, in such a guilty attachment, must be a man's alternative, but either to be the tyrant of a wretch who has given him reason to despise her, or the dupe of one who despises him?

It is the important lesson of life (allow me to be serious on a subject *so* serious) in this union of soul and body, to restrain the unruly appetites of the latter, and to improve the faculties of the former—Can this end be attained by licentious indulgences and profligate associations?

Men, in the pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose, that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is in the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker. What can that man say for himself, or for his proud pretension, who employs all his arts to seduce, betray, and ruin the creature whom he should guide and protect—Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe, but the devil and himself!

It is unworthy of a man of spirit to be solicitous to keep himself within the boundaries of human laws, on *no other* motive than to avoid the temporal inconveniences attending the breach of them. The laws were not made so much for the direction of good men, as to circumscribe the bad. Would a man of honour wish to be considered as one of the latter, rather than as one of those who would have distinguished the fit from the unfit, had they *not* been discriminated by human sanctions? Men are to approve themselves at a higher tribunal than at that of men.

Shall not public spirit, virtue, and a sense of duty, have as much influence on a manly heart as a new face? How

contemptibly low is that commerce in which *mind* has no share!

Virtuous love, my dear Jeronymo! looks beyond this temporary scene; while guilty attachments usually find a much earlier period than that of human life. Inconstancy, on one side or the other, seldom fails to put a disgraceful end to them. But were they to endure for *life*, what can the reflections upon them do towards softening the agonies of the inevitable hour?

Remember, my Jeronymo, that you are a MAN, a rational and immortal agent; and act up to the dignity of your nature. Can sensual pleasure be the great end of an immortal spirit in this life?

That pleasure cannot be lasting, and it must be followed by remorse, which is obtained either by doing injustice to, or degrading, a fellow-creature. And does not a woman, when she forfeits her honour, degrade herself, not only in the sight of the world, but in the secret thoughts of even a profligate lover, destroying her own consequence with him?

Build not, my noble friend, upon penances and absolutions: I enter not into those subjects on which we differ as Catholics and Protestants; but, if we would be thought men of true greatness of mind let us endeavour so to act, as not, in essential articles, and with our eyes open, either to want absolution or incur penances. Surely, my lord, it is nobler not to offend than to be obliged to atone.

Are there not, let me ask, innocent delights enow to fill with joy every vacant hour? Believe me, Jeronymo, there are. Let you and me seek for such, and make them the cement of our friendship.

Religion ou of the question, consider what morals and good policy will oblige you to do, as a man born to act a part in public life. What, were the examples set by you and your acquaintance to be *generally* followed, would become of public order and decorum? What of national honours? How will a regular succession in families be kept up? You, my lord, boast of your descent, both by father's and mother's side: why will you deprive *your* children of a distinction in which *you* glory?

Good children, what a blessing to their parents! But

what comfort can the parent have in children born into the world heirs of disgrace, and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have not family honour to support, no fair example to imitate, but must be warned by their father, when bitter experience has convinced him of his errors, to avoid the paths in which *he* has trod?

How delightful the domestic connexion! To bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received there with tender love; to strengthen your own interest in the world by alliance with some noble and worthy family, who shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes—This would, to a generous heart, like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere the unhappy objects of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo even estrange himself from his home, to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out by all the laws of honour from their society? The persons, so shut out, must hate the family to whose *interests* theirs are so contrary. What sincere union then, what sameness of affection, between Jeronymo and the objects of his passion?

But the present hour dances delightfully away, and my friend will not look beyond it. His gay companions applaud and compliment him on his triumphs. In general, perhaps, he allows, 'that the welfare and order of society 'ought to be maintained by submission to divine and hu-'man laws; but *his* single exception for himself can be of 'no importance.' Of what, then, is *general* practice made up?—If every one excepts himself, and offends in the instance that best suits his inclination, what a scene of horror will this world become! Affluence and a gay disposition tempt to licentious pleasures; penury and a gloomy one, to robbery, revenge, and murder. Not one enormity will be without its plea, if once the boundaries of duty are thrown down. But, even in this universal depravity, would not *his* crime be much worse, who robbed me of my child from *riot* and *licentiousness*, and under the guise of love and trust, than *his* who despoiled me of my substance, and had *necessity* to plead in extenuation of his guilt?

I cannot doubt, my dear friend, but you will take, at *least*, kindly, these expostulations, though some of them are upon subjects on which our conversations have been hitherto ineffectual. I submit them to your consideration. I can have no interest in making them, nor motive, but what proceeds from that true friendship with which I desire to be thought Most affectionately yours.

You have heard, my good Miss Byron, that the friendship between Mr. Grandison and Signor Jeronymo was twice broken off: once it was, by the unkindly-taken freedom of the expostulatory letter. Jeronymo, at that time of his life, ill brooked opposition in any pursuit his heart was engaged in. When pushed, he was vehement; and Mr. Grandison could not be over-solicitous to keep up a friendship with a young man who was under the dominion of his dissolute companions; and who would not allow of remonstrances, in cases that concerned his morals.

Jeronymo, having afterwards been drawn into great inconveniences by his libertine friends, broke with them; and Mr. Grandison and he meeting by accident at Pauda, their friendship, at the pressing instances of Jeronymo, was again renewed.

Jeronymo thought himself reformed; Mr. Grandison hoped he was: but, soon after, a temptation fell in his way which he could not resist. It was from a lady, who was more noted for her birth, beauty, and fortune, than for her virtue. She had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison before Jeronymo became acquainted with her; and revenge for her slighted advances taking possession of her heart, she hoped an opportunity would be afforded her of wreaking it upon him.

The occasion was given by the following letter, which Mr. Grandison thought himself obliged, in honour, to write to his friend, on his attachment; the one being then at Padua, the other at Cremona.

I AM extremely concerned, my dear Jeronymo, at your new engagement with a lady, who, though of family and fortune, has shown but little regard to her character. How frail are the resolutions of men! How much in the power of women! But I will not reproach—Yet I cannot but re-

gret, that I must lose your company in our projected visits to the German courts: this, however, more for your sake than my own; since to the principal of them I am no stranger. You have excused yourself to me: I wish you had a better motive: but I write rather to warn than to upbraid you. This lady is mistress of all the arts of woman. She may glory in *her* conquest; you ought not to be proud of *yours*. You *will not*, when you know her better. I have had a singular opportunity of being acquainted with her character. I never judged of characters, of women's especially, by *report*. Had the Barone della Porretta been the first for whom this lady spread her blandishments, a man so amiable as he is might the more assuredly have depended on the love she professes for him. She has two admirers, men of violence, who, unknown to each other, have equal reason to look upon her as their own. You propose not to marry her. I am silent on this subject. Would to Heaven you *were* married to a woman of virtue! Why will you not oblige all your friends? Thus liable as you are—But neither do I expostulate. Well do I know the vehemency with which you are wont to pursue a new adventure. Yet I *had* hoped—But again I restrain myself. Only let me add that the man who shall boast of his success with this lady may have more to apprehend from the competition in which he will find himself engaged, than he can be aware of. Be prudent, my Jeronymo, in this pursuit, for your own sake. The heart that dictates this advice is wholly yours: but, alas! it boasts no further interest in that of its Jeronymo. With infinite regret I subscribe to the latter part of the sentence the once better-regarded name of GRANDISON.

And what was the consequence? The unhappy youth, by the instigation of the revengeful woman, defied his friend, in her behalf. Mr. Grandison, with a noble disdain, appealed to Jeronymo's cooler deliberation; and told him, that he never would meet as a foe the man he had ever been desirous to consider as his friend. You know, my lord, said he, that I am under a disadvantage in having once been obliged to assert myself, in a country where I have no natural connexions; and where you, Jeronymo, have many. If we meet

again, I do assure you it must be by accident; and if that happens, we shall *then* find it time enough to discuss the occasion of our present misunderstanding.

Their next meeting was indeed by accident. It was in the Cremonese; when Mr. Grandison saved his life.

AND now, madam, let me give you, in answer to your second inquiry,

The particulars of the conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with Clementina, in favour of the Count of Belvedere; and which her father and mother, unknown to either of them, overheard.

You must suppose them seated; a Milton's Paradise Lost before them: and that, at this time, Mr. Grandison did not presume that the young lady had any particular regard for him.

Clem. You have taught the prelate, and you have taught the soldier to be in love with your Milton, sir: but I shall never admire him, I doubt. Don't you reckon the language hard and crabbed?

Gr. I did not propose him to you, madam: your brother chose him. We should not have made the proficiency we have, had I not began with you by easier authors. But you have heard me often call him a sublime poet, and your ambition (it is a laudable one) leads you to make him your own too soon. Has not your tutor taken the liberty to chide you for your impatience; for your desire of being everything at once?

Clem. You have; and I own my fault—But to have done, for the present, with Milton; what shall I do to acquit myself of the addresses of this Count of Belvedere?

Gr. Why *would* you acquit yourself of the count's addresses?

Clem. He is not the man I can like: I have told my papa as much, and he is angry with me.

Gr. I think, madam, your papa *may* be a little *displeased* with you; though he loves you too tenderly to be *angry* with you. You reject the count, without assigning a reason.

Clem. Is it not reason enough, that I don't like him?

Gr. Give me leave to say, that the Count is a handsome man. He is young, gallant, sensible; of a family ancient and noble; a grace to it. He is learned, good-natured: he adores you——

Clem. And so let him, if he will: I never can like him.

Gr. Dear lady! you must not be capricious. You will give the most indulgent parents in the world apprehension that you have cast your thoughts on some other object. Young ladies, except in a case of prepossession, do not often reject a person who has so many great and good qualities as shine in this gentleman; and where equality of degree, and a father's and mother's high approbation, add to his merit.

Clem. I suppose you have been spoken to, to talk with me on this subject—it is a subject I don't like.

Gr. You began it, madam.

Clem. I did so; because it is uppermost with me. I am grieved at my heart, that I cannot see the Count with my father's eyes: my father deserves from me every instance of duty, and love, and veneration; but I cannot think of the Count of Belvedere for a husband.

Gr. One reason, madam? One objection?

Clem. He is a man that is not to my mind: a fawning, cringing man, I think—and a spirit that can fawn, and cringe, and kneel will be a tyrant in power.

Gr. Dear madam, to whom is he this obsequious man, but to you—?is there a man in the world that behaves with a more proper dignity to every one else? Nay, to *you*, the lover shines out in him, but the man is not forgot. Is the tenderness shown in a well-placed love, the veneration paid to a deservedly loving object, any derogation to the manly character? Far from it: and shall you think the less of your lover for being the most ardent, and I have no knowledge of the man, if he is not the most sincere of men?

Clem. An excellent advocate!—I am sure you have been spoken to—have you not? Tell me truly? Perhaps by the Count of Belvedere?

Gr. I should not *think*, and of consequence, not *speak*, so highly as I do of the Count, if he were capable of asking any man, your father and brothers excepted, to plead his cause with you.

Clem. I can't bear to be chidden, chevalier. Now *you* are going to be angry with me too. But has not my mamma spoken to you?—Tell me?

Gr. Dear lady, consider, if she *had,* what you owe to a mother, who deserving for her tenderness to her child, the utmost observance and duty, would condescend to put her authority into mediation. And yet let me declare, that no person breathing should make me say what I do not think, whether in favour or disfavour of any man.

Clem. That is no answer. I owe implicit, yes I will say implicit, duty to my mamma for her indulgence to me: but what you have said is no direct answer.

Gr. For the *honour* of that indulgence, madam, I own to you, that your mamma and my lord too, have wished that their Clementina could or would give one substantial reason why she cannot like the Count of Belvedere; that they might prepare themselves to acquiesce with it, and the Count be induced to submit to his evil destiny.

Clem. And they have wished this to *you,* sir? And you have taken upon you to answer their wishes—I protest, you are a man of prodigious consequence with us all; and by your readiness to take up the cause of a man you have so *lately* known, you seem to know it too well.

Gr. I am sorry I have incurred your displeasure, madam.

Clem. You have. I *never* was more angry with you than I now am.

Gr. I hope you never were angry with me *before.* I never gave you reason. And if I have now, I beg your pardon.

I arose to go.

Clem. Very humble, sir!—And are for going before you have it. Now, call me *capricious* again!

Gr. I did not know that you could be so easily displeased, madam.

She wept.

Clem. I am a very weak creature, I believe I am wrong: but I never knew what it was to give offence to anybody till within these few months. I love my father, I love my mother, beyond my own life; and to think that now, when I wish most for the continuance of their goodness to me, I

am in danger of forfeiting it!—I can't bear it!—Do *you* forgive me, however? I believe I have been too petulant to you. Your behaviour is noble, frank, disinterested. It has been a happiness that we have known you. You are everybody's friend. But yet I think it is a little officious in you to plead so *very* warmly for a man of whom you know so little; and when I told you, more than once, I could not like him.

Gr. Honoured as I am, by your whole family, with the appellation of a fourth son, a fourth brother; was I, dear madam, to blame to act up to the character? I know my own heart; and if I have consequence given me, I will act so as to deserve it; at least, my own heart shall give it to me.

Clem. Well, sir, you may be right: I am sure you *mean* to be right. But as it would be a diminution of the *Count's* dignity, to apply to you for a supposed interest in you, which *he* cannot have, it would be much *more* so, to have you interfere, where a father, mother, and other brothers [you see, sir, I allow you a claim of fourth brotherhood], are supposed to have less weight: so no more of the Count of Belvedere, I beseech you, from your mouth.

Gr. One word more, only—Don't let the goodness of your father and mother be construed to the disadvantage of the parental character in them. They have not been positive. They have given their wishes, rather than their commands. Their tenderness for you, in a point so *very* tender, has made them unable to tell their own wishes to you, for fear they should not meet with yours; yet would be, perhaps, glad to hear one solid objection to their proposal—and why? That they might admit of it—Impute, therefore, to my officiousness what you please; and yet I would not wish to disoblige or offend you; but let *their* indulgence (they never will use their authority) have its full merit with you.

Clem. Your servant, sir. I never yet had a slight notion of their indulgence; and I hope I never shall. If you *will* go, go: but, sir, next time I am favoured with your lectures, it shall be upon languages, if you please; and not upon lovers.

I withdrew, profoundly bowing. But surely, thought I, the lovely Clementina is capricious.

Thus far my patron.—Let me add, that the marchioness having acquainted Mr. Grandison that her lord and she had heard every word that had passed, expressed her displeasure at her daughter's petulance; and, thanking him in her lord's name as well as for herself, for the generous part he had taken, told him that Clementina should ask his pardon. He begged that for the sake of their own weight with her on the same subject, she might not know that they had heard what had passed.

I believe that's best, chevalier, answered the marchioness; and I am apt to think that the poor girl will be more ready than perhaps one would wish, to make up with you, were she to find you offended with her in earnest; as you have reason to be, as a *disinterested* man.

You see, chevalier, I know to whom I am speaking; but both my lord and self hope to see her of another mind; and that she will soon be Countess of Belvedere. My lord's heart is in this alliance; so is that of my son Giacomo.

I come now, madam, to your third command; which is, to give you

The conference which Sir Charles was put upon holding with the unhappy Clementina, on her being seized with melancholy. [Mr. Grandison still not presuming on any particular favour from Clementina.]

The young lady was walking in one alley of the garden; Mr. Grandison, and the marquis and marchioness, in another. She was attended by her woman, who walked behind her; and with whom she was displeased for endeavouring to divert her; but who, however, seemed to be talking on, though without being answered.

The dear creature! said the marquis, tears in his eyes—see her there, now walking slow, now with quicker steps, as if she would shake off her Camilla. She hates the poor woman for her love to her: but who *is* it that she sees with pleasure? Did I think that I should ever behold the pride of my heart, with the pain that I now feel for her? Yet she is lovely in my eye, in all she does, in all she says—but, my dear Grandison, we cannot now make her speak more than yes or no. We cannot engage her in a conversation,

no not on the subject of her newly-acquired language. See if you can, on *any* subject.

Ay, chevalier, said the marchioness, do you try to engage her. We have told her that we will not talk of marriage to her at all, till she is herself inclined to receive proposals. Her weeping eyes thank us for our indulgence. She prays for us with lifted-up hands. She courtesies her thanks, if she stands before us: she bows, in acknowledged gratitude for our goodness to her, if she sits; but she cares not to speak. She is not easy while we are talking to her. See! she is stepping into the Greek temple; her poor woman, unanswered, talking to her. She has not seen us. By that winding walk we can, unseen, place ourselves in the myrtle grove, and hear what passes.

The marchioness, as we walked, hinted, that in their last visit to the general at Naples, there was a Count Marulli, a young nobleman of merit but a soldier of fortune, who would have clandestinely obtained the attention of their Clementina. They knew nothing of it till last night, she said; when herself and Camilla, puzzling to what to attribute the sudden melancholy turn of her daughter, and Camilla mentioning what was *unlikely*, as well as likely told her, that the Count would have bribed her to deliver a letter to the young lady; but that she repulsed him with indignation: he besought her then to take no notice of his offer, to the general, on whom all his fortunes depended. She did not, for that reason, to anybody; but, a few days since, she heard her young lady (talking of the gentlemen she had seen at Naples) mention the young Count favourably.—Now it is impossible there can be anything in it, said the marchioness: but do you, however, chevalier, lead to the subject of love, but at a distance; nor name Marulli, because she will think you have been talking with Camilla. The dear girl has pride: she would not endure you, if she thought you imagined her to be in love, especially with a man of inferior degree, or dependent fortunes. But on your prudence we wholly rely; mention it, or not, as matters fall in.

There can be no room for this surmise, my dear, said the marquis; and yet Marulli was lately at Bologna: but

Clementina's spirit will not permit her to encourage a clandestine address.

By this time we had got to the myrtle-grove, behind the temple, and overheard them talk, as follows:

Cam. And why, why must I leave you, madam?—From infancy you know how I have loved you. You used to love to hold converse with your Camilla. How have I offended you? I will not enter this temple till you give me leave; but, indeed, indeed, I must not, I cannot leave you.

Clem. Officious love!—Can there be a greater torment than an officious, prating love!—If you loved me, you would wish to oblige me.

Cam. I *will* oblige you, my dear young lady, in everything I can——

Clem. Then *leave* me, Camilla. I am *best* when I am alone: I am *cheerfullest* when I am alone. You haunt me, Camilla; like a ghost, you haunt me, Camilla. Indeed you are but the ghost of my once obliging Camilla.

Cam. My dearest young lady, let me beseech you——

Clem. Ay, now you come with your *beseeches* again: but if you love me, Camilla, leave me. Am I not to be trusted with myself? Were I a vile young creature, suspected to be running away with some base-born man, you could not be more watchful of my steps.

Camilla would have entered into farther talk with her; but she absolutely forbade her.

Talk till doomsday, I will not say one word more to you, Camilla. I will be silent. I will stop my ears.

They were both silent. Camilla seemed to weep.

Now, my dear chevalier, whispered the marquis, put yourself in her sight; engage her into talk about England, or anything: you will have an hour good before dinner, I hope she will be cheerful at table: she *must* be present; our guests will inquire after her. Reports have gone out, as if her head were hurt.

I am afraid, my lord, that this is an unseasonable moment. She seems to be out of humour; and pardon me if I say that Camilla, good woman as she is, and well-meaning, had better give way to her young lady's humour, at such times.

Then, said the marchioness, will her malady get head;

then will it become habit. But my lord and I will remain where we are, for a few minutes, and do you try to engage her in conversation. I would have her be cheerful before the patriarch, however; he will expect to see her. She is as much his delight as she is ours.

I took a little turn; and, entering the walk which led to the temple, appeared in her sight; and bowed, on seeing her sitting in it. Her woman stood silent, with her handkerchief at her eyes, at the entrance. I quickened my steps, as if I would not break into her retirement, and passed by; but, by means of the winding walk, could hear what she said.

She arose; and stepping forward, looking after me, He is gone, said she. Learn, Camilla, of the Chevalier Grandison——

Shall I call him back, madam?

No. Yes. No. Let him go. I will walk. You may now leave me, Camilla: there is somebody in the garden who will watch me: or, you may stay, Camilla; I don't care which: only don't talk to me when I wish to be silent.

She went into an alley which crossed that in which I was, but took the walk that led from me. When we came to the centre of both, and were very near each other, I bowed: she courtesied; but not seeming to encourage my nearer approach, I made a motion, as if I would take another walk. She stopt. Learn of the Chevalier Grandison, Camilla—repeated she.

May I presume, madam? Do I not invade——

Camilla is a little officious to-day: Camilla has teased me. Are the poets of your country as severe upon women's tongues as the poets of ours?

Poets, madam, of all countries, boast the same inspiration: poets write, as other men speak, to their *feeling*.

So, sir!—You make a pretty compliment to us poor women.

Poets have finer imaginations, madam, than other men; they therefore feel quicker: but as they are not often entitled to boast of judgment (for imagination and judgment seldom go together), they may, perhaps, *give* the cause, and then break out into satire upon the effects.

Don't I see before me, in the orange-grove, my father

and mother?—I do. I have not kneeled to them to-day. —Don't go, chevalier.

She hastened towards them. They stopt. She bent her knee to each, and received their tender blessings. They led her towards me. You seemed engaged in talk with the chevalier, my dear, said the marquis. Your mamma and I were walking in. We leave you.—They did.

The best of parents! said she. Oh that I were a more worthy child!—Have you not seen them, sir, *before*, to-day?

I have, madam. They think you the worthiest of daughters; but they lament your thoughtful turn.

They are very good. I am grieved to give them trouble. Have they expressed their concern to you, sir?—I will not be so pĕtulant as I was once before, provided you keep clear of the same subject. You are the confidant of us all; and your noble and disinterested behaviour deservedly endears you to everybody.

They have been, this very morning, lamenting the melancholy turn you seem to have taken. With *tears*, madam, they have been lamenting it.

Camilla, you may draw near: you will hear your own cause supported. The rather draw near, and hear all the chevalier seems to be going to say; because it may save you, and me too, a great deal of trouble.

Madam, I have done, said I.

But you must *not* have done. If you are commissioned, sir, by my father and mother, I am, I *ought* to be prepared to hear all you have to say.

Camilla came up.

My dearest young lady, said I, what can I say? My wishes for your happiness may make me appear importunate: but what hope have I of obtaining your confidence when your mother fails.

What, sir, is aimed at? What is sought to be obtained? I am not very well: I used to be a very sprightly creature: I used to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; to visit, to receive visits: and I don't like to do any of these things now. I love to be alone: I am contented with my own company. Other company is, at times, irksome to me; and I can't help it.

But whence this sudden turn, madam, in a lady so young, so blooming? Your father, mother, brothers, cannot account for it; and this disturbs them.

I see it does, and am sorry for it.

No other favourite diversion takes place in your mind. You are a young lady of exemplary piety. You cannot pay a greater observance than you always paid to the duties of religion.

You, sir, an Englishman, a heretic, give me leave to call you; for are you *not* so?—Do *you* talk of piety, of religion?

We will not enter into this subject, madam: what I meant——

Yes, sir, I know what you meant—and I will own, that I am, at times, a very melancholy, strange creature. I know not whence the alteration: but so it is; and I am a greater trouble to myself than I can be to anybody else.

But, madam, there must be some cause—And for you to answer the best and most indulgent of mothers with sighs and tears only; yet no obstinacy, no sullenness, no petulance appearing: all the same sweetness, gentleness, observance, that she ever rejoiced to find in her Clementina, still shining out in her mind. She cannot urge her *silent* daughter: her tenderness will not permit her to urge her: and how can you, my sister (allow of my claim, madam), how can you still silently withdraw from such a mother? How can you, at other times, suffer *her* to withdraw, her heart full, her eyes running over, unable to stay, yet hardly knowing how to go, because of the *ineffectual* report she must make to your sorrowing father; yet the cause of this very great alteration (which they dread is growing into habit, at a time of life when you were to crown all their hopes), a secret fast locked up in your own heart?

She wept and turned from me, and leaned upon the arm of her Camilla; and then quitting her arm, and joining me, —How you paint my obstinacy, and my mamma's goodness! I only wish—with all my soul I wish—that I was added to the dust of my ancestors. I who was their comfort, I see, now, must be their torment.

Fie, fie, my sister!

Blame me not: I am by no means satisfied with *myself.*

What a miserable being must she be, who is at variance with herself!

I do not hope, madam, that you should place so much confidence in your fourth brother as to open your mind to him: all I beg is, that you will relieve the anxious, the apprehensive heart of the best of mothers; and, by so doing, enable her to relieve the equally anxious heart of the best of fathers.

She paused, stood still, turned away herface, and wept, as if half overcome.

Let your faithful Camilla, madam, be commissioned to acquaint your mamma——

But hold, sir! (seeming to recollect herself), not so fast—*Open my mind*—What! whether I have anything to reveal, or not?—Insinuating man! You had almost persuaded me to think I had a secret that lay heavy at my heart: and when I began to look for it, to oblige you, I could not find it. Pray, sir—She stopt.

And pray, *madam* (taking her hand), do not think of receding thus——

You are too free, sir. Yet she withdrew not her hand.

For a brother, madam? Too free for a brother? And I quitted it.

Well, and what further would my *brother?*

Only to implore, to beseech you, to reveal to your mamma, to your excellent, your indulgent——

Stop, sir, I beseech you—What! whether I have anything to reveal, or not?—Pray, sir, *tell* me, *invent* for me, a secret that is fit for me to own; and then, perhaps, if it will save the trouble of inquiries, I may make, at least, my *four* brothers easy.

I am pleased, however, madam, with your agreeable raillery. Continue but in this temper, and the secret *is* revealed: inquiry will be at an end.

Camilla, here, is continually teasing me with her *persuasions* to be *in love*, as she calls it. That is the silly thing, in our sex, which gives importance to yours: a young creature cannot be grave, cannot indulge a contemplative humour, but she must be in love. I should hate myself were I to put it in the power of any man breathing to give me uneasiness.

I hope, sir, I hope, that you, my *brother*, have not so poor, so low, so mean a thought of me.

It is neither *poor* nor *low;* it is not *mean* to be in love, madam.

What! not with an improper object?

Madam!

What have I said? You want to—but what I have now said, was to introduce what I am going to tell you; that I saw your insinuation, and what it tended to, when you read to me those lines of your Shakspeare; which, in your heart, I suppose, you had the *goodness*, or what shall I call it? to apply to me. Let me see if I can repeat them to you in their original English.'

With the accent of her country, she very prettily repeated those lines:

> ' ———She never told her love;
> But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek: She pined in thought;
> And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
> She sat, like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief.'——

Now, chevalier, if you had any design in your pointing to these very pretty lines, I will only say you are mistaken; and so are all those who affront and afflict me, with attributing my malady to so great a weakness.

I meant not at the *time*, madam——

Nor *now*, I hope, sir——

Any such application of the lines. How could I?

Your refusal of many lovers; your declining the proposals of a man of the Count of Belvedere's consequence and merit; though approved of by every one of your friends; are convictions——

See, Camilla! interrupting me with quickness, the chevalier is convinced!—Pray let me have no more of your affronting questions and conjectures on this subject. I tell you, Camilla, I would not be in love for the world and all its glory.

But, madam, if you will be pleased to assign one cause, to your mamma, for the melancholy turn your lively temper has taken, you will free yourself from a suspicion that gives

you pain, as well as displeasure. Perhaps you are grieved that you cannot comply with your father's views — perhaps——

Assign one *cause*, again interrupted she—*Assign one cause!* —Why, sir—I am not well—I am not pleased with myself —as I told you.

If it were anything that lay upon your mind, your conscience, madam, your confessor——

Would not make me easy. He is a good, but [turning aside and speaking low] a severe man. Camilla hears not what I say. [She had dropt behind.] He is more afraid of me, in some cases, than he need to be. And why? Because you have almost persuaded me to think charitably of people of different persuasions, by your noble charity for all mankind: which I think, heretic as you are (forgive me, sir), carries an appearance of true Christian goodness in it: though Protestants, it seems, will persecute one another; but you would not be one of those, except you are one man in Italy, another in England.

Your mother, madam, will ask, if you have honoured me with any part of your confidence? Her communicative goodness makes her think everybody should be as unreserved as herself. Your father is so good as to *allow* you to explain yourself to me, when he wishes that I could prevail upon you to open your mind to me in the character of a fourth brother. My lord the bishop——

Yes, yes, sir, interrupted she, all our family worships you almost. I have myself a very great regard for you, as the fourth brother, who has been the deliverer and preserver of my third. But, sir, who can prevail upon you in anything you are determined upon?—Had I anything upon my heart, I would not tell it to one, who, brought up in error, shuts his eyes against conviction, in an article in which his everlasting good is concerned. Let me call you a Catholic, sir, and I will not keep a thought of my heart from you. You shall *indeed* be my brother; and I shall free one of the holiest of men from his apprehensions on my conversing with so determined a heretic, as he thinks you. Then shall you, *as my brother*, command those secrets, if any I have, from that heart in which you think them locked up.

Why then, madam, will you not declare them to your mamma, to your confessor, to my lord bishop?

Did I not say, *If any I have?*

And is your reverend confessor uneasy at the favour of the family to me?—How causeless! Have I ever, madam, talked with you on the subject of religion?

Well, but, sir, are you so obstinately determined in your errors, that there is no hope of convincing you? I really look upon you, as my papa and mamma first bid me do, as my *fourth* brother: I should be glad that *all* my brothers were of one religion. Will you allow Father Marescotti and Father Geraldino to enter into a conference with you on this subject? And if they answer all your objections, will you act according to your convictions?

I will not, by any means, madam, enter upon this subject.

I have long intended, sir, to propose this matter to you.

You have often intimated as much, madam, though not so directly as now; but the religion of my country is the religion of my choice. I have a great deal to say for it. It will not be heard with patience by such strict professors as either of those you have named. Were I to be questioned on this subject before the pope, and the whole sacred college, I would not prevaricate: but good manners will make me show respect to the religion of the country I happen to be in, were it the Mahometan, or even the Pagan; and to venerate the good men of it: but I never will enter into debate upon the subject, as a traveller, a sojourner; that is a rule with me.

Well, sir, you are an obstinate man; that's all I will say. I pity you; with all my soul I pity you: you have great and good qualities. As I have sat at table with you, and heard you converse on subjects that every one has in silence admired you for, I have often thought to myself, surely this man was not designed for perdition!—But begone, chevalier; leave me. You are an obstinate man. Yours is the *worst* of obstinacy; for you will not give yourself a *chance* for conviction.

We have so far departed from the subject we began upon, that it is proper to obey you, madam; I only beg that my sister——

Not so far departed from it, perhaps, as you imagine, interrupted she; and turned a blushing cheek from me—But *what* do you beg of your sister?

That she will rejoice the most indulgent of parents, and the most affectionate of brothers, with a cheerful aspect at table, especially before the patriarch. Do not, madam, in silence——

You find, sir, I have been talkative enough with *you*.—Shall we go through your Shakspeare's Hamlet to-night?—Farewell, chevalier. I will try to be cheerful at table. But, if I am *not*, let not your eye reproach me.—She took another walk.

I was loath, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to impute to myself the consequence with this amiable lady, which might but naturally be inferred from the turn which the conversation took; but I thought it no more than justice to the whole family, to hasten my departure: and when I hinted to Clementina, that I should soon take leave of them, I was rejoiced to find her unconcerned.

This, my good Miss Byron, is what I find in my patron's letters relating to this conference. He takes notice, that the young lady behaved herself at table as she was wished to do.

Mr. Grandison was prevailed upon, by the entreaties of the whole family, to suspend his departure for a few days.

The young lady's melancholy, to the inexpressible affliction of her friends, increased; yet she behaved with so much greatness of mind, that neither her mother nor her Camilla could persuade themselves that love was the cause. They sometimes imagined, that the earnestness with which they solicited the interest of the Count of Belvedere with her, had hurried and affected her delicate spirits; and therefore they were resolved to say little more on that subject till they should see her disposed to lend a more favourable ear to it: and the Count retired to his own palace at Parma, expecting and hoping for such a turn in his favour: for he declared, that it was impossible for him to think of any other woman for a wife.

But Signor Jeronymo doubted not, all this time, of the cause; and, without letting anybody into his opinion, not

even Mr. Grandison, for fear a disappointment should affect him, resolved to make use of every opportunity that should offer, in favour of the man he loved, from a principle of gratitude, that reigned with exemplary force in the breast of every one of this noble family; a principle which took the firmer root in their hearts, as the prudence, generosity, magnanimity, and other great and equally amiable qualities of Mr. Grandison, appeared every day more and more conspicuous to them all.

I will soon, madam, present you with further extracts from the letters in my possession, in pursuance of the articles you have given me in writing. I am not a little proud of my task.

—o—

Continuation of Miss Byron's Letter.

[Begun p. 246.]

CAN you not, Lucy, gather from the setting out of this story, and the short account of it given by Sir Charles in the library conference, that I shall soon pay my duty to all in Northamptonshire? I shall, indeed.

Is it not strange, my dear, that a father and mother, and brothers, so jealous as Italians, in general are said to be of their women, and so proud as this Bologna family is represented to be of their rank, should all agree to give so fine a man, as this is, in mind, person, and address, such free access to their daughter, a young lady of eighteen?

Teach her English!—Very discreet in the father and mother, surely! And to commission him to talk with the poor girl in favour of a man whom they wished her to marry! —Indeed you will say, perhaps, that by the *honourable* expedient they fell upon, unknown to either tutor or pupil, of listening to all that was to pass in the conference, they found a method to prove his integrity; and that, finding it proof, they were justified to prudence in their future confidence.

With all my heart, Lucy: if you will excuse these parents, you may. But I say, that *any*-body, though *not* of Italy, might have thought such a tutor as this was dangerous to a young lady; and the more, for being a man of honour and

family. In every case, the teacher is the obliger. He is called *master*, you know: and where there is a *master*, a *servant* is implied. Who is it that seeks not out for a married man among the common tribe of tutors, whether professing music, dancing, languages, science, of any kind? But a tutor such a one as *this*——

Well, but I will leave them to pay the price of their discretion.

I AM this moment come from the doctor. I insinuated to him, as artfully as I could, some of the above observations. He reminded me, that the marchioness herself had her education at Paris; and says that the manners of the Italians are very much altered of late years, and that the French freedom begins to take place, among the people of condition, in a very visible manner, of the Italian reserve. The women of the family of Porretta, particularly, he says, because of their learning, freedom, and conversableness, have been called, by their enemies, French women.

But you will see that honour and the laws of hospitality were Mr. Grandison's guard: and I believe a young flame may be easily kept under. Sir Charles Grandison, Lucy, is used to do only what he *ought*. Dr. Bartlett once said that the life of a good man was a continual warfare with his passions.

You will see, in the second conference between Mr. Grandison and the lady, upon the melancholy way she was in, how artfully, yet, I must own, honourably, he reminds her of the *brotherly* character which he passes under, to her! How officiously he *sisters* her!

Ah, Lucy! your Harriet is his *sister* too, you know! He has been *used* to this dialect, and to check the passions of us forward girls; and yet I have gone on confessing mine to the whole venerable circle, and have almost gloried in it to them. Have not also his sisters detected me! While the noble Clementina, as in that admirable passage cited by her,

——'Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.'——

How do I admire her for her silence! But yet, had she been circumstanced as your Harriet was, would Clementina have been so *very* reserved?

Shall I run a parallel between our two cases?

Clementina's relations were all solicitous for her marrying the Count of Belvedere, a man of unexceptionable character, of family, of fortune; and who is said to be a gallant and a handsome man, and who adores her, and is of her own faith and country.	Harriet's relations were all solicitous, from the first, for an alliance with their child's deliverer. They never had encouraged any man's address; nor had *she:* and all his nearest and dearest friends were partial to her, and soon grew ardent in her favour.
What difficulties had Clementina to contend with? It was *great* in her to endeavour to conquer a love which she could not, either in duty, or with her judgment and conscience, acknowledge.	Harriet, not knowing of any engagement he had, could have no difficulties to contend with; except inferiority of fortune were one. She had therefore no reason to *endeavour* to conquer a passion not ignobly founded; and of which duty, judgment, and conscience approved.
No wonder, then, that so excellent a young lady suffered *Concealment, like a worm in the bud, to feed on her damask cheek.*	*Suspense*, therefore, only, and not *concealment* (since every one called upon Harriet to acknowledge her love), could feed on *her* cheek.

And is it not suspense enough to make it pale, though it has not yet given it a *green and yellow* cast? Oh, what tortures has suspense given me! But certainty is now taking place.

What a right method, Lucy, did Clementina, so much in earnest in her own persuasion, take, in this second conference, could she have succeeded, in her solicitude for his change of religion!—Could that have been effected, I daresay she would have been less reserved, as to the *cause* of her melancholy; especially as her friends were all as indulgent to her as mine are to me.

But my pity for the noble Clementina begins to take great hold of my heart. I long to have the whole before me.

Adieu, Lucy: if I write *more*, it will be all a recapitulation of the doctor's letter. I can think of nothing else.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Tuesday, March 28.

LET me now give you a brief account of what we are doing here. Sir Charles so much rejoiced the heart of Lord G——, who waited on him the moment he knew he was in town, that he could not defer his attendance on Miss Grandison till she left Colnebrook, and got hither by our breakfast time this morning.

He met with a very kind reception from Lord and Lady L——, and a civil one from Miss Grandison; but she is already beginning to play her tricks with him.

O Lucy! where is the sense of parading it with a worthy man, of whose affection we have no reason to doubt, and whose visits we allow?

Silly men in love, or pretending to be in love, generally say hyperbolical things; all, in short, that could be said to a creature of superior order (to an angel); because they know not how to say polite, proper, or sensible things. In like manner, from the same defects in understanding, some of us women act as if we thought coyness and modesty the same thing; and others, as if they were sensible that if they were not insolent they must drop into the arms of a lover upon his first question.

But Miss Grandison, in her behaviour to Lord G——, is governed by motives of archness, and, I may say, downright roguery of temper. Courtship is play to her. She has a talent for raillery, and in no instance is so successful, yet so improper, as on that subject. She could not spare her brother upon it, though she suffered by it.

Yet had she a respect for Lord G—— she could not treat him ludicrously. Cannot a witty woman find her own consequence but by putting a fool's coat on the back of a friend? —Sterling wit, I imagine, requires not a foil to set it off.

She is indeed good-natured; and this is all Lord G——

has to depend upon—saving a little reliance that he may make upon the influence her brother has over her. I told her, just now, that were I Lord G—— I would not wish to have her mine, on any consideration. She called me silly creature, and asked me, if it were not one of the truest signs of love when men were most fond of the women who were least fit for them and used them worst? These men, my dear, said she, are very sorry creatures, and know no medium. They will either, spaniel-like, fawn at your feet, or be ready to leap into your lap.

She has charming spirits: I wish I could borrow some of them. But I tell her, that I would not have a single drachm of those over-lively ones which I see she will *play off* upon Lord G——. Yet he will be pleased, at present, with any treatment from her; though he wants not feeling, as I can see already.—Don't, Charlotte, said I to her, within this half hour, let him find his own weight in your levity. He admires your wit; but don't let it wound him.

But perhaps she is the sprightlier, in order to give me and Lord and Lady L—— spirits. They are very good to me, and greatly apprehensive of the story, which takes up, in a manner, my whole attention: so is Miss Grandison: and my sweet Emily, as often as she may, comes up to me when I am alone, and hangs upon my arm, my shoulder, and watches, with looks of love, every turn of my eyes.

I have opened my whole heart to her, for the better guarding of hers; and this history of Clementina affords an excellent lesson for the good girl. She blesses me for the lectures I read her on this subject, and says that she sees love is a very subtle thing, and like water, will work its way through the banks that are set up to confine it, if it be not watched, and dammed out in time.

She pities Clementina; and prettily asked my leave to do so. I think, said she, my *heart* loves her; but not so well as it does you. I long to know what my guardian will do about her. How good is it in her father and mother to love her so dearly! Her two elder brothers one cannot dislike; but Jeronymo is my favourite. He is a man worth saving; isn't he, madam? But I pity her father and mother, as well as Clementina.

Charming young creature! What an excellent heart she has!

Sir Charles is to dine with Sir Hargrave and his friends to-morrow, on the forest, in his way to Grandison Hall. The doctor says, he expects to hear from him when there. What! Will he go by this house, and not call in?—With all my heart—we are *only* sisters! Miss Grandison says she'll be *hanged* (that is her word) if he is not *afraid of me.* Afraid of me! A sign, if he is, he knows not what a poor forward creature I am. But, as he seems to be pre-engaged —Well, but I shall soon know everything as to that. But sure he might call in as he went by.

The doctor says he longs to know how he approves of the decorations of his church, and of the alterations that are made and making, by his direction, at the Hall. It is a wonder, methinks, that he takes not Dr. Bartlett with him: upon my word, I think he is a little unaccountable, such sisters as he has. Should *you* like it, Lucy, were he *your* brother? I really think his sisters are too acquiescent.

He has a great taste, the doctor tells us, yet not an expensive one; for he studies situation and convenience, and pretends not to level hills, or to force and distort nature; but to help it, as he finds it, without letting art be seen in his works, where he can possibly avoid it. For he says, he would rather let a stranger be pleased with what he sees, as if it were always so; than to obtain comparative praise by informing him what it was in its former situation.

As he is to be a suitor for Lord W—— before he returns, he will not, perhaps, be with us, while I am here. He *may* court for others: he has had very little trouble of that sort for himself, I find.

A very disturbing thought is just come into my head: Sir Charles, being himself in suspense as to the catastrophe of this knotty affair, did not intend to let us know it till all was over.—As sure as you are alive, Lucy, he had seen my regard for him through the thin veil that covered it; and began to be apprehensive (*generously* apprehensive) for the heart of the poor fool; and so has suffered Dr. Bartlett to transcribe the particulars of the story, that they

may serve for a check to the over-forward passion of your Harriet.

This thought excites my pride; and *that* my contempt of myself: near borderers, Lucy!—What a little creature does it make me, in my own eyes!—O Dr. Bartlett! your kindly intended transcripts shall cure me: indeed they shall.

But now this subject is got uppermost again. What, Lucy, can I do with it?

Miss Grandison says, that I shall be with her every day when I go to town: I can have no exception, she says, when her brother is *absent*—nor when he is *present*, I begin now to think.

Lord help me, my dear! I must be so very careful of my punctilio!—No, thought I, in the true spirit of prudery, I will not go to Sir Charles's house for the world: and why? Because he is a single man; and because I think of something—that he, perhaps, has no notion of. But now I may go and visit his sister without scruple, may I not? For he, perhaps, thinks only of his Clementina—and is not this a charming difficulty got over, Lucy?—But, as I said, I will *soon* be with you.

I told Miss Grandison that I *would*, just now.—Lovers, said she, are the weakest people in the world; and people of punctilio the most *un*-punctilious—You have not talked till *now* of going in such a hurry. Would you have it thought that you stayed in town for a *particular* reason; and, when that ceased, valued nobody else?—She held up her finger—Consider! said she.

There is something in this, Lucy. Yet, what *can* I do?

But Dr. Bartlett says he shall soon give me another letter. Farewell, my dear.

—o—

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Wednesday, March 29.

SIR CHARLES came hither this morning, time enough to breakfast with us.

Lady L—— is not an early riser. I am sure this brother

of hers is: so is Miss Grandison. If I say, *I* am, my Lucy, I will not allow you to call it boasting, because you will, by so calling it, acknowledge early rising to be a virtue; and if you thought it such, I am sure you would distinguish it by your practice. Forgive me, my dear: this is the only point in which you and I have differed—And why have I in the main so patiently suffered this difference, and not tried to tease you out of it? Because my Lucy always *so well* employs her time when she is *alive*. But would not one the *more* wish that well employed life to be made as long as possible.

I endeavoured to be very cheerful at breakfast; but I believe my behaviour was awkward and affected. After Sir Charles was gone, on my putting the question to the two sisters, whether it was not so: they acquitted me—Yet my heart, when in his company, laboured with a sense of constraint.

My pride made me want to find out pity for me in his looks and behaviour, on purpose to quarrel with him in my mind; for I could not get out of my head that degrading surmise, that he had permitted Dr. Bartlett to hasten to me the history of Clementina, in order *generously* to check any hopes that I might entertain, before they had too strongly taken hold of my foolish heart.

But nothing of this was discoverable. Respect, tender respect, appeared, as the ladies afterwards took notice, in every word, when he addressed himself to me; in every look that he cast upon me.

He studiously avoided speaking of the Bologna family. We were not, indeed, any of us fond of leading to the subject.

I am sure I pitied *him*.

Pity, my dear, is a softer passion, I dare say, in the bosom of a woman than in that of a man. There *is*, there *must be*, I should fancy, more generosity, more tenderness, in the pity of the one than in that of the other. In a man's pity [I write in the first case from my own sensibilities, in the other from my apprehensions] there is, too probably, a mixture of insult or contempt. Unhappy, indeed, must the woman be, who has drawn upon her the *helpless* pity of the man she loves!

The ladies and Lord L—— will have it, that Sir Charles's *love*, however, is not so much engaged for Clementina as his *compassion*. They are my sincere friends: they see that I am pretty delicate in my notions of a first love; and they generously endeavour to inculcate this distinction upon me: but to what purpose, when we evidently see, from what we already know of this story, that his engagements, be the motive what it will, are of such a nature, that they cannot be dispensed with while this lady's destiny is undetermined?

Poor Lady Clementina! From my heart I pity her: and tenderness, I am sure, is the sole motive of my compassion for this fair unfortunate.

Sir Charles set out immediately after breakfast for Sir Hargrave's. He will dine with him, and intends to pass the evening with Lord W——. We shall all go to town to-morrow.

WITH this I send the doctor's second packet. Oh, my dear, what a noble young lady is Clementina! What a purity is there in her passion! A letter of Mrs. Beaumont (Mrs. Beaumont herself an excellent woman) will show you, that Clementina deserves every good wish. Such a noble struggle did I never hear of, between religion and love. O Lucy! you will be delighted with Clementina! You will even, for a while, forget your Harriet; or, if you are just will think of her but next after Clementina! Never did a young lady do more honour to her sex than is done it by Clementina! A flame, the most vehement, suppressed from motives of piety, till, poor lady! it has devoured her intellects!

Read the letter, and be lost, as I was, for half an hour after I had read it, in silent admiration of her fortitude! Oh, my dear! she *must* be rewarded with a Sir Charles Grandison! My reason, my justice, compels from me my vote in her favour.

My Lord L—— and the two ladies admire her as much as I do. They look at me with eyes of tender concern. They say little. What *can* they say?—But they kindly applaud me for my unfeigned admiration of this extraordinary young lady. But where is *my* merit? Who can forbear admiring her?

Dr. Bartlett's second letter.

YOUR fourth inquiry, madam, is,

Whether the particularly cheerful behaviour of the young lady, on the departure of Mr. Grandison from Bologna, after a course of melancholy, is anywhere accounted for?

And your fifth is, *What were the particulars of Mrs. Beaumont's management of the lady at Florence, by which she brought her to own her love, after she had so long kept it a secret from her mother, and all her family?*

What I shall transcribe, in order to satisfy you, madam, with regard to the fifth article, will include all that you can wish to be informed of, respecting the fourth.

But let me premise, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the request of the marchioness, undertook to give an account of the health of the young lady, and what effect the change of air, of place, and her advice had upon her mind, after she had been at Florence for two or three days. She, on the fourth day of their being together, wrote to that lady the desired particulars. The following is a translation of her letter:

YOUR ladyship will excuse me for not writing till now, when you are acquainted, that it was not before last night that I could give you any tolerable satisfaction on the subject upon which I had engaged to do myself that honour.

I have made myself mistress of the dear young lady's secret. Your ladyship guessed it, perhaps, *too* well. Love, but a pure and laudable love, is the malady that has robbed her of her tranquillity for so long a space, and your splendid family of all comfort: but such a magnanimity shown, or endeavoured at, that she deserved to be equally pitied and admired. What is it that the dear young lady has not suffered in a conflict between her duty, her religion, and her love!

The discovery, I am afraid, will not give pleasure to your family; yet certainty, in what must be, is better than suspense. You will think me a managing person, perhaps, from the relation I have to give you: but it was the task

prescribed me; and you commanded me to be very minute in the account of all my dealings with her, that you might know how to conduct yourselves to her for the cure of the unhappy malady. I obey.

The first and second days, after our return to Florence, were passed in endeavouring to divert her, as our guest, in all the ways we could think of: but finding that company was irksome to her, and that she only bore with it for politeness' sake, I told the ladies, that I would take her entirely into my own care, and devote my whole time to her service. They acquiesced: and when I told Lady Clementina of my intention, she rejoiced at it, and did me the honour to assure me, that my conversation would be balm to her heart, if she could enjoy it without mixed company.

Your ladyship will see, however, from what I have mentioned of her regard for me, that I had made use of my time in the two past days to ingratiate myself into the favour of your Clementina. She will have me call her nothing but Clementina. Excuse, therefore, madam, the freedom of my style.

She engaged me last night to give her a lesson, as she called it, in an English author. I was surprised at her proficiency in my native tongue. Ah, my dear! said I, what an admirable manner of teaching must your tutor have had, if I am to judge by the great progress you have made in so short a time, in the acquiring a tongue that has not the sweetness of your own, though it has a force and expressiveness, that is more than equal, I think, to any of the modern languages!

She blushed—Do you think so? said she—And I saw, by the turn of her eye, and her consciousness, that I had no need to hint to her Count Marulli, nor any other man.

I took upon me, without pushing her, just then, upon the supposed light dropt in from this little incident, to mention the Count of Belvedere with distinction, as the marquis had desired I would.

She said, she could not by any means think of him.

I told her, that as all her family approved highly of the Count, I thought they were entitled to know her objections, and to judge of the reasonableness or unreasonableness of

them. Indeed, my dear, said I, you do not, in this point, treat your father and mother with the dutifulness that their indulgence deserves.

She started. That is severely said; is it not, madam?

Consider of it, my dear; and if you pronounce it so, after an hour's reflection, I will call it so, and ask your pardon.

I am afraid, said she, I am in fault. I have the best and most indulgent of parents. There are some things, some secrets, that one cannot be forward to divulge. One should, perhaps, be commanded out of them with a high hand.

Your acknowledgment, my dear, said I, is more generous than the occasion given for it: but if you will not think me impertinent——

Don't, don't ask me too close questions, madam, interrupted she; I am afraid I can deny you nothing.

I am persuaded, my dear Clementina, that the mutual unbosoming of secrets is the cement of faithful friendship and true love. Whenever any new turn in one's affairs happens, whenever any new lights open, the friendly heart rests not till it has communicated to its fellow-heart the new lights, the interesting events; and this communicativeness knits the true lover's knot still closer. But what a solitariness, what a gloom, what a darkness, must possess that mind, which can trust no friend with its inmost thoughts! The big secret, when it is of an interesting nature, will swell the heart till it is ready to burst. Deep melancholy must follow—I would not for the world have it so much as thought, that I had not a soul large enough for friendship. And is not the essence of friendship communication, mingling of hearts, and emptying our very soul into that of a true friend?

Why, that's true. But, madam, a young creature may be so circumstanced, as not to have a true friend; or, if she has near her a person to whom she *might* communicate her whole mind without doubt of her *fidelity*, yet there may be a forbiddingness in the person; a difference in years; in degree; as in my Camilla, who is, however, a very good woman. We people of condition, madam, have more courtiers about us than friends: but Camilla's fault is teasing, and always harping upon one string, and that by my friends' commands: it

would be, therefore, more laudable to open my mind to my mother than to her; as it would be the same thing.

Very true, my dear; and as you have a mother, who is less of the mother than she would be of the sister, the friend, it is amazing to me that you have kept such a mother in the dark so long.

What can I say?—Ah, madam!—There she stopt. At last said, But my mother is in the interest of the man I cannot love.

The question recurs—Are not your parents entitled to know your objections to the man whose interest they so warmly espouse?

I have no particular objections. The Count of Belvedere deserves a better wife than I can make him. I should respect him very much, had I a sister, and he made his addresses to her.

Well then, my dear Clementina, if I *guess* the reason why you cannot approve of the Count of Belvedere, will you tell me, with that candour, with that friendship, of the requisites of which we have been speaking, whether I am right or not?

She hesitated. I was silent in expectation.

She then spoke; I am *afraid* of you, madam.

You have reason to be so, if you think me unworthy of your friendship.

What is your guess, Mrs. Beaumont?

That you are prejudiced in favour of some other man; or you could not, if you had a sister, wish her a husband that you thought unworthy of yourself.

I don't think the Count of Belvedere unworthy neither, madam.

Then my conjecture has received additional strength.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How you press upon me!

If impertinently, say so; and I have done.

No, no, not impertinently, neither: yet you distress me.

That could not be, if I were not right; and if the person were not too unworthy of you, to be acknowledged.

O Mrs. Beaumont! How closely you urge me! What can I say?

If you have any confidence in me—if you think me capable of advising you——

I *have* confidence: your known prudence—and then she made me compliments that I could not deserve.

Come, my dear Clementina, I will *guess* again—shall I?

What would you guess?

That there is a man of low degree—of low fortunes—of inferior sense——

Hold, hold, hold!—and do you think that the Clementina before you is sunk *so* low?—If you do, why don't you cast the abject creature from you?

Well, then, I will *guess* again—that there is a man of a royal house; of superior understanding; of whom you can have no hope.

O Mrs. Beaumont! And cannot you guess that this prince is a Mahometan, when your hand is in?

Then, madam, and from the hints your ladyship had given, I had little doubt that Clementina was in love; and that religion was the apprehended difficulty. Zealous Catholics think not better of Protestants than of Mahometans: nor, indeed, are zealous Protestants without their prejudices. Zeal will be zeal, in persons of whatever denomination.

I would not, however, madam, like a sudden frost, nip the opening bud.

There is, said I, a young soldier of fortune, who has breathed forth passionate wishes for Clementina.

A soldier of fortune, madam! with an air of disdain. There cannot be such a man living, that can have his wishes answered.

Well, then, to say nothing of *him;* there is a Roman nobleman—a younger brother—of the Borghese house—permit me to suppose *him* the man.

With all my heart, madam.

She was easy, while I was at a distance.

But if the Chevalier Grandison—[she coloured at his name]—has done him ill offices——

The Chevalier Grandison, madam, is incapable of doing *any* man ill offices.

Are you sure, madam, that the chevalier has not art?—He has great abilities. Men of great abilities are not always to be trusted. They don't strike till they are sure.

He has *no* art, madam. He is *above* art. He *wants* it not. He is beloved wherever he goes. He is equally noted

for his prudence and freedom of heart. He is *above* art, repeated she, with warmth.

I own that he deserves everything from your family. I don't wonder that he is caressed by you all: but it is amazing to me, that in contradiction to all the prudent maxims and cautions of your country, such a young gentleman should have been admitted—I stopt.

Why, now, you don't imagine, that I—that I—she stopt, and hesitated.

A prudent woman would not put it in any man's power to give her a prejudice to persons of unexceptionable honour; and to manage——

Nay, madam, now has somebody prejudiced you against your countryman—he is the most disinterested of men.

I have heard young ladies, when he was here, speak of him as a handsome man.

A handsome man! And is not Mr. Grandison a handsome man? Where will you see a man so handsome?

And do you think he is so very extraordinary a man, as to *sense*, as I have heard him reported to be? I was twice in his company—I thought, indeed, he looked upon *himself* as a man of consequence.

Nay, madam, don't say he is not a *modest* man. It is true, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent: but he is not a confident man; nor is he, in the least conceited.

Was there so much bravery in his relieving your brother, as some people attribute to him in that happy event? Two servants and himself well armed; the chance of passengers on the same road: the assassins that appeared but two; their own guilt to encounter with——

Dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont, with what prejudiced people have you conversed? The Scripture says, *A prophet has no honour in his own country;* but Mr. Grandison has not much from his own countrywoman.

Well, but did Mr. Grandison ever speak to you of any one man, as a man worthy of your favour?

Did he?—Yes, of the Count of Belvedere. He was *more* earnest in *his* favour than——

Really?

Yes, really—than I thought he ought to be.

Why so?

Why so!—Why, because—because—why, what was it to him—you know?

I suppose he was put upon it——

I believe so.

Or he would not——

I believe, if the truth were known, you, Mrs. Beaumont, hate Mr. Grandison. You are the only person that I ever in my life heard speak of him, even with indifference.

Tell me, my dear Clementina, what are your sincere thoughts of Mr. Grandison, person and mind?

You may gather them from what I have said.

That he is a handsome man; a generous, a prudent, a brave, a polite man.

Indeed I think him to be all you have said: and I am not singular.

But he is a *Mahometan*——

A *Mahometan!* madam—Ah, Mrs. Beaumont!

And ah, my dear Clementina!—And do you think *I* have not found you out?—Had you never known Mr. Grandison, you would not have scrupled to have been Countess of Belvedere.

And can you *think*, madam——

Yes, yes, my dear young lady, I can.

My good Mrs. Beaumont, you don't know what I was going to say.

Be sincere, my dear young lady. Cannot a lover, talking to a second person, be sincere?

What, madam, a man of another religion! A man obstinate in his errors! A man who has never professed love to me! A man of inferior degree! A man who owns himself absolutely dependent upon his father's bounty!—His father living to the height of his estate!—Forbid it pride, dignity of birth, duty, religion——

Well then, I may safely take up the praises of Mr. Grandison. You have imputed to me, slight, injustice, prejudice against him: let me now show you, that the *prophet* HAS *honour with his countrywoman.* Let me collect his character from the mouth of every man who has spoken of him in my hearing or knowledge.—His country has not

in this age sent abroad a private man who has done it more credit. He is a man of honour in every sense of the word. If moral rectitude, if practical religion (your brother the Barone testifies this on his own experience), were lost in the rest of the world, it would, without glare or ostentation, be found in him. He is courted by the best, the wisest, the most eminent men, wherever he goes; and he does good, without distinction of religion, sects, or nation: his own countrymen boast of him, and apply to him for credentials to the best and most considerable men, in their travels through more countries than one: in France, particularly, he is as much respected as in Italy. He is descended from the best families in England, both by father and mother; and can be a senator of it, whenever he pleases. He is heir to a very considerable estate; and is, as I am informed, courted to ally with some of the greatest families in it. Were he not born to a fortune, he would make one. You own him to be generous, brave, handsome.

Oh my dear, dear Mrs. Beaumont! All this is too much, too much!—Yet all this I think him to be!—I can no longer resist you. I own, I own, that I have no heart but for Mr. Grandison. And now, as I don't doubt but my friends set you to find out the love-sick girl, how shall I, who cannot disown a secret you have so fairly, and without condition, come at, ever look them in the face? Yet let them know (I will enable you to tell them) how all this came about, and how much I have struggled against a passion so evidently improper to be encouraged by a daughter of their house.

He was, in the first place, as well you know, the preserver of a beloved brother's life; and that brother afterwards owned, that, had he followed his friendly advice, he never would have fallen into the danger from which he rescued him.

My father and mother presented him to me, and bid me regard him as a fourth brother; and it was not immediately that I found out that I *could* have but three brothers.

My brother's deliverer proved to be the most amiable and humane, and yet bravest of men.

All my friends caressed him. Neither family forms, nor national forms, were stood upon. He had free access to us all, as one of us.

My younger brother was continually hinting to me his wishes that I were his. Mr. Grandison was above all other reward; and my brother considered me in a kind light, as *able* to reward him.

My confessor, by his fears and invectives, rather confirmed than lessened my esteem for a man whom I thought injured by them.

His own respectful and disinterested behaviour to me contributed to my attachment. He always addressed me as his *sister*, when he put on the familiar friend in the guise of a tutor; I could not therefore arm against a man I had no reason to suspect.

But still I knew not the strength of my passion for him, till the Count of Belvedere was proposed to me with an earnestness that alarmed me: then I considered the Count as the interrupter of my hopes; and yet I could not give my friends the reason *why* I rejected him. How *could* I, when I had none to give but my prepossession in favour of another man?—a prepossession entirely hidden in my own heart.

But still I thought I would sooner die than be the wife of a man of a religion contrary to my own. I am a zealous Catholic myself: all my relations are zealous Catholics. How angry have I been at this obstinate heretic, as I have often called him; the first heretic, my dear Mrs. Beaumont (for once I did not love *you*), that my soul detested not! For he is as tenacious a Protestant as ever came out of England. What had he to do in Italy? Why did he not stay at home? Or why, if he must come abroad, did he stay so long among us; yet hold his obstinacy, as if in defiance of the people by whom he was so well received?

These were the reproaches that my heart in silence often cast upon him.

I was at first concerned only for his *soul's* sake: but afterwards, finding him essential to my earthly happiness, and yet resolving never to think of him if he became not a Catholic, I was earnest for his conversion for my *own* sake; hoping that my friends' indulgence to me would make my wishes practicable; for, on his part, I doubted not, if that point were got over, he would think an alliance with our family an honour to him.

But when I found him invincible on this article, I was resolved either to conquer my passion, or die. What did I not undergo in my endeavours to gain this victory over myself! My confessor hurt me by terrors; my woman teased me; my parents, and two elder brothers, and all my more distant relations, urged me to determine in favour of the Count of Belvedere. The Count was importunate: the chevalier was importunate in the Count's behalf—Good Heaven! What could I do?—I was hurried, as I must say: I had not time given me to weigh, ponder, recollect. How could I make my mother, how could I make *anybody*, my confident? My judgment was at war with my passion; and I hoped it would overcome. I struggled; yet every day the object appearing more worthy, the struggle was too hard for me. Oh that I had had a Mrs. Beaumont to consult!—Well might melancholy seize me—Silent melancholy!

At last the chevalier was resolved to leave us. What pain, yet what pleasure, did this his resolution give me! Most sincerely I hoped that his absence would restore my tranquillity.

What a secret triumph did I give myself on my behaviour to him, before all my friends, on the parting evening! My whole deportment was uniform. I was cheerful, serene, happy in myself, and I made all my friends so. I wished him happy wherever he set his foot, and whatsoever he engaged in. I thanked him, with the rest of my friends, for the benefits we had received from him, and the pleasure he had given us, in the time he had bestowed upon us, and I wished that he might never want a friend so agreeable and entertaining as he had been to us all.

I was the more pleased with myself, as I was not under a necessity of putting on stiffness or reserve to hide a heart too much affected. I thought myself secure, and stood out forwarder than he seemed to hope for, and with *more* than my offered hand, at the moment of his departure. I thought I read in his eyes a concern, for the first time, that called for a pity which I imagined I myself wanted not. Yet I had a pang at parting—when the door shut out the agreeable man, never again, thought I, to be opened to give him entrance! I sighed at the reflection: but who perceived

it?—I never could be insensible in a parting scene, with *less* agreeable friends: it was the easier for me to attribute to the gentleness of my heart, the instant sensibility. My father clasped me to his bosom: my mother embraced me, without mortifying me by saying for what: my brother the bishop called me twenty fond names: all my friends complimented me, but only on my cheerfulness, and said, I was once more their own Clementina. I went to rest, pleased that I had so happily acquitted myself; and that possibly I contributed to the repose of dear friends, whose repose I had been the cause of disturbing.

But, alas! this conduct was too great for the poor Clementina to maintain: my soul was too high-set.—You know the rest; and I am lost to the joys of this life: for I never, never will be the wife of a man, if I *might*, who by his religion is an enemy to the faith I never wavered in; nor would ever change, were an earthly crown on the head of the man I love to be the reward and a painful death in the prime of my life, the contrary.

A flood of tears prevented farther speech. She hid her face in my bosom. She sighed—dear lady! How she sighed!

This, madam, is the account I have to give of what has passed between your beloved Clementina and me. Never was there a more noble struggle between duty and affection; though her heart was too tender, and in short, the man's merits too dazzling, to allow it to be effectual. She is unwilling that I should send you the particulars: she shall be ashamed, she says, to look her father, her mother, in the face; and she dreads still more, if possible, her confessor's being made acquainted with the state of her heart, and the cause of her disorder. But I tell her, it is absolutely necessary for her mother to know everything that I know, in order to attempt a cure.

This cure, madam, I am afraid, will never be effected but by giving her in marriage to the happy man. I must think *him* so, who will be entitled, by general consent, to so great a blessing.

You, madam, will act in this affair as you judge proper: but if you can at Bologna, at Urbino, and Naples, get over your family objections, you will perhaps find yourself

obliged, such are the young lady's *own* scruples, on the score of religion, to take *pains* to persuade her to pursue her inclination, and accept Mr. Grandison for a husband.

Be this as it may, I would humbly recommend a gentle and soothing treatment of her. She never knew yet what the contrary was; and were she to experience *that* contrary now, upon an occasion so very delicate, and in which her judgment and her love are, as she hints, at variance, I verily think she would not be able to bear it.—*That* God direct you for the best, whom you and yours have always served with signal devotion!

I will only add, that since the secret, which had so long preyed upon her fine spirits, is revealed, she appears to be much more easy than before; but yet she dreads the reception she shall meet with on her return to Bologna. She begs of me, when that return shall be ordered, to accompany her, in order to enable her, as she says, to support her spirits. She is very desirous to enter into a nunnery. She says she never can be the wife of any other man; and she thinks she ought not to be his, on whom her heart is fixed.

A word of comfort on paper, from your honoured hand, I know, madam, would do a great deal towards healing her wounded heart.

I am, madam, with the greatest veneration and respect, your ladyship's most faithful humble servant,

HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Let me add, my good Miss Byron, that the marchioness sent an answer to this letter, expressing the highest obligation and gratitude to Mrs. Beaumont; and enclosed a letter to her daughter, filled with tender and truly motherly consolation; inviting her back to Bologna out of hand, and her amiable friend with her: promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome; and assuring her, that everything should be done that *could* be done, to make her happy in her own way.

—o—

LETTER XXXV.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Wednesday Night, March 29.

I ENCLOSE, my Lucy, the doctor's *third* packet. From its contents you will pity Sir Charles, as well as Clementina: and if you enter impartially into the situation of the family, and allow as much to their zeal for a religion they are satisfied with, as you will do for Sir Charles's steadiness in his, you will also pity *them.* They are all good; they are all considerate. A great deal is to be said for them; though much more for Sir Charles, who insisted not upon that change of religion in the lady, which they demanded from him.

How great does he appear in my eyes! A confessor though not a martyr, one may call him, for his religion and country. How deep was his distress! A mind so delicate as his, and wishing, for the sake of the sex, and the lady and family, as he did, rather to be repulsed by them, than to be obliged himself to decline their intended favour.

You will admire the lady in her sweetly modest behaviour, on his first visit before her mother; but more, for the noble spirit she endeavoured to resume in her conversation with him in the garden.

But how great will he appear in your eyes, in the eyes of my grandmother and aunt Selby, for that noble apostrophe!—'But, oh my religion and my country! I cannot, 'cannot, renounce you! What can this short life give, 'what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice?'

Yet *her* conduct, you will find, is not inferior to *his;* firmly persuaded, as she is, of the truth of her religion, and loving him with an ardour that he had from the first restrained in himself, from hopelessness.

But to admire her as she deserves, I should transcribe all she says, and his account of her whole behaviour.

Oh, my dear! who could have acted as Clementina acted!—Not, I fear, your HARRIET BYRON.

Dr. Bartlett's third letter.

THE next thing you enjoin me in, madam, is,

To give you the particulars of Mr. Grandison's reception from the marchioness and her Clementina, on his return to Bologna from Vienna, at the invitation of Signor Jeronymo.

Mr. Grandison was received at his arrival with great tokens of esteem and friendship, by the marquis himself and by the bishop.

Signor Jeronymo, who still kept his chamber, the introducer being withdrawn, embraced him: And now, said he, is the affair, that I have had so long in view, determined upon. O chevalier! you will be a happy man. Clementina will be yours: you will be Clementina's: and now, indeed, do I embrace my brother.—But I detain you not: go to the happy girl: she is with her mother, and both are ready to receive and welcome you. Allow for the gentle spirit: she will not be able to say half she thinks.

Camilla then appeared, to conduct me, says Mr. Grandison, to her ladies in the marchioness's drawing-room. She whispered me in the passage, Welcome, thrice welcome, best of men! Now will you be rewarded for all your goodness!

I found the marchioness sitting at her toilette, richly dressed, as in ceremony; but without attendants; even Camilla retired, as soon as she had opened the door for me.

The lovely Clementina stood at the back of her mother's chair. She was elegantly dressed: but her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness, that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages that her richest jewels could not have given her.

The marchioness stood up. I kissed her hand—You are welcome, chevalier, said she. The only man on earth that I could *thus* welcome, or is fit to be *so* welcomed!—Clementina, my dear!—turning round, and taking her hand.

The young lady had shrunk back, her complexion varying; now glowing, now pale—Excuse her *voice*, said the condescending mother; her *heart* bids you welcome.

Judge for me, my dear Dr. Bartlett, how I must be affected at this gracious reception: I, who knew not the terms that were to be prescribed to me. 'Spare me, dear lady,' thought I, 'spare me my conscience, and take all the

'world's wealth and glory to yourself: I shall be rich enough 'with Clementina.'

The marchioness seated her in her own chair. I approached her: but how *could* I with that grateful ardour, that, but for my doubts, would have sprung to my lips? Modest love, however, was attributed to me; and I had the praise *wholly* for that which was but *partly* due to it.

I drew a chair for the marchioness, and, at her command, another for myself: the mother took one hand of her bashful daughter; I presumed to take the other: the amiable lady held down her blushing face, and reproved me not, as she did once before, on the like freedom, for being *too* free. Her mother asked me questions of an indifferent nature; as of my journey; of the courts I had visited since I left them; when I heard from England; after my father; my sisters: the latter questions in a kind way, as if she were asking after relations that were to be her own.

What a mixture of pain had I with the favour shown me, and *for* the favour shown me! for I questioned not but a change of religion would be proposed, and insisted on; and I had no doubt in my mind about my own.

After a short conversation the amiable daughter arose; courtesied low to her mother, with dignity to me; and withdrew.

Ah, chevalier! said the marchioness, as soon as she was gone, little did I think, when you left us, that we should so soon see you again; and on the account we see you: but you know how to receive your good fortune with gratitude. Your modesty keeps in countenance our forwardness.

I bowed—What could I say?

I shall leave, so will my lord, particular objects to be talked of between the bishop and you. You will, if it be not your own fault, have a treasure in Clementina; and a treasure with her. We shall do the same things for her, as if she had married the man we wished her to have when we thought her affections disengaged. You may believe we love our daughter—Else——

I applauded their indulgent goodness.

I can have no doubt, Mr. Grandison, that you love Clementina above all women.]

[I had never seen the woman, Dr. Bartlett, that I *could* have loved so well, had I not restrained myself at first, from the high notion I knew they had of their quality and rank; from considerations of the difference in religion; of the trust and confidence the family placed in me; and by the resolution I had made, as a guard to myself from the time of my entering upon my travels, of never aiming to marry a foreigner.]

I assured the marchioness, that I was absolutely disengaged in my affections: that, not having presumed to encourage hopes of the good fortune that seemed to await me, I could hardly *yet* flatter myself that so great a happiness was reserved for me.

She answered that I deserved it all: that I knew the value they had for me: that Clementina's regard was founded in virtue: that my character was my happiness: that, however, what the *world* would say had been no small point with them; but that was as good as got over; and she doubted not but all that depended upon me, would, as well from generosity as gratitude, be complied with.

[Here, thought I, is couched the expectation: and if so, would to Heaven I had never seen Italy!]

The marquis joined his lady and me soon after. His features had a melancholy cast. This dear girl, said he, has fastened upon me part of her malady. Parents, chevalier, who are blessed with even *hopeful* children, are not always happy. This girl—but no more: she is a good child. In the general economy of Providence none of the sons of men are unhappy but some others are the happier for it. Our son, the bishop, will talk to you upon terms.

I have hinted to the chevalier, my lord, said the marchioness, the happiness that awaits him.

How *does* the poor girl?—Bashful enough, I suppose!

Indeed, my lord, she cannot look up, answered the lady.

Poor thing! I supposed it would be so.

Why, why, thought I, was I suffered to see this mother, this daughter, before their conditions were proposed to me!

But what indulgent parents are these, Dr. Bartlett? What an excellent daughter? Yet not to be happy!—But how much more unhappily circumstanced did I think myself!

—I, who had rather have been rejected with disdain by twenty women in turn, than to be obliged to decline the honour intended me by a family I reverenced!

Thus far Mr. Grandison. This, madam, will answer your question, as to the sixth article; but I believe a few more particulars will be acceptable.

The marquis led me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, into the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. Your good fortune, chevalier, said he, as we entered it, is owing to Jeronymo, who owes his life to you. I bless God, we are a family that know not what ingratitude means.

I made my acknowledgments both to father and son.

The marquis then went into public affairs; and soon after left us together.

I was considering whether I had best tell that sincere friend my apprehensions in relation to the articles of religion and residence; for he had, with an air of humour, congratulated me on the philosophical manner in which I bore my good fortune; when Camilla entered and whispered me, of her own head, as she said, that her young lady was just gone into the garden.

I dare say, it *was* of her own head: for Camilla has a great deal of good-nature, and is constantly desirous of obliging, where she thinks she shall not offend anybody.

Follow her then, said Jeronymo, who heard what Camilla said: Clementina perhaps expects you.

Camilla waited for me at the entrance into the garden. One word, sir, if you please. I am afraid of the return of my young lady's thoughtfulness. She says, she is ashamed of the poor figure she made before her mother: she is sure she must look mean in your eyes. 'A man to be sent for, 'Camilla,' said she, 'in compliment to my weakness! Why 'did not my too indulgent father bid me conquer my 'folly, or die! Oh, that I had not owned my attachment! 'Naughty Mrs. Beaumont!' said she, 'had it not been for 'you, my own bosom had contained the secret; till shame 'and indignation against myself had burst my heart.' She is resolved, she says, to resume a spirit becoming her birth and quality; and I am afraid of her elevations. Her great

apprehensions are, that, with all this condescension of her parents, obstacles will arise on *your* part. If so, she says, she shall not be able to bear her own reflections, nor look her friends in the face.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, how have I, who have hitherto so happily escaped the snares by which the feet of unreflecting youth are often entangled by women of light fame, been embarrassed by perverse accidents that have arisen from my friendships with the *worthy* of the sex! Was there ever a more excellent family than this?—Every individual of it is excellent. And is not their worthiness, and even their piety, the cause to which our mutual difficulties are owing?

But, oh my religion and my country! I cannot, cannot renounce you! What can this short life give, what can it promise, to warrant such a sacrifice!

I said nothing to Camilla, you may believe, of what I *could* or could *not* do; yet she saw my distress: she took notice of it. Being firmly persuaded of the excellency of her own religion, she wondered that a man of reflection and reading could be of a contrary one. Her heart, she said, as well as the heart of her young lady, boded an unhappy issue to our loves: Heaven avert it! said the honest woman: but what may we not fear by way of judgment, where a young lady—forgive me, sir—prefers a man she thinks she ought *not* to prefer; and where a gentleman will not be convinced of errors which the church condemns?

She again begged I would forgive her. I praised her good intention and sincere dealing; and, leaving her, went into the garden.

I found the young lady in the orange-grove. You have been in that garden, Dr. Bartlett.

She turned her face towards me as I drew near her; and, seeing who it was, stopt.

Clementina, armed with conscious worthiness, as if she had resumed the same spirit which had animated her on the eve of my departure from Bologna, condescended to advance two or three paces towards me.

Lovely woman, thought I, encourage the true dignity that shines in that noble aspect!—Who knows what may be our destiny?

I bowed. Veneration, esteem, and concern, from the thought of what *that* might be, all joined to make my obeisance profound.

I was going to speak. She prevented me. Her air and manner were great.

You are welcome, sir, said she. My mamma bid me say welcome. I could not *then* speak: and she was so good to *you* as to answer for my heart. My *voice* is now found: but tell me—do I see the same generous, the same noble Grandison, that I have heretofore seen?—Or do I see a man inclined to slight the creature whom her indulgent parents are determined to oblige, even to the sacrifice of all their views?

You see, madam, the same Grandison, his heart only oppressed with the honour done him; and with the fear that the happiness designed for him may yet be frustrated. If it should, how shall I be able to support myself?

[What a difficult situation, my dear Dr. Bartlett, was mine!—Equally afraid to urge my suit with ardour, or to be imagined capable of being indifferent to her favour.]

What do you fear, sir?—You have grounds in your own heart, perhaps, for your fear. If you *have*, let me know them. I am not *afraid* to know them. Let me tell you, that I opposed the step taken. I declared that I would sooner die than it *should* be taken. It was to YOU, they said; and you would know how to receive, as you ought, the distinction paid you. I have a soul, sir, not unworthy of the spirit of my ancestors: tell me what you fear?—I only fear one thing; and that is, that I should be thought to be more in your power than in my own.

Noble lady! And think you, that while my happiness is not yet absolutely resolved upon, I have not *reason* to fear?—You will always, madam, be in your own power: you will be most so when in mine. My gratitude will ever prompt me to acknowledge your goodness to me as a condescension.

But say; tell me, sir; did you not, at first receiving the invitation, despise, in absence, the Clementina, that now, perhaps, in presence, you have the *goodness* to *pity?*

Oh, that the high-souled Clementina would not think so contemptibly of the man before her, as she *must* think, when

she puts a question that would entitle him to infamy, could he presume to imagine an *answer* to it necessary!

Well, sir: I shall see how far the advances made on the *wrong* side will be justified, or rather countenanced, by the advances, or shall I say (I will, if you please), *condescensions* to be made on *yours*.

[What a petulance, thought I!—But can the generous, the noble Clementina, *knowing* that terms will be proposed, with which, in honour and conscience, I cannot comply, put my regard for her on such a test as this?—I will not suppose that she is capable of mingling art with her magnanimity.]

Is this, madam, said I, a generous anticipation? Forgive me: but when your friends are so good as to think me incapable of returning ingratitude for obligation, I hope I shall not be classed, by their beloved daughter, among the lowest of mankind.

Excuse me, sir; the woman who has been once wrong, has reason to be always afraid of herself. If *you* do not think meanly of me, I will endeavour to think well of *myself;* and then, sir, I shall think better of *you,* if better I *can* think: for, after all, did I not more mistrust *myself* than I do *you,* I should not perhaps be so capricious as, I am afraid, I sometimes am.

The marquis has hinted to me, madam, that your brother, the bishop, is to discourse with me on the subject now the nearest to my heart of all others: may I presume to address myself to their beloved daughter upon it, without being thought capable of endeavouring to prepossess her in my favour before my lord and I meet?

I will answer you frankly, sir: there are preliminaries to be settled; and, till they are, I that *know* there are, do not think myself at liberty to hear you upon *any* subject that may tend to prepossession.

I acquiesce, madam: I would not for the world be thought to wish for the honour of your attention, while it is improper for you to favour me with it.

[I did not know, Dr. Bartlett, but upon a supposition of a mutual interest between us, as I had hoped she would allow, Clementina might *wish* that I would lead to some particular discourse. Though modesty becomes ours as well

as the other sex, yet it would be an indelicacy not to prevent a lady, in some certain cases. But thus discouraged,] Perhaps, madam, said I, the attendance I do myself the honour to pay you here, may not be agreeable to the marquis.

Then, sir, you will choose, perhaps, to withdraw. But don't—Yes, do.

I respectfully withdrew; but she taking a winding alley, which led into that in which I slowly walked, we met again. I am afraid, said she, I have been a little petulant: Indeed, sir, I am not satisfied with myself. I *wish*—And there she stopt.

What, madam, do you wish? Favour me with your wishes. If it be in *my* power——

It is *not*, interrupted she—I wish I had not been at Florence. The lady I was with is a good woman; but she was too hard for me. Perhaps (and she sighed), had I not been with *her*, I had been at rest, and happy, before now; but if I had *not*, there is a pleasure, as well as pain, in melancholy. But now I am so fretful!—If I hated the bitterest enemy I have, as *much* as at times I hate myself, I should be a very bad creature.

This was spoken with an air so melancholy, as greatly disturbed me. God grant, thought I, that the articles of religion and residence may be agreed upon between the bishop and me!

Here, my good Miss Byron, I close this letter. Sir Charles has told you, briefly, the event of the conference between the bishop and him; and I hasten to obey you in your next article.

—o—

LETTER XXXVI.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Thursday Morning, March 29.

I SEND you now enclosed the doctor's fourth letter. I believe I must desire my grandmamma and my aunt Selby to send for me down.

We shall all be in London this evening.

Would to Heaven I had never come to it!—What of pleasure have I had in it? This abominable Sir Hargrave Pollexfen!—But for *him*, I had been easy and happy; since, but for *him* I had never wanted the relief of Sir Charles Grandison; never had known him. Fame might, perhaps, have brought to my ears, in general conversation, as other persons of distinction are talked of, some of his benevolent actions; and he would have attracted my admiration without costing me one sigh. And yet, had it been so, I should then have known none of those lively sensibilities that have mingled pleasure with my pain, on the pride I have had in being distinguished as a sister to the sisters of so extraordinary a man. Oh that I had kept my foolish heart free! I should then have had enough to boast of for my whole life; enough to talk of to every one: and when I had been asked by my companions and intimates, what diversions, what entertainments, I had been at? I should have said, 'I have been in company and conversed with SIR CHARLES 'GRANDISON; and been favoured and distinguished by all 'his family:' and I should have passed many a happy winter evening, when my companions came to work and read with me at Selby House, in answering their questions about all these; and Sir Charles would have been known among us principally by the name of *the fine gentleman;* and my young friends would have come about me, and asked me to tell them something more of *the excellent man.*

But now my ambition has overthrown me: aiming, wishing, to be everything, I am nothing. If I am asked about him, or his sisters, I shall seek to evade the subject: and yet, what other subject can I talk of? For what have I seen, what have I known, since I left Northamptonshire, but him and them? and what else, indeed, since I have known this family, have I wished to see, and to know?

On reviewing the above, how have I, as I see, suffered my childish fancies to delude me into a short forgetfulness of *his*, of *every*body's distresses!—But, oh my Lucy! my heart is torn in pieces; and, I verily think, more for the unhappy Clementina's sake, than for my own! How severely do I pay for my curiosity! Yet it was necessary that I should know the worst. So Sir Charles seems to have thought, by

the permission he has given to Doctor Bartlett, to oblige me.

Your pity will be more raised on reading the letter I enclose, not only for Clementina and Sir Charles, but for the whole family; none of whom, though they are all unhappy, are to be blamed. You will dearly love the noble Jeronymo, and be pleased with the young lady's faithful Camilla: but, my dear, there is so much tenderness in Charles's woe—It must be love—But he *ought* to love Clementina: she is a glorious, though unhappy young creature. I must not have one spark of generosity left in my heart, I must be lost wholly in *self*, if I did not equally admire and love her.

Dr. Bartlett's fourth letter.

As I remember, madam, Sir Charles mentions to you, in a very pathetic manner, the distress he was in when the terms and conditions, on which he was to be allowed to call the noble Clementina his, were proposed to him; as they were by the bishop. He has briefly told you the terms, and his grief to be obliged to disappoint the expectation of persons so deservedly dear to him. But you will not, I believe, be displeased, if I dwell a little more on these particulars, though they are not commanded from me.

The bishop, when he had acquainted Mr. Grandison with the terms, said, You are silent, my dear Grandison: you hesitate. What, sir! Is a proposal of a daughter of one of the noblest families in Italy, that daughter a *Clementina*, to be slighted by a man of private family, a foreigner, of dependent fortunes, her dowry not unworthy a prince's acceptance? Do you hesitate upon such a proposal as this, sir?

My lord, I am grieved, rather than surprised, at the proposal; I was apprehensive it would be made. My joy at receiving the condescending invitation, and at the honour done me, on my arrival, otherwise would have been immoderate.

A debate then followed, upon some articles in which the Church of Rome and the Protestant Churches differ.

Mr. Grandison would fain have avoided it; but the bishop, supposing he should have some advantages in the argument, which he met not with, would not permit him. He was very warm with Mr. Grandison more than once, which did not help his cause.

The particulars of this debate I will not at this time give you: they would carry me into great length; and I have much to transcribe, that I believe, from what Sir Charles has let me see of your manner of writing to your friends, you would prefer. To that I will proceed, after a passage or two, which will show you how that debate, about the difference in religion, went off.

You will call to mind, chevalier, said the bishop, that your Church allows of a possibility of salvation out of its pale—Ours does not.

My lord, our Church allows not of its members indulging themselves in capital errors, against conviction: but I hope that no more need be said on this subject.

I think, replied the bishop, we will quit it. I did not expect that you were so firmly rooted in error, as I find you: but to the point on which we began: I should think it an extraordinary misfortune, were we to find ourselves reduced to the necessity of reasoning a private man into the acceptance of our sister Clementina. Let me tell you, sir, that were she to know that you *but hesitate*—He spoke with earnestness, and reddened.

Pardon an interruption, my lord: you are disposed to be warm. I will not so much as *offer* to defend myself from any imputations than may, in displeasure, be cast upon me, as if I were capable of slighting the honour intended me of a lady who is worthy of a prince. I am persuaded that your lordship cannot think such a defence necessary. I am indeed a private man, but not inconsiderable; if the being able to enumerate a long race of ancestors, whom hitherto I have not disgraced, will give me consideration. But what, my lord, is ancestry? I live to my own heart. My principles were known before I had the condescending invitation. Your lordship would not persuade me to change them, when I cannot think them wrong; and since, as you

have heard, I have something to offer, when called upon, in support of them.

You will consider this matter, my dear chevalier. It is you, I think, that are disposed to be warm; but you are a valuable man. We, as well as our sister, wish to have you among us: our Church would wish it. Such a proselyte will justify us to every other consideration, and to all our friends. Consider of it, Grandison; but let it not be known to the principals of our family that you think consideration necessary: the dear Clementina, particularly, must not know it. Your *person*, chevalier, is not so dear to the excellent creature, as your *soul*. Hence it is, that we are all willing to encourage in her a flame so pure, and so bright.

My distress, my lord, is beyond the power of words to describe. I revere, I honour, and will to my last hour, the Marquis and Marchioness of Porretta, and on better motives than for their grandeur and nobility. Their sons —you know not, my lord, the pride I have always had to be distinguished even by a nomial relation to *them;* and give me your Clementina, without the hard conditions you prescribe, and I shall be happy beyond my highest wish. I desire not dowry with her. I have a father on whose generosity and affection I can rely. But I must repeat, my lord, that my principles are so well known, that I hoped a compromise would be accepted. I would not for the world compel your sister. The same liberty that I crave, I would allow.

And will you not take time, sir, to consider? Are you absolutely determined?

If your lordship knew the pain it gives me to say that I *am*, you would pity me.

Well, sir, I am sorry for it. Let us go in to Signor Jeronymo. He has been your advocate ever since he knew you. Jeronymo has gratitude; but you, chevalier, have no affections.

I thank God, said I, that your lordship does not do me justice.

He led me into his brother's apartment.

There, what did I not suffer, from the friendship, from

the love of that brother, and from the urgency of the bishop! But what was the result?

The bishop asked me if he were to conduct me to his father, to his mother, to his sister? Or to allow me to depart without seeing them?—This was the alternative. My compliance or non-compliance was to be thus indicated. I respectfully bowed. I recommended myself to the favour of the two brothers, and, through them, to that of the three truly respectable persons they had named; and withdrew to my lodgings with a heart sorely distressed.

I was unable to stir out for the remainder of the day. The same chair into which I threw myself, upon my first coming in, held me for hours.

In the evening, Camilla, in disguise, made me a visit. On my servant's withdrawing, revealing herself, Oh, sir! said she, what a distracted family have I left! They know not of my coming hither; but I could not forbear this officiousness. I cannot stay. But let me just tell you how unhappy we are; and your own generosity will suggest to you what is best to be done.

As soon as you were gone, my lord bishop acquainted my lady marchioness with what had passed between you. Oh, sir! you have an affectionate friend in Signor Jeronymo. He endeavoured to soften everything. My lady marchioness acquainted my lord with the bishop's report. I never saw that good nobleman in such a passion. It is not necessary to tell you what he said——

In a passion with *me*, Camilla!

Yes. He thought the whole family dishonoured, sir.

The Marquis della Porretta is the worthiest of men, Camilla, said I. I honour him.—But proceed.

The marchioness, in the tenderest manner, broke the matter to my young lady: I was present. She apprehended, that there might be occasion for my attendance, and commanded me to stay.

Before she could speak all she had to say, my young lady threw herself on her knees to her mamma, and blessing her for her goodness to her, begged her to spare the rest. I see, said she, that I, a daughter of the Porretta family, *your* daughter, madam, am refused. Palliate not,

I beseech you, the indignity. You need not. It is enough, that I am refused. Surely, madam, your Clementina is not so base in spirit as to need your maternal consolation on such a contempt as this. I feel for my papa; for you, madam; and for my brothers. I feel the indignity. Blessings follow the man wherever he goes! It would be mean to be angry with him. He is his own master; and now he has made me my own mistress. Never fear, madam, but this affair now will sit as light upon me as it ought. His humility will allow him to be satisfied with a meaner wife. You, madam, my papa, my brothers, shall not find *me* mean.

The marchioness embraced, with tears of joy, her beloved daughter. She brought my lord to her, and reported what her daughter had said: he also tenderly embraced the dear young lady, and rejoiced in her assurances, that now the cure was effected.

But, unseasonably, as the event showed, Father Marescotti, being talked with, was earnest to be allowed to visit her: *Then*, he said, was the proper time, the very crisis, to urge her to accept of the Count of Belvedere.

I was bid to tell her, that his reverence desired to attend her.

Oh, let me go, said she, to Florence; to my dear Mrs. Beaumont!—To-morrow morning let me go; and not see Father Marescotti, till I can see him as I wish to see him!

But the good father prevailed less: he meant the best.

He was with her half an hour. He left her in a melancholy way. When her mamma went to her, she found her spiritless, her eyes fixed, and as gloomy as ever. She was silent to two or three of her mother's questions; and when she *did* speak it was with wildness; but declaring, without being solicited in the Count of Belvedere's favour, against marrying him, or any man in the world.

Her mother told her she should go to Florence as soon as she pleased: but then the humour was off. Would to Heaven she had gone before she saw his reverence! So they all now wish.

Camilla, said she to me, when we were alone, was it necessary to load the Chevalier Grandison? Was it neces-

sary to inveigh against him?—It was ungenerous to do so. Was the man obliged to have the creature whose forwardness had rendered her contemptible in his eyes? I could not bear to hear him inveighed against. But never, never let me hear his name mentioned. Yet, Camilla, I cannot bear being despised, neither.

She arose from her seat, and from that moment her humour took a different turn. She now talks: she raves: she starts: she neither sits nor stands with quietness—she walks up and down her room, at other times, with passion and hurry; yet weeps not, though she makes everybody else weep. She speaks to herself, and answers herself; and, as I guess, repeats part of the talk that passed between Father Marescotti and her: but still, *to be despised!* are the words she often repeats.—*Jesu!* once, said she—*to be despised!*—And by an English Protestant! Who can bear that?

In this way, sir, is Lady Clementina. The sweetest creature! I see, I see you have compassion, sir! You never wanted humanity! Generosity is a part of your nature!—I am sure you love her!—I *see* you love her!—I pain your noble heart!—Indeed, indeed, sir, Lady Clementina's love extended beyond the limits of this world: she hoped to be yours to all eternity.

Well might Camilla, the sensible, the faithful, the affectionate Camilla, the attendant from infant years of her beloved Clementina, thus run on, without interruption. I could not speak. And had I been able, to what purpose should I have pleaded to Camilla the superior attachment which occasioned an anguish that words cannot describe?

What can I say, but thank you, my good Camilla, for your intention? I hope you have eased your own heart, but you have loaded mine—nevertheless, I thank you. Would to Heaven that your lady's own wishes had been complied with; that she had been encouraged to go to the excellent Mrs. Beaumont! The first natural impulses of the distressed heart often point out the best alleviation. Would to Heaven they had been pursued! I have great dependence on the generous friendship of Signor Jeronymo. All that is in my power to do I will do. I honour, I venerate, every one of the truly noble family: I never can deserve

their favour. On all occasions, Camilla, let them know my devotion to them.

I beg of God, said she, to put it into your heart to restore the tranquillity of a family, which was, till lately, the happiest in Bologna. It may not be yet too late. I beg of you to excuse my officiousness. Pray take no notice that I have waited on you. I shall be wanted.

She was hastening away. Good Camilla, said I, taking a ring of some value from my finger, and forcing it upon hers (she is above accepting of pecuniary presents, and struggled against this), accept this as a remembrance, not acknowledgment. I may be forbid the palace of the Marquis della Porretta, and so have no opportunity again to see the equally faithful and obliging Camilla.

What other conditions could have been prescribed, Dr. Bartlett, that I should have refused to comply with? How was I anew distressed, at the account Camilla gave me: But my great consolation in the whole transaction is that my own heart, on the maturest deliberation, acquits me; and the rather, as it is impossible for me to practise a greater piece of self-denial: for can there be on earth a nobler woman than Clementina?

The next morning, early, Mr. Grandison received the following letter from his friend Signor Jeronymo. I translated it, my good Miss Byron, at the time I received it. I will send you the translation only.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER!—Shall I blame you?—I cannot. Shall I blame my father, my mother?—They blame themselves, for the free access you were allowed to have to their Clementina; yet they own, that you acted nobly. But they had forgot that Clementina had eyes. Yet who knew not her discernment? Who knew not her regard for merit, wherever she found it? Can I therefore blame my sister?—Indeed, no. Has she a *brother* whom I can blame?—No. But ought I not to blame myself? The dear creature owned, it seems, to Mrs. Beaumont, that my declaration in your favour, which was made long before you knew it, was one of her influences. Must I therefore accuse myself?—If I regard my intention, gratitude for a life preserved by you, and for a sense of my

social duties (soul as well as body indebted to you, though a Protestant yourself), will not suffer it. Is there then nobody whom we can blame for the calamity befallen us?—How strangely is that calamity circumstanced?

But is there so irreconcileable a difference between the two religions?—There is: the bishop says there is: Clementina thinks there is: my father, my mother, thinks there is.

But does *your* father think so? Will you put the whole matter on that issue, chevalier?

Oh no, you will not. You are as determined as we are: yet, surely, with less reason.

But I debate not the matter with you. I know you are a master of the question.

But what is to be done? Shall Clementina perish? Will not the gallant youth, who ventured his life so successfully to save a brother, exert himself to preserve a sister?

Come, and see the way she is in—Yet they will not admit you into her presence while she is in that way.

The sense she has of her dignity debased, and the perpetual expostulations and apprehensions of her zealous confessor—can the good man think it his duty to wound and tear in pieces a mind tenacious of its honour, and of that of her sex? At last, you see, I have found somebody to accuse.—But I come to my motive for giving you this trouble. It is to request you to make me a visit. Breakfast with me my dear chevalier, this morning. You will, perhaps, seeno body else.

Camilla has told me, and *only* me, that she attended you last night: she tells me how greatly you are grieved. I should renounce your friendship were you *not*. At my soul, I pity you, because I knew, long since, your firm attachment to your religion; and because you love Clementina.

I wish I were able to attend *you:* I would save you the pain of this visit; for I know it must pain you: but come, nevertheless.

You hinted to my brother, that you thought, as your principles were so well known, a compromise would be accepted—explain yourself to me upon this compromise. If I can smooth the way between you—yet I despair that anything will do but your conversion. They love your soul; *they* think

they love it better than you do yourself. Is there not a merit in them, which you cannot boast in return?

The general, I hear, came to town last night: we have not seen him yet. He had business with the gonfaloniere. I think you must not meet. He is warm. He adores Clementina. He knew not, till last night, that the bishop broke to him at that magistrate's our unhappy situation. What a disappointment! One of the principal views he had in coming was to do you honour, and to give his sister pleasure. Ah, sir! he came to be present at two solemn acts: the one your nuptials, in consequence of the other.—You must not meet. It would go to my heart to have offence given you by any of my family, especially in our own house.

Come, however; I long to see you, and to comfort you, whether your hard heart (I did not use to think it a hard one) will allow you, or not, to give comfort to your ever affectionate and faithful friend,

JERONYMO DELLA PORRETTA.

I accepted of the invitation. My heart was in this family. I longed, before this letter came, to see and to hear from it. The face of the meanest servant belonging to it would have been *more* than welcome to me. What, however, were my hopes? Yet, do you think Dr. Bartlett, that I had not pain in going; a pain that took more than its turn, with the desire I had once more to enter doors that used to be opened to me with so much pleasure on both sides?

Dr. Bartlett's fifth letter.

MR. GRANDISON thus proceeds.—I was introduced to Signor Jeronymo. He sat expecting me. He bowed more stiffly than usual in return to my compliment.

I see, said I, that I have lost my friend.

Impossible, said he. It cannot be.

Then speaking of his sister—Dear creature! said he. A very bad night. My poor mother has been up with her ever since three o'clock: nobody else has any influence with her. These talking fits are worse than her silent ones.

What could I say? My soul was vexed. My friend saw it,

and was grieved for me. He talked of indifferent things. I could not follow him in them.

He then entered upon the subject that would not long allow of any other. I expect the general, said he. I will not, I think, have you see each other. I have ordered notice to be given me before any one of the family is admitted while you are with me. If you choose not to see the general, or my father or mother, should they step in to make their morning compliments, you can walk down the back stairs into the garden, or into the next chamber.

I am not the least sufferer in this distress, replied I. You have invited me. If on your own account you would have me withdraw, I will; but else I cannot conceal myself.

This is like you. It is you yourself. O Grandison! that we could be *real* brothers!—In soul we are so. But what is the compromise you hinted at?

I then told him, that I would reside one year in Italy, another in England, by turns, if the dear Clementina would accompany me; if not, but three months in England, in every year. As to religion she should keep her own; her confessor only to be a man of known discretion.

He shook his head. I'll propose it as from yourself, if you would have me do so, chevalier. It would do with me; but will not with anybody else.—I have undertaken for *more* than that already; but it will not be heard of. Would to God, chevalier, that you, for *my* sake, for *all* our sakes!—But I know you have a great deal to say on this subject, as you told my brother. New converts, added he, may be zealous; but you old Protestants, Protestants by descent, as I may say, 'tis strange you should be so very steadfast. You have not many young gentlemen, I believe, who would be so very tenacious; such offers, such advantages—and surely you must love my sister. All our family you surely love. I will presume to say they deserve your love; and they give the strongest proofs that can be given of their regard for you.

Signor Jeronymo expected not an argumentative answer to what he said. My steadfastness was best expressed, and surely it was sufficiently expressed (the circumstances of the case so interesting) by silence.

Just then came in Camilla. The marchioness, sir, knows

you are here. She desires you will not go till she sees you. She will attend you here, I believe.

She is persuading Lady Clementina to be blooded. She has an aversion to that operation. She begs it may not be done. She has been hitherto, on that account, bled by leeches. The marquis and the bishop are both gone out. They could not bear her solicitations to them to *save* her, as she called it.

The marchioness soon after entered. Care, melancholy, yet tenderness, was in her aspect: grief for her daughter's malady seemed fixed in the lines of her fine face. Keep your seat, chevalier. She sat down, sighed, wept; but would not have had her tears seen.

Had I not been so deeply concerned in the cause of her grief, I could have endeavoured to comfort her. But what could I say? I turned my head aside. I would also have concealed *my* emotion; but Signor Jeronymo took notice of it.

The poor chevalier, kindly said he, with an accent of compassion——

I don't doubt it, answered she as kindly, though he spoke not out what he had to say. He may be obdurate, but not ungrateful.

Excellent woman! How was I affected by her generosity! This was taking the direct road to my heart. You *know* that heart, Dr. Bartlett, and what a task it had.

Jeronymo inquired after his sister's health; I was afraid to inquire.

Not worse, I hope; but so talkative! poor thing! She burst into tears.

I presumed to take her hand—O madam! Will no compromise! Will no——

It *ought not*, chevalier. I cannot urge it. We know your power, *too well* we know your power over the dear creature. She will not be long a Catholic if she be yours; and you know what we then should think of her precious soul!—Better to part with her for ever—yet, how can a mother—her tears spoke what her lips could not utter.

Recovering her voice; I have left her, said she, contending with the doctors against being let blood. She was so

earnest with me to prevent it, that I could not stay. It is over by this time—She rang.

At that moment, to the astonishment of all three, in ran the dear Clementina herself.—A happy escape! Thank God! said she—her arm bound up.

She had felt the lancet; but did not bleed more than two or three drops.

Oh my mamma! And *you* would have run away from me too, would you?—You don't use to be cruel; and to leave me with these doctors.—See! see! and she held out her lovely arm a little bloody, regarding nobody but her mother; who, as well as we, was speechless with surprise—They did attempt to wound; but they could not obtain their cruel ends—and I ran for shelter to my mamma's arms (throwing hers about her neck)—Dearest, dearest madam, don't let me be sacrificed! What has your poor child done, to be thus treated!

Oh my Clementina!

And oh my mamma, too! Have I not suffered enough?—

The door opened. She cast her fearful eye to it, clinging faster to her mother—They are come to take me!—Begone. Camilla [it was she]; begone, when I bid you! They shan't take me—My mamma will save me from them—Won't you, my mamma? Clasping more fervently her arms about her neck, and hiding her face in her bosom. Then, lifting up her face, Begone, I tell you, Camilla. They shan't have me.—Camilla withdrew.

Brother! my dear brother! you will protect me; won't you?

I arose. I was unable to bear this affecting scene—She saw me.

Good God! said she—Then in English breaking out into that line of Hamlet, which she had taken great notice of, when we read that play together,

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

She left her mother, and stept gently towards me, looking earnestly with her face held out, as if she were doubtful whether it were I or not.

I snatched her hand, and pressed it with my lips—O madam!—Dearest lady!—I could say no more.

It is he. It is he, indeed, madam! turning her head to her mother; one hand held up, as in surprise, as I detained the other.

The son's arms supported the almost fainting mother; his tears mingling with hers.

For God's sake! for my sake, dear Grandison! said he, and stopt.

I quitted Clementina's hand; Jeronymo's unhealed wounds had weakened him, and I hastened to support the marchioness.

O chevalier! spare your concern for me, said she.—My child's *head* is of more consequence to me than my own *heart.*

What was it of distress that I did not at that moment feel!

The young lady turning to us—Well, sir, said she, here is sad work! Sad work, to be sure! Somebody is wrong: I won't say who.—But *you* will not let these doctors use me ill—will you?—See here! (showing her bound-up arm to me)—what they would have done!—See, they did get a drop or two; but no more. And I sprung from them, and ran for it.

Her mother then taking her attention—My dearest mamma! how do you do?——

Oh my child! and she clasped her arms about her Clementina.

Camilla came in. She added, by *her* grief, to the distressful scene. She threw her arms, kneeling, about the marchioness: Oh my dearest lady! said she—[The marchioness feeling for her *salts,* and taking them out of her pocket, and smelling to them]—Unclasp me, Camilla, said she: I am better. Are the doctors gone?

No, madam, whispered Camilla: but they say, it is highly proper; and they talk of blistering!——

Not her head, I hope—The dear creature, when she used to value herself upon anything, took pride, as well she might, in her hair.

Now you are whispering, my mamma—and this impertinent Camilla is come.—Camilla, they shall not have me, I tell you!—See, barbarous wretches! what they have done

to me already!—again holding up her arm, and then with indignation tearing off the fillet.

Her brother begged of her to submit to the operation. Her mother joined her gentle command.—Well, I won't love you, brother, said she; you are in the plot against me—but *here* is one who *will* protect me; laying her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly in my face, with such a mixture of woe and tenderness in her eye, as pierced my very soul.

Persuade her, chevalier, said the marchioness.

My good young lady, will you not obey your mamma? You are not well. Will you not be well? See how you distress your noble brother!

She stroked her brother's cheek (it was wet with his tears) with a motion inimitably tender, her voice as inimitably soothing—Poor Jeronymo! My dearest brother! And have you not suffered enough from vile assassins? Poor dear brother!—and again stroked his cheek.—How was I affected!

A fresh gush of tears broke from his eyes.—Ah, Grandison! said he.

Oh why, why, said I, did I accept of your kind invitation? This distress could not have been so deep, had not I been present.

See! see! chevalier! holding out her spread hand to me, Jeronymo weeps—he weeps for his sister, I believe.—These —look, my hand is wet with them!—are the tears of my dear Jeronymo! My hand—see! is wet with a brother's tears!—And *you*, madam, are affected too! turning to her mother. It is a grievous thing to see men weep! What ail they?—Yet I cannot weep—have they softer hearts than mine?—Don't weep, chevalier.—See, Jeronymo has done!—I would stroke your cheek too, if it would stop your tears.—But what is all this for? It is because of these doctors, I believe—But, Camilla, bid them begone: they shan't have me.

Dearest madam, said I, submit to your mamma's advice. Your mamma wishes you to suffer them to breathe a vein—it is no more—your Jeronymo also beseeches you to permit them.

And do *you* wish it too, chevalier?—Do *you* wish to see me wounded?—To see my heart bleeding at my arm, I warrant. Say, can *you* be so hard-hearted?

Let me join with your mamma, with your brother, to entreat it: for your father's sake! For——

For *your* sake, chevalier?—Well, will it do you good to see me bleed?

I withdrew to the window. I could not stand this question; but with an air of tenderness for me, and in an accent *equally* tender.

The irresistible lady (oh what eloquence in her disorder!) followed me; and laying her hand on my arm, looking earnestly after my averted face, as if she would not suffer me to hide it from her—Will it, will it comfort *you* to see me bleed?—Come then, *be* comforted; I *will* bleed: but you shall not leave me. You shall see that these doctors shall not kill me quite.

O Dr. Bartlett! how did this address to me torture my very soul!

Camilla, proceeded she, I *will* bleed. Madam, to her mother, will it please *you* to have me bleed? Will it please *you*, my Jeronymo? turning to him—And sir, sir, stepping to me with quickness, will it please *you?*—Why then, Camilla, bid the doctors come in.—What would I not do to please such kind friends! You grudge not your tears: and as I cannot give you tears for tears, from my eyes, shall not my arm weep?—But do *you* stand by me, chevalier, while it is done. You will: won't you?—seeking again with her eye my averted face.

Oh that my life, thought I, would be an *effectual* offering for the restoring the peace of mind of this dear lady, and her family! and that it might be taken by any hand but my own!—But my conscience!—prepossessed as I am in favour of my own religion, and in disfavour of that I am wished to embrace; how, thought I, can I make a sacrifice of my conscience!

The dear lady was then as earnest for the operation, as before she had been averse to it: but she did and said everything in a hurry.

The marchioness and my friend were comforted, in hopes that some relief would follow it. The doctors were invited in.

Do you stand by me, sir, said she to me.—Come, make haste. But it shan't be the same arm.—Camilla, see, I

can bare my own arm—It will bleed at this arm, I warrant —I will *bid* it flow.—Come, make haste—are you always so tedious?—The preparation in all these things, I believe, is worse than the act.—Pray, pray, make haste.

They did; though she thought they did not.

Turn your face another way, madam, said the doctor.

Now methinks I am Iphigenia, chevalier, going to be offered—looking at me, and from the doctors.

And is this all?—The puncture being made, and she bleeding freely.

The doctors were not satisfied with a small quantity. She fainted, however, before they had taken quite so much as they intended; and her woman carried her out of her brother's apartment into her own, in the chair she sat in.

Dear Clementina!—My compassion and my *best* wishes followed her.

You see your power over the dear girl, Grandison, said her brother.

The marchioness sighed; and looking at me with kind and earnest meaning, withdrew to attend her daughter's recovery.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

RECEIVE, my Lucy, the doctor's sixth letter. The fifth has almost broken the hearts of us all.

Dr. Bartlett's sixth letter.

A SCENE of another nature took place of this, proceeds Mr. Grandison.

Camilla stept in, and said the general was come; and was at that moment lamenting with the marchioness the disordered state of mind of his beloved sister, who had again fainted away, but was quiet when Camilla came in.

The general will be here presently, said Jeronymo. Do you choose to see him?

As perhaps he has been told I am here, it would look too

particular to depart instantly. If he comes not in soon, I will take my leave of you.

I had hardly done speaking, when the general entered, drying his eyes.

Your servant, Mr. Grandison, said he. Brother, how do you? Not the better, I dare say, for the present affliction. Who the devil would have thought the girl had been so deeply affected?—Well, sir, you have a glorious triumph!—Clementina's heart is not a vulgar one. Her family——

My lord, I hope I do not deserve this address!—*Triumph*, my lord!—Not a heart in this family can be more distressed than mine.

And is religion, is conscience, *really* of such force, chevalier?

Let me ask that question, my lord, of your own heart: let me ask it of your brother the bishop; of the other principals of your noble family: and the answer given will be an answer for me.

He seemed displeased. Explain yourself, chevalier.

If, my lord, said I, you think there is so great, so essential, a difference in the two religions, that you cannot consent that I should keep my own; what must I be, who think as highly of my own as you can of yours, to give it up, though on the highest temporal consideration? Make the case your own, my lord.

I *can*. And were I in your situation, such a woman as my sister; such a family as ours; such a splendid fortune as she will have; I believe, I should not make the scruples you do. My brother the bishop, indeed, might not have given the same answer. He might have been more tenacious.

The bishop cannot be better satisfied with *his* religion than I am with *mine*. But I hope, my lord, *from what you have said*, that I may claim the honour of your friendship in this great article. It is proposed to me that I renounce my religion: I make no such proposal to your family; on the contrary, I consent that Lady Clementina should keep hers; and I am ready to allow a very handsome provision for a discreet man, her confessor, to attend her, in order to secure her in it. As to residence; I will consent to reside one year in Italy, one in England; and even, if she choose not to go

to England at all, I will acquiesce, and visit England myself but for three months in every year.

As to the children, Mr. Grandison? said Signor Jeronymo; desirous of promoting the compromise.

I will consent that daughters shall be the mother's care; the education of sons must be left to me.

What will the poor daughters have done, chevalier, sneeringly spoke the general, that *they* should be left to perdition?

Your lordship, without my entering into the opinion of the professors of both religions on this subject, will consider my proposal as a *compromise.* I would not have begun an address upon these terms with a princess. I do assure you, that mere fortune has no bias with me. Prescribe not to me in the article of religion, and I will, with all my soul, give up every ducat of your sister's fortune.

Then what will you have to support——

My lord, leave that to your sister and me. I will deal honourably with her. If she renounce me on that article, you will have reason to congratulate yourselves.

Your fortune, sir, by marriage, will be much more considerable than it can be by patrimony, if Clementina be yours: why then should you not look forward to your posterity as Italians? And in *that* case——

He stopt there.—It was easy to guess at his inference.

I would no more renounce my country than my religion: I would leave posterity free; but would not deprive them of an attachment that I value myself upon: nor yet my country, of a family that never gave it cause to be ashamed of it.

The general took snuff, and looked on me and off me, with an air too supercilious. I could not but be sensible of it.

I have no small difficulty, my lord, said I, to bear the hardships of my situation, added to the distress which that situation gives me, to be looked upon in this family as a delinquent without having done anything to reproach myself with, either in thought, word, or deed.—My lord, it is extremely hard.

It is, my lord, said Signor Jeronymo. The great misfortune in the case before us, is, that the Chevalier Grandison has merit superior to that of most men; and that our

sister, who was not to be attached by common merit, could not be insensible to his.

Whatever were my sister's attachments, Signor Jeronymo, we know *yours;* and generous ones they are; but we all know how handsome men may attach young ladies, without needing to say a single word. The poison once taken in at the eye, it will soon diffuse itself through the whole mass.

My honour, yet, my lord, was never called in question, either by man or woman.

Your character is well known, chevalier—Had it not been unexceptionable, we should not have entered into treaty with you on this subject, I do assure you; and it piques us not a little to have a daughter of our house refused. You don't know the consequence, I can tell you, of such an indignity offered in this country.

Refused! my lord!—To *endeavour* to obviate this charge, would be to put an affront upon your lordship's justice, as well as an indignity offered to your truly noble house.

He arose in anger, and swore that he would not be treated with contempt.

I stood up too: and if I am, my lord, with indignity, it is not what I have been used to bear.

Signor Jeronymo was disturbed. He said he had opposed our seeing each other. He knew his brother's warmth; and I, he said, from the scenes that had before passed, ought perhaps to have shown more pity than resentment.

It was owing to my regard for the delicacy of your sister, Signor Jeronymo, said I (for whom I have the tenderest sentiments), as well as to do justice to my own conduct towards her, that I could not help showing myself affected *by* the word *refused.*

Affected by the word refused! sir, said the general—Yes, you have soft words for hard meanings. But I, who have not your choice of words, make use of those that are explained by actions.

I was in hopes, my lord, that I might rather have been favoured with your weight in the proposed compromise, than to have met with your displeasure.

Consider, chevalier, coolly consider this matter:—How shall we answer it to our country (we are public people, sir),

to the church, to which we stand related; to our own character; to marry a daughter of our house to a Protestant? You say you are concerned for her honour: what *must* we, what *can* we say in her behalf, if she be reflected upon as a love-sick girl, who, though steadfast in her religion, could refuse men of the first consideration, all of her own religion and country, and let a foreigner, an Englishman, carry her off?——

Preserving nevertheless by *stipulation*, you will remember, my lord, her religion.—If you shall have so much to answer for to the world with such a stipulation in the lady's favour, what shall I be thought of, who, though I am not, nor wish to be, a public man, am not of a low or inconsiderable family, if I, against my conscience, renounce my religion and my country, for a consideration, that, though the highest in private life, is a partial and selfish consideration.

No more, no more, sir—if you can despise worldly grandeur, if you can set light by riches, honours, love, my sister has *this* to be said in her praise, that she is the first woman, that ever I heard of, who fell in love with a philosopher: and she must, I think, take the consequence of such a peculiarity. Her example will not have many followers.

Yes, my lord, it will, said Jeronymo, if Mr. Grandison be the philosopher. If women were to be regimented, he would carry an army into the field without beat of drum.

I was vexed to find an affair that had penetrated my heart go off so lightly; but the levity shown by the general was followed by Jeronymo, in order to make the past warmth between us forgotten.

I left the brothers together. As I passed through the saloon, I had the pleasure of hearing, by a whisper from Camilla, that her young lady was somewhat more composed for the operation she had yielded to.

In the afternoon the general made me a visit at my lodgings. He told me, he had taken amiss some things that had fallen from my mouth.

I owned that I was at one time warm; but excused myself by *his* example.

I urged him to promote my interest as to the proposed compromise. He gave me no encouragement; but took down my proposals in writing.

He asked me if my father were as tenacious in the article of religion as I was?

I told him that I had forborne to write anything of the affair to my father.

That, he said, was surprising. He had always apprehended, that a man who pretended to be strict in religion, be it what religion it would, should be uniform. He who could dispense with one duty, might with another.

I answered, that having no view to address Lady Clementina, I had only given my father general accounts of the favour I had met with from a family so considerable: that it was but *very lately* that I had entertained any hopes *at all*, as he must know: that those hopes were allayed by my fears that the articles of religion and residence would be an insuperable obstacle: but that it was my resolution, in the same hour that I could have any prospect of succeeding, to lay all before him; and I was sure of his approbation and consent to an alliance so answerable to the magnificence of his own spirit.

The general, at parting, with a haughty air, said, I take my leave, chevalier: I suppose you will not be in haste to *leave* Bologna. I am extremely sensible of the indignity you have cast upon us all. I *am*, and swore—we shall not disgrace our sister and ourselves by courting your acceptance of her. I understand that Olivia is in love with you too. These contentions for you may give you consequence with yourself: but Olivia is not a *Clementina*. You are in a country jealous of family honour. Ours is a first family in it. You know not what you have done, sir.

What you have said, my lord, I have not deserved of you. It can *not* be answered, at least by me. I shall not leave Bologna till I apprize you of it, and till I have the misfortune to be assured that I cannot have any hope of the honour once designed me. I will only add, that my principles were well known before I was written to at Vienna.

And do you reproach us with that step? It was a *base* one. It had not *my* concurrence. He went from me in a passion.

I had enough at my heart, Dr. Bartlett, had I been spared this insult from a brother of Clementina. It went very hard with me to be threatened. But, I thank God, I do not deserve the treatment.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

London, Friday Morning, March 31.

HERE, my Lucy, once more I am. We arrived yesterday in the afternoon.

Lady Betty Williams and Miss Clements have been already to welcome me on my return. My cousin says they are inseparable. I am glad of it, for Lady Betty's sake.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging. One would think that he and his kinsman gave up all their time in transcribing for us. I send you now his seventh, eighth, and ninth letters. In reading the two latter, we were struck (for the two sisters and my lord were with us) with the nobleness of Clementina. Her motive, through her whole delirium, is so apparently owing to her concern for the soul of the man she loved (entirely regardless of any interest of her own), that we all forgot what had been so long our wishes, and joined in giving preference to her.

Dr. Bartlett's seventh letter.

I HAD another visit paid me, proceeds Mr. Grandison, two hours after the general left me, by the kind-hearted Camilla, disguised as before.

I come now, chevalier, said she, with the marchioness's connivance, and, I may say, by her command; and, at the same time, by the command of Signor Jeronymo, who knows of my last attendance upon you, though no one else does, not even the marchioness. He gave me this letter for you.

But how does the noblest young lady in Italy, Camilla? How does Lady Clementina?

More composed than we could have hoped for, from the height of her delirium. It *was* high; for she has but a very faint idea of having seen you this morning.

The marchioness had bid her say, that although I had now given her despair instead of hope, yet that she owed it to my merit, and to the sense she had of the benefits they had actually received at my hands, to let me know that it was but too likely that resentments might be carried to an

unhappy length; and that therefore she wished I would leave Bologna for the present. If happier prospects presented, she would be the first to congratulate me upon them.

I opened the letter of my kind Jeronymo. These were the contents:

I AM infinitely concerned, my dear Grandison, to find a man equally generous and brave as my brother is, hurried away by passion. You *may* have acted with your usual magnanimity in preferring your religion to your love, and to your glory. I, for my part, think you to be a distressed man. If you are not, you must be very insensible to the merits of an excellent woman, and very ungrateful to the distinction she honours you with. I must write in this style, and think she does honour by it even to my Grandison. But should the consequences of this affair be unhappy for either of you; if, in particular, for my *brother*, what cause of regret would our family have that a *younger* brother was saved by the hand which deprived them of a more worthy *elder?* If for *you*, how deplorable would be the reflection, that you saved one brother, and perished by the hand of another? Would to God that his passion, and your spirit, were more moderate! But let me request this favour of you; that you retire to Florence, for a few days, at least.

How unhappy am I, that I am disabled from taking part in a more active mediation!—Yet the general admires you. But how can we blame in him a zeal for the honour of his family, in which he would be glad at his soul to include a zeal for yours?

For God's sake, quit Bologna for a few days only. Clementina is more sedate. I have carried it, that her confessor shall not at present visit her; yet he is an honest and a pious man.

What a fatality! Every one to mean well, yet every one to be miserable! And can religion be the cause of so much unhappiness? I cannot *act*. I can only *reflect*. My dear friend, let me know by a line, that you will depart from Bologna to-morrow; and you will then a little lighten the heart of your JERONYMO.

I sent my grateful compliments to the marchioness by Camilla. I besought her to believe, that my conduct on this occasion should be such as should merit her approbation. I expressed my grief for the apprehended resentments. I was sure that a man so noble, so generous, so brave, as was the man from whom the resentments might be supposed to arise, would better consider of everything: but it was impossible for me, I bid Camilla say, to be far distant from Bologna; because I still presumed to hope for a happy turn in my favour.

I wrote to Signor Jeronymo to the same effect. I assured him of my high regard for his gallant brother; I deplored the occasion which had subjected me to the general's displeasure; bid him depend upon my moderation. I referred to my known resolution, of long standing, to avoid a meditated rencounter with *any* man; urging, that he might for that reason, the more securely rely upon my care to shun any acts of offence either to or from a son of the Marquis della Porretta; a brother of my dear friend Jeronymo, and of the most excellent and beloved of sisters!

Neither the marchioness nor Jeronymo were satisfied with the answers I returned: but what could I do? I had promised the general that I would not leave Bologna till I had apprised him of my intention to do so; and I still was willing, as I bid Camilla tell the marchioness, to indulge my hopes of some happy turn.

The marquis, the bishop, and general went to Urbino; and there, as I learnt from my Jeronymo, it was determined, in full assembly, that Grandison, as well from difference in religion, as from inferiority in degree and fortune, was unworthy of their alliance: and it was hinted to the general, that he was equally unworthy of his resentment.

While the father and two brothers were at Urbino, Lady Clementina gave hopes of a sedate mind. She desired her mother to allow her to see me: but the marchioness, believing there were no hopes of my complying with their terms, and being afraid of the consequences, and of incurring blame from the rest of her family, now especially that they were absent, and consulting together on what *was* proper to be done, desired she would not think of it.

This refusal made Clementina the more earnest for an interview. Signor Jeronymo gave his advice in favour of it. The misfortune he had met with had added to his weight with the family. It is a family of harmony and love. They were hardly more particularly fond of Clementina than they were of one another, throughout the several branches of it: this harmony among them added greatly to the family consequence, as well in public as private. Till the attempt that was made upon their Jeronymo, they had not known calamity.

But the confessor strengthening the marchioness's apprehensions of what the consequence of indulging the young lady might be, all Jeronymo's weight would have failed to carry this point, had it not been for an enterprise of Clementina, which extremely alarmed them, and made them give in to her wishes.

Camilla has enabled me to give the following melancholy account of it, to the only man on earth to whom I could communicate particulars, the very recollection of which tears my heart in pieces.

The young lady's malady, after some favourable symptoms, which went off, returned in another shape; her talkativeness continued; but the hurry with which she spoke and acted, gave place to a sedateness that she seemed very fond of. They did not suffer her to go out of her chamber; which she took not well: but Camilla, being absent about an hour, on her return missed her, and alarmed the whole house upon it. Every part of it, and of the garden, was searched. From an apprehension, that they dared not so much as whisper to one another, they *dreaded* to find her whom they so carefully sought after.

At last, Camilla seeing, as she supposed, one of the maid-servants coming down stairs with remarkable tranquillity, as she thought, in her air and manner: Wretch! said she, how composed do you seem to be in a storm that agitates everybody else!

Don't be angry with me, Camilla, returned the supposed servant.

Oh, my lady! my *very* Lady Clementina, in Laura's clothes! Whither are you going, madam?—But let the

marchioness know (said she, to one of the women-servants who then appeared in sight) that we have found my young lady.—What, dear madam, is the meaning of this?—Go, Martina (to another woman-servant), go this instant to my lady!—Dear Lady Clementina, what concern have you given us!

And thus she went on, asking questions of her young lady, and giving orders, almost in the same breath, till the marchioness came to them in a joyful hurry, from one of the pavilions in the garden, into which she had thrown herself, tortured by her fears, and dreading the approach of every servant with fatal tidings.

The young lady stood still, but with great composure. I *will* go, Camilla, said she; indeed I will. You disturb me by your frantic ways, Camilla. I wish you would be as sedate and calm as I am. What's the matter with the woman?

Her mother folding her arms about her—Oh, my sweet girl! said she, how could you terrify us thus? What's the meaning of this disguise? Whither were you going?

Why, madam, I was going on God's errand; not on my own—What is come to Camilla? The poor creature is beside herself!

Oh, my dear! said her mother, taking her hand, and leading her into her own apartment (Camilla following, weeping with joy for having found her), Tell me, said she, tell me, has Laura furnished you with this dress?

Why no, madam; I'll tell you the whole truth. I went and hid myself in Laura's room, while she changed her clothes: I saw where she put those she took off; and when she had left her room, I put them on.

And for what? For what, my dear? Tell me what you designed?

I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell. It was God's errand I was going upon.

What *was* the errand?

Don't weep then, my dear mamma, and I'll tell you. Do let me kiss away these tears.—And she tenderly embraced her mother.

Why I have a great mind to talk to the Chevalier

Grandison. I had many fine thoughts upon my pillow; and I believed I could say a great deal to the purpose to him; and you told me I must not see him: so I thought I would not. But then I had other notions come into my head; and I believed if I could talk freely to him, I should convince him of his errors. Now, thought I, I know he will mind what I say to him, more than perhaps he will my brother the bishop, or Father Marescotti. I am a simple girl, and can have no interest in his conversion; for he has refused me, you know: so there is an end of all matters between him and me. I never was refused before: *was* I, my mamma? I never will be twice refused. Yet I owe him no ill-will. And if one can save a soul, you know, madam, there is no harm in that. So it is God's errand I go upon, and not my own. And shall I not go? Yes, I shall. I know you will give me leave.—She courtesied. Silence is permission. Thank you, madam—and seemed to be going.

Well might her mother be silent. She could not speak; but, rising, went after her to the door, and taking her hand, sobbed over it her denial (as Camilla described it); and brought her back, and motioned to her to sit down.

She whispered Camilla, What ails my mamma? Can you tell?—But see how calm, how composed, I am! This world, Camilla! what a vain thing is this world! and she looked up. And so I shall tell the chevalier. I shall tell him not to refuse heaven, though he has refused a simple girl, who was no enemy to him, and might have been a faithful guide to him thither, for what he knew. Now all these things I wanted to say to him, and a vast deal more; and when I have told him my mind, I shall be easy.

Will my precious girl be easy, broke out into speech her weeping mother, when you have told the chevalier your mind? You *shall* tell him your mind, my dear; and God restore my child to peace, and to me!

Well now, my mamma, this is a good sign—for if I have moved you to oblige me, why may I not move him to oblige himself?—that's all I have in view. He has been my tutor, and I want, methinks, to return the favour, and be his tutoress; and so you will let me go—won't you?

No, my dear, we will send for him.

Well, that may do as well, provided you will let us be alone together; for these proud men may be ashamed, before company, to own themselves convinced by a simple girl.

But, my dearest love! whither would you have gone? Do you know where the chevalier's lodgings are?

She paused.—She does not, surely, Camilla?

Camilla repeated the question, that the young lady might herself answer it.

She looked as if considering—then, Why no, truly, said she, I did not think of that: but everybody in Bologna knows where the Chevalier Grandison lives—don't you think so?—But when shall he come? That will be better; *much* better.

You shall go, Camilla, disguised as before. Probably he has not quitted Bologna yet. And let him know, to a tittle, all that has passed, on this attempt of the dear soul. If he can bring his mind to comply with our terms, it may not yet be too late: though it *will be* so after my lord and my two sons return from Urbino. But small are my hopes from him. If the interview makes my poor child easy, that will be a blessed event: we shall all rejoice in that. Meantime, come with me, my dear—but first resume your own dress—and then we will tell Jeronymo what we were determined upon. He will be pleased with it, I know.

You tell me, my good Miss Byron, that I cannot be too particular; yet the melancholy tale, I see, affects you too sensibly: as it also does my Lord and Lady L——, and Miss Grandison. No wonder, when the transcribing of them has the same effect upon me, as the reading had at my first being favoured with the letters that give the moving particulars.

Dr. Bartlett's eighth letter.

I PROCEED now to give an account of Mr. Grandison's interview with Lady Clementina.

He had no sooner heard the preceding particulars, than he hastened to her, though with a tortured heart.

He was introduced to the marchioness and Signor Jeronymo, in the apartment of the latter.

I suppose, said the marchioness, after first civilities, Camilla has told you the way we are now in. The dear creature has a great desire to talk with you. Who knows, but she may be easier after she has been humoured?—She is more composed than she was, since she knows she may expect to see you. Poor thing! she has hopes of converting you.

Would to Heaven, said Jeronymo, that compassion for her disordered mind may have that effect upon my Grandison which argument has not had!—Poor Grandison! I can pity you at my heart. These are hard trials to your humanity! Your distress is written in your countenance!

It is deeper written in my heart, said I.

Indeed, Dr. Bartlett, it was.

The marchioness rang. Camilla came in. See, said she, if Clementina is disposed now to admit of the chevalier's visit; and ask her, if she will have her mamma introduce him to her.

By all means, was the answer returned.

Clementina, at our entrance, was sitting at the window, a book in her hand. She stood up. A great, but solemn composure, appeared in her air and aspect.

The marchioness went to the window, holding her handkerchief at her eyes. I approached with profound respect her Clementina; but my heart was too full to speak first—*She* could speak. She did, without hesitation——

You are nothing to me now, chevalier: you have refused me, you know; and I thank you: you are in the right, I believe. I am a very proud creature. And you saw what trouble I gave to the best of parents and friends. You are certainly in the right. She that can give so much concern to them, must make any man afraid of her. But religion, it seems, is your pretence. Now I am sorry that you are an obstinate man. You *know* better, chevalier. I think you *should* know better. But you have been my tutor. Shall I be yours?

I shall attend to every instruction that you will honour me with.

But let me, sir, comfort my mamma.

She went to her, and kneeled: Why weeps my mamma?

taking a hand in each of hers, and kissing first one, then the other. Be comforted, my mamma. You see I am quite well. You see I am sedate.—Bless your Clementina!

God bless my child!

She arose from her knees; and stepping towards me—You are very silent, sir; and very sad—but I don't want you to be sad.—Silent I will allow you to be; because the tutored should be all ear. So I used to be to you.

She then turned her face from me, putting her hand to her forehead—I had a great deal to say to you; but I have forgot it all—why do you look so melancholy, chevalier? You know your own mind; and you did what you thought just and fit—did you not? Tell me, sir.

Then turning to her weeping mother—The poor chevalier cannot speak, madam—yet had nobody to bid him do this, or bid him do that—he is sorry, to be sure!—Well, but, sir, turning to me, don't be sorry.—And yet the man who once refused me.—Ah, chevalier! I thought that was very cruel of you: but I soon got over it. You see how sedate I am now. Cannot you be as sedate as I am?

What could I say? I could not sooth her: she boasted of her sedateness. I could not argue with her. Could I have been hers, could my compromise have been allowed of, I could have been unreserved in my declarations. Was ever man so unhappily circumstanced?—Why did not the family forbid me to come near them? Why did not my Jeronymo renounce friendship with me? Why did this excellent mother bind me to her, by the sweet ties of kindness and esteem; engaging all my reverence and gratitude?

But let me ask you, chevalier, how could you be so *unreasonable* as to expect that I should change my religion, when you were so very tenacious of yours? Were you not *very* unreasonable to expect this?—Upon my word, I believe you men think it is no matter for us women to have any consciences, so as we do but study your wills, and do our duty by you. Men look upon themselves as gods of the earth, and on us women but as their ministering servants!—But I did not expect that *you* would be so unreasonable. You used to speak highly of our sex. Good women, you used to say, were angels. And many a time have you made me proud

that I *was* a woman. How could you, chevalier, be so unreasonable?

May I, madam, to her mother, acquaint her with the proposals I made?—She seems to think that I insisted upon her change of religion.

It was not designed she should think so: but I remember now, that she would not let me tell all I had to say, when I was making my report to her of what had passed between the bishop and you. It was enough, she said, that she had been refused; she besought me to spare the rest: and since that, she has not been in such a way that we *could* talk to her on that part of the subject. We took it for granted that *she* knew it all, because *we* did. Could we have yielded to your proposals, we should have enforced them upon her. —If you acquaint her with what you had proposed, it may make her think she has not been *despised*, as she calls it; the notion of which changed her temper from over thoughtful to over lively.

No need of speaking low to each other, said the young lady. After your slight, sir, you may let me hear *anything*. —Madam! you see how sedate I am. I have quite overcome myself. Don't be afraid of saying *anything* before me.

Slight, my dearest Lady Clementina! Heaven is my witness, your honoured mamma is my witness, that I have not slighted you!—The conditions I had proposed, could they have been complied with, would have made me the happiest of men!

Yes, and me the unhappiest of women. Why, you refused me, did you not? And putting both her hands spread before her face; don't let it be told abroad that a daughter of that best of mothers was refused by any man less than a prince!—Fie upon that daughter! To be able to stand before the proud refuser! [She walked from me.] I am ashamed of myself!—O Mrs. Beaumont! but for *you*, my secret had been buried here! putting one hand on her bosom, holding still the other before her face.—But, sir, sir, coming towards me, don't speak! Let me have all my talk out—And then—everlasting silence be my portion!

How her mother wept! How was I affected!

I had a great deal to say to you, I thought: I wanted to

convince you of your errors. I wanted *no* favour of you, sir: mine was a pure, disinterested esteem. A voice from Heaven, I thought, bid me convert you. I was setting out to convert you. I should have been enabled to do it, I doubt not: *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings;* do you remember that text, sir?—Could I have gone, when I would have gone—I had it *all* in my head then—but now I have lost it—Oh that impertinent Camilla!—*she* must question me—the woman addressed me in a quite frantic way. She was vexed to see me so sedate.

I was going to speak—Hush, hush, when I bid you! and she put her hand before my mouth. With both my hands I held it there for a moment, and kissed it.

Ah, chevalier! said she, not withdrawing it, I believe you are a flattering man! How *can* you, to a poor *despised* girl——

Let me *now* speak, madam—use not a word that I cannot repeat after you. Let me beg of you to hear the proposals I made——

I mentioned them; and added, Heaven only knows the anguish of my soul—Hush, said she, interrupting, and turning to her mother—I know nothing of these men, madam! Do you think, my mamma, I may believe him? He *looks* as if one might!—Do you think I may believe him?

Her mother was silent, through grief.

Ah, sir! my mamma, though she is not your enemy, cannot vouch for you!—But I will have you bound by your own hand. She stept to her closet in a hurry, and brought out pen, ink, and paper.—Come, sir, you must not play tricks with me. Give me, under your hand, what you have now said—but I will write it, and you shall sign it.

She wrote, in an instant, as follows:

> The Chevalier Grandison solemnly declares that he did, in the most earnest manner, of his own accord, propose, that he would *allow* a certain young creature, if she might be *allowed* to be his wife, the free use of her religion; and to have a discreet man, at her choice, for her confessor: and that he would never oblige her to go to England with him: and that he would live in Italy with her every other year.

Will you sign this, sir?

Most willingly.

Do then.

I did.

And you *did* propose this?—Did he, madam?

My dear, he did. And I would have told you so; but that you were affected at his supposed refusal.

Why, to be sure, madam, interrupted she, it was a shocking thing to be *refused.*

Would you have wished us, my dear, to comply with these terms? Would you have chosen to marry a Protestant? A daughter of the house of Porretta, and of the house I sprung from, to marry an English Protestant?

Clementina took her mother aside; but spoke loud enough to be heard:

To be sure, madam, that would have been wrong: but I am glad I was not refused with contempt: that my tutor, and the preserver of my Jeronymo, did not *despise* me. To say truth, I was afraid he liked Olivia; and so made a pretence.

Don't you think, my dear, that you would have run too great a hazard of your own faith, had you complied with the chevalier's proposals?

Why no, surely, madam!—Might I not have had as great a chance of converting him, as he could have had of perverting me? I glory in my religion, madam.

So does he, my love, in his.

That is his *fault,* madam. Chevalier, stepping towards me, I think you a very obstinate man. I hope you have not heard our discourse.

Yes, my dear, he has: and I desire not but he should.

Would to God, madam, said I to the marchioness, that I had yours and my lord's interest! From what the dear Lady Clementina has hinted, I might presume——

But, sir, you are *mistaken,* perhaps, said the young lady. Though I answer for answering's sake, and to show that I have no doubt of my steadfastness in an article in which my soul is concerned; yet that is no proof of my attachment to an obstinate—I know what!—Heretic was, no doubt, in her head.

I took her mother aside: For God's sake, madam,

encourage my presumptuous hopes. Do you not observe already an alteration in the dear lady's mind? Is she not more unaffectedly sedate than she was before? Is not her mind quieter, now she knows that everything was yielded up, that honour and conscience would permit to be yielded up? See that sweet serenity almost restored to those eyes, that within these few moments had a wilder turn!

Ah, chevalier! this depends not on me. And if it *did*, I cannot allow of my daughter's marrying a man so bigoted to his errors. Excuse me, sir! But if you were more indifferent in your religion, I should have more hopes of you, and less objection.

If, madam, I *could* be indifferent in my religion, the temptation would have been too great to be resisted. Lady Clementina, and an alliance with such a family——

Ah, chevalier! I can give you no hope.

Look at the sweet lady, madam! Behold her, as now, perhaps, balancing in my favour! Think of what she was, the joy of every heart; and what she may be! Which, whatever becomes of me, Heaven avert!—And shall not the noble Clementina have her mother for her advocate? God is my witness, that your Clementina's happiness is, more than my own, the object of my vows! Once more, for your Clementina's sake [What, alas! is *my* sake to that!] on my knee, let me request your interest: that, joined to my Jeronymo's, and, if the dear lady recede not, if she blast not these budding hopes, will, I doubt not, succeed.

The young lady ran to me, and offering to help me up with both her hands, Rise, chevalier!—Shall I raise the chevalier, madam?—I don't love to see him kneel. Poor chevalier!—See his tears!—What is the matter with everybody? Why do you weep?—My mamma weeps too!—What ails everybody?

Rise, chevalier, said the marchioness. Oh, this sweet prattler! She will burst my heart asunder!—You cannot, sir, prevail (I cannot *wish* that you should), but upon your own terms. And will not this sweet soul move you?—Hard-hearted Grandison!

What a fate is mine! (rising): with a soul penetrated by order of this most excellent of women, and by the

distress given by it to a family, every single person of which I both love and reverence, to be called hard-hearted! What is it I desire, but that I may not renounce a religion in which my conscience is satisfied, and be obliged to embrace for it, one, about which, though I can love and honour every worthy member of it, I have scruples, *more* than scruples, that my heart can justify, and my reason defend! You have not, madam, yourself, with a heart all mother and friend, a deeper affliction than mine.

Clementina, all this time, looked with great earnestness, now on me, now on her weeping mother—and at last, breaking silence [her mother could not speak], and taking her hand, and kissing it; I don't, said she, comprehend the reason of all this. This house is not the house it was: Who, but I, is the same person in it? My father is not the same: my brothers neither: my mamma never has a dry eye, I think: but I don't weep. I am to be the comforter of you all! And I *will*. Don't weep! Why now you weep the more for my comfortings!—Oh, my mamma? what would you say to your girl, if *she* refused comfort? Then kneeling down, and kissing her hand with eagerness; I beseech you, my dear mamma, I *beseech* you be comforted; or lend me some of your tears—what ails me that I cannot weep for you?—But, turning to me; See, the chevalier weeps too!—Then rising, and coming to me, her hand pressing my arm—Don't weep, chevalier, my tutor, my friend, my brother's preserver! What ails you?—Be comforted! Then taking her handkerchief out of her pocket with one hand, still pressing my arm with the other, and putting it to her eyes, and looking upon it.—No!—I thought I *could* have wept for you!—But why is all this!—You see what an example I, a silly girl, can set you—affecting a still sedater countenance.

O chevalier! said the weeping mother, and do you say your heart is penetrated?—Sweet creature! wrapping her arms about her; my own Clementina! Would to Heaven it were given me to restore my child!—O chevalier! if complying with your terms would do it—but *you* are immovable!

How can that be said, madam, when I have made con-

cessions that a princely family should not, on a *beginning* address, have brought me to make? May I *repeat* before Lady Clementina——

What would he repeat to me? interrupted she. Do, madam, let him say all he has a mind to say. If it will make his poor heart easy, why let him say all he would say. —Chevalier, speak. Can I be any comfort to you? I would make you *all* happy, if I could.

This, madam, said I to her mother, is too much! Excellent young lady!—Who can bear such transcendent goodness of heart, shining through intellects so disturbed!—And think you, madam, that on earth there can be a man more unhappily circumstanced than I am?

Oh my Clementina! said the mother, dear child of my heart! And could you consent to be the wife of a man of a contrary religion to your own? A man of another country? You see, chevalier, I will put *your* questions to her. A man that is an enemy to the faith of his own ancestors, as well as to your faith?

Why, no, madam!—I hope he does not expect that I would.

May I presume, madam, to put the question in my own way?—But yet I think it may distress the dear lady, and not answer the desirable end, if I may not have hope of *your* interest in my favour; and of the acquiescence of the marquis and your sons with my proposals.

They will never comply.

Let me then be made to appear insolent, unreasonable, and even ungrateful, in the eyes of your Clementina, if her mind can be made the easier by such a representation. If I have no hopes of *your* favour, madam, I must indeed despair.

Had I any hope of carrying your cause, I know not what might be done: but I must not separate myself from my family, in this great article.—My dear (to Clementina), you said you should be easier in your mind, if you were to talk to the chevalier alone. This is the only time you can have for it. Your father and brothers will be here to-morrow —and then, chevalier, all will be over.

Why, madam, I did think I had a great deal to say to

him. And as I thought I had no *interest* in what I had to say——

Would you wish, my dear, to be left alone with the chevalier? Can you recollect anything that you had intended to say to him, had you made him the visit you designed to make him?

I don't know.

Then I will withdraw. Shall I, my dear?

Ought I, sir (you have been my tutor, and many excellent lessons have you taught me—though I don't know what is become of them.—Ought I), to wish my mamma to withdraw? Ought I to have anything to say to you, that I could not say before her?—I think not.

The marchioness was retiring. I beg of you, madam, said I, to slip unobserved into that closet. You *must* hear all that passes. The occasion may be critical. Let me have the opportunity of being either approved or censured, as I shall appear to deserve, in the conversation that may pass between the dear lady and me, if you do withdraw.

O chevalier! you are equally prudent and generous! Why won't you be one of us? Why won't you be a Catholic?

She went out at the door. Clementina courtesied to her. I led her eye from the door, and the marchioness re-entered, and slipt into the closet.

I conducted the young lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet door, that her mother might hear all that passed.—She sat down, and bid me sit by her.

I was willing she should lead the subject, that the marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her.

We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down; then on one side, then on the other —At last: O chevalier! said she, they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English.

They were *indeed* happy times, madam.

Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, chevalier!—Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?

I do. She is one of the best of women.

Why, so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault.

How so, madam?

How so! Why to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother. And yet there never was a more indulgent mother. Now you look, chevalier! but I shan't tell you what the secret was.

I do not ask you, madam.

If you did, I would not tell you.—Well, but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopt me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you.

Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?

Let me consider.—Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me. I was not sorry for that, I do assure you: that did me good. At first it vexed me—you cannot think how much. I have a great deal of pride, sir—But, well, I got over that; and I grew sedate—You see how sedate I am. Yet this poor man, thought I, whether he thinks so or not —(I will tell you all my thoughts, sir)—But don't be grieved. —You see how sedate *I* am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man. Don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl!—Don't let it be said.—What was I saying?

Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so or not, you said, madam.

True!—has a soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me,* to teach me the language of England: shall I not take some with *him,* to teach him the language of heaven!—No heretic can learn that, sir!—And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the fathers; and they were all in my head—But that impertinent Camilla—And so they are all gone—But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it, at the conclusion of my discourse with you—So it is premeditated, you will say: and so it is. But let me whisper it—no, I won't neither—But turn your face another way—I find my blushes come already—But (and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes) don't look at me, I tell you.—Look at the window. [I did.] Why, chevalier, I did intend to say—But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere. [She pulled out her pocket-book.] Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you.

—She read—'Let me beseech you, sir (I was very earnest, 'you see), to hate, to despise, to detest (now don't look this 'way), the unhappy Clementina with all my heart; but 'for the sake of your immortal soul, let me conjure you to 'be reconciled to our holy mother Church!'—Will you, sir? —following my indeed averted face with her sweet face; for I *could not* look towards her. Say you will. I heard you once called an angel of a man: and is it not better to be an angel in heaven?—Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility—say you will—not for my sake—I told you that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said that you did this for a wife!—No, sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it!—And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace—she stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety; and I will say, 'Now do thou, O beckoning angel! (for an angel will be 'on the other side of the river—the river shall be death, sir! '—Now do thou) reach out thy divine hand, O minister 'of peace! I will wade through these separating waters; 'and I will bespeak a place for the man who, many, many 'years hence, may fill it!—And I will sit next you for ever 'and ever!'—And this, sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina; who will then be richer than the richest! So you see, sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand; not on my own!

For hours might the dear lady have talked on, without interruption from me!—My dear Doctor Bartlett! what did I not suffer!

The marchioness was too near for herself: she could not bear this speech of her pious, generous, noble daughter. She sobbed; she groaned.

Clementina started—she looked at me. She looked round her. Whence came these groans? Did *you* groan, sir?—You are not a hard-hearted man, though they say you are. But will you be a Catholic, sir? Say you will. I won't be denied. And I will tell you what—if I don't resign to my destiny in a few, a very few weeks, why then I will go into a nunnery; and then I shall be God's child, you know, even in this life.

What could I say to the dear lady? Her mind was raised

above an earthly love. Circumstanced as we were, how could I express the tenderness for her which overflowed my heart? Compassion is a motive that a woman of spirit will reject: and how could love be here *pleaded*, when the parties believed it to be in my own power to exert it? Could I endeavour to replace myself in her affection, when I refused to comply with their terms, and they with mine? To have argued against her religion, and in defence of my own, her mind so disturbed, could not be done: and ought I, in generosity, in justice to her family, to have attempted to unsettle her in a faith in which she, and all her family, were so well satisfied?

I could only, when I could speak, applaud her piety, and pronounce her an angel of a woman, an ornament of her sex, and an honour to her religion; and endeavour to waive the subject.

Ah, chevalier! said she, after a silence of some minutes, you are an obstinate man! Indeed you are—Yet, I think, you do not despise me.—But what says your paper?

She took it out of her bosom and read it. She seemed affected by it, as if she had not before considered it: and you *really* proposed these terms, sir? And would you have allowed me the full exercise of my religion? And should I have had my confessor? And would you have allowed me to convert you, if I could? And would you have treated my confessor kindly? And would you have been dutiful to my papa and mamma? And would you have loved my two other brothers as well as you do Jeronymo? And would you have let me live at Bologna?—You don't say, Yes.—But do you say, No?

To these terms, madam, most willingly would I have subscribed: and if, my dearest lady, they could have had the wished-for effect, how happy had I been!

Well!—She then paused; and resuming, What shall we say to all these things?

I thought her mother would take it well to have an opportunity given her to quit the closet, now her Clementina had changed her subject to one so concerning to the whole family. I favoured her doing so. She slipt out, her face

bathed in tears, and soon after came in at the drawing-room door.

Ah, madam! said Clementina, paying obeisance to her, I have been arguing and pleading with the chevalier.

Then, speaking low, I believe he may, in time, be convinced: he has a tender heart. But hush, putting her finger to her mouth, and then speaking louder; I have been reading this paper again——

She was going on too favourably for me, as it was evident the marchioness apprehended (the first time that I had reason to think she was disinclined to the alliance), for she stopt her: My love, said she, you and I will talk of this matter by ourselves.

She rang. Camilla came in. She made a motion for Camilla to attend her daughter; and withdrew, inviting me out with her.

When we were in another room, Ah, chevalier! said she, how was it possible that you could withstand such a heavenly pleader? You cannot love her as she deserves to be loved: you cannot but act nobly, generously; but indeed you are an invincible man.

Not love her, madam! Your ladyship adds distress to my very great distress!—*Am* I, in your opinion, an ungrateful man?—But must I lose *your* favour, *your* interest? On that, and on my dear Jeronymo's, did I build my hopes, and *all* my hopes.

I know your terms can never be accepted, chevalier: and I have now no hopes of you. After this last conversation between you and the dear girl, I *can* have no hopes of you. Poor soul! she began to waver. Oh, how she loves you! I see you are *not* to be united: it is impossible. And I did not care to permit a daughter of mine further to expose herself, as it must have been to no manner of purpose.—You are concerned.—I should pity you, sir, if you had it not in your *power* to make yourself happy, and us, and ours too.

Little did I expect such a turn in my disfavour from the marchioness.

May I, madam, be permitted to take leave of the dear lady, to whose piety and admirable heart I am so much indebted?

I believe it may as well be deferred, chevalier.

Deferred, madam!—The marquis and the general come; and my heart tells me that I may never be allowed to see her again.

At *this* time it had better be deferred, sir.

If it must, I submit—God for ever bless you, madam, for all your goodness! God restore to you your Clementina! May you all be happy!—Time may do much for *me!* Time, and my own not disapproving conscience, may—but a more unhappy man never passed your gates!

I took the liberty to kiss her hand, and withdrew, with great emotion.

Camilla hastened after me. Chevalier, says she, my lady asks if you will not visit Signor Jeronymo?

Blessings attend my ever-valued friend! I cannot see him. I shall *complain* to him. My heart will burst before him. Commend me to that true friend. Blessings attend every one of this excellent family! Camilla, obliging Camilla, adieu!

O Dr. Barlett!—But the mother was right. She was to account for her conduct in the absence of her lord. She knew the determination of the family; and her Clementina was on the point of showing more favour to me, than, as things were circumstanced, it was proper she should show me: yet they had found out that Clementina, in the way she was in, was not easily diverted from anything she took strongly into her head; and they never had accustomed her to contradiction.

Well, Lucy, now you have read this letter, do you not own that this man and this woman can only deserve each other?—Your Harriet, my dear, is not worthy to be the handmaid of either. This is not an affectation of humility. You will be all of the same opinion, I am sure: and this letter will convince you, that *more* than his compassion, that his *love* for Clementina, was engaged. And so it *ought.* And what is the inference but this—that your Harriet, were this great difficulty to be vincible, could pretend to hope but for half a heart? There cannot be that fervour, my dear, in a second love, that was in a first. Do you think there can?

Dr. Bartlett's ninth letter.

THE young lady, proceeds Mr. Grandison, after I had left her, went to her brother Jeronymo. There I should have found her, had I, as her mother motioned by Camilla, visited my friend. But when I found he was likely to stand alone in his favour to me; when the marchioness had so unexpectedly declared herself against the compromise; I was afraid of disturbing his worthy heart by the grief which at the instant overwhelmed mine.

The following particulars Jeronymo sent me, within three hours after I left their palace:

His sister, making Camilla retire, showed him the paper which she had written, and made me sign, and asked him what he knew of the contents.

He knew not what had passed between his mother and me; nor did Clementina.

He told her that I had actually made those proposals. He assured her that I loved her above all women. He acquainted her with my distress.

She pitied me. She thought, she said, that I had not made any overtures, any concessions; that I despised her; and sensibly asked, Why the chevalier was sent for from Vienna? We all knew his mind as to religion, said she.

Then, after a pause, He never could have perverted me, proceeded she: he would have allowed me a confessor, would he not?

He would, answered Jeronymo.——

And he would have left me among my friends in Italy?—

He would, replied he.

Well, brother, and I should have been glad, perhaps, to have seen England once; and he would, perhaps, have brought over his sisters and his father to visit us: and he praises them highly, *you know*. And if I were their sister, I could have gone over with them, *you know*. Do you think, if I had loved *them*, they would not have loved *me?* I am not an ill-natured creature, *you know;* and they *must* be courteous: are they not *his* sisters? And don't you think his father would love me? I should have brought no dis-

honour into his family, *you know.*—Well, but I'll tell you what, Jeronymo, he is really a tender-hearted man. I talked to him of his soul; and, upon my honour, I believe I could have prevailed, in time. Father Marescotti is a severe man, *you know;* and he has been always so much consulted, and don't love the chevalier, I believe: so that I fancy if I were to have a venerable sweet-tempered man for my confessor, between *my* love, and my *confessor's* prudence, we should gain a soul—don't you think so, Jeronymo?—And that would cover a great many sins. And all his family might be converted too, *you know!*

He encouraged her in this way of thinking. She believed, she said, that I was not yet gone. He is *so* tender-hearted, brother! *that* is my dependence. And you say he loves me. Are you sure of that?—But I have reason to think he does. He shed tears, as I talked to him, more than once; while my eyes were as dry as they are now. I did not shed one tear. Well, I'll go to him, and talk with him.

She went to the door; but came back on tiptoe; and in a whispering accent—My mamma is coming: Hush, Jeronymo! Let hush be the word!

The door opened—Here, madam, is your girl!—But it is not my mamma: the impertinent Camilla. She follows me as my shadow!

My lady desires to see you, Lady Clementina, in her dressing-room.

I obey. But where is the chevalier?

Gone, madam. Gone some time.

Ah, brother! said she, and her countenance fell.

What, gone! said Jeronymo, without seeing me! Unkind Grandison! He did not use to be so unkind.

This was the substance of the advices sent me by my friend Jeronymo.

I acquainted him in return, by pen and ink, with all that had passed between the marchioness and me, that he might not, by his friendship for me, involve himself in difficulties.

In the morning I had a visit from Camilla, by her lady's command, with excuses for refusing to allow me to take leave of Clementina. She hoped I was not displeased with her on that account. It was the effect of prudence, and not

disrespect. She should ever regard me, even in a tender manner, as if the desired relation could have taken place. Her lord, and her brother the Conte della Porretta (as he is called), with the general and the bishop, arrived the night before, accompanied by the count's eldest son, Signor Sebastiano. She had been much blamed for permitting the interview; but regretted it the less, as her beloved daughter was more composed than before, and gave sedate answers to all the questions put to her. But, nevertheless, she wished that I would retire from Bologna, for Clementina's sake, as well as for my own.

Camilla added from Signor Jeronymo, that he wished to hear from me from the Trentine, or Venice: and as from herself, and in confidence, that her young lady was greatly concerned that I did not wait on her again before I went away: that she fell into a silent fit upon it; and that her mamma, on her not answering to her questions, for the first time chid her: that this gave her great distress, but produced what they had so much wished for, a flood of tears; and that now she frequently wept and lamented to her, What *should* she do? Her mamma did not love her, and her mamma talked against the chevalier. She wished to be allowed to see him. Nobody now would love her, but the chevalier and Jeronymo. It would be better for her to be in England, or anywhere, than to be in the sweetest country in the world, and hated.

Camilla told me that the marquis, the count his brother, and the general, had indeed blamed the marchioness for permitting the interview; but were pleased that I was refused taking leave of the young lady, when she seemed disposed to dwell on the contents of the note she had made me sign: they seemed now all of a mind, she said, that were I to comply with their terms, the alliance would not by any means be a proper one. Their rank, their degree, their alliances, were dwelt upon: I found that their advantages, in all these respects, were heightened; my degree, my consequence, lowered, in order to make the difference greater and the difficulties insuperable.

Clementina's uncle, and his eldest son, both men of sense and honour, who used to be high in her esteem, had talked to her, but could get nothing from her but No, and Yes.—

Her father had talked to her alone; but they melted each other, and nothing resulted of comfort to either. Her mother joined him; but she threw herself at her mother's feet, besought her to forgive her, and not to *chide her again.* They had intended to discourage her from thinking of me upon any terms. The general and the bishop were to talk to her that morning. They had expressed displeasure at Signor Jeronymo, for his continued warmth in my favour. Father Marescotti was now consulted as an oracle: and I found, that, by an indelicacy of thinking, he imagined that the *husband* would set all right; and was for encouraging the Count of Belvedere, and getting me at distance.

Camilla obligingly offered to acquaint me, from time to time, with what occurred; but I thought it was not right to accept of a servant's intelligence out of the family she belonged to, unless some one of it authorised her to give it me. Yet you must believe I wanted not anxious curiosity on a subject so interesting. I thanked her; but said that it might, if discovered, lay her under inconveniences, which would grieve me for her sake. She had the good sense to approve of my declining her offer.

In the morning of the same day I had a visit made me which I little expected: it was from Father Marescotti. It is a common thing to load an enemy, especially if he be in holy orders, and comes to us in the guise of friendship, with the charge of hypocrisy: but partiality may be at the bottom of the accusation. Father Marescotti is a zealous Roman Catholic: I could not hope either for his interest or affection: he could not but wish to frustrate my hopes. As a man in earnest in his own principles, and who knew how steadfast I was in mine, it was his duty to oppose this alliance. He is perhaps the honester man for knowing but little of human nature, and of the tender passions. As to that of love, he seemed to have drawn his conclusions from general observations: he knew not how to allow for particular constitutions, nor to account for the delicacy of such a heart as Clementina's. Love, he thought, was always a poor blind boy, led in a string, either by folly or fancy; and that once the impetus got over, and the lady settled into the common offices of life, she would domesticate herself, and be as happy

with the Count of Belvedere, especially as he is a very worthy man, as if she had married the man once most favoured. On this presumption, it was a condescension in such a man to come to me, and to declare himself my friend; and advise me what to do for promoting the peace of a family which I professed to venerate; and you will hear that his condescension was owing to a real greatness of mind.

I was, from the moment of his entrance, very open, very frank: more so than he expected, as he owned. He told me that he was afraid I had conceived prejudices against him. The kinder then in him, I said, that he condescended to make me so friendly a visit. I assured him that I regarded him as a good man. I had indeed sometimes thought him severe; but that convinced me that he was very much in earnest in his religion. I was sensible, I said, that we ought always to look to the intention; to put ourselves in the situation of the persons of whose actions we presumed to judge; and even to think well of austerities, which had their foundation in virtue, in whatever manner they affected ourselves.

He applauded me; and said I wanted so little to be a Catholic, that it was a thousand pities I was not one: and he was persuaded that I should one day be a proselyte.

This father's business was to convince me of the unfitness of an alliance between families so very opposite in their religious sentiments. He went into history upon it. You may believe that the unhappy consequence which followed the marriage between our Charles I. and the Princess Henrietta of France, were not forgotten. He expatiated upon them. But I observed to him that the monarch was the sufferer by the zeal of the queen for her religion, and not the queen, any otherwise than as she was involved in the consequences of those sufferings which she had brought upon him. In short, father, said I, we Protestants, some of us have zeal; but let us alone, and it is not a persecuting one. Your doctrine of *merits* makes the zeal of your devotees altogether active, and perhaps the more flaming, in proportion as the person is more honest and worthy.

I lamented that I was sent for from Vienna, upon hopes, though my principles were well known, that otherwise I had never presumed to entertain.

He owned that that was a wrong step: and valued himself that he had not been consulted upon it; and that, when he knew it had been taken, he inveighed against it.

And I am *afraid*, father, said I——

He interrupted me—Why, I believe so!—You have made such generous distinctions in favour of the duty of a man acting in my function, that, I must *own*, I have not been an idle observer on this occasion.

He advised me to quit Bologna. He was profuse in his offers of service in any other affair; and I daresay was in earnest.

I told him that I chose not to leave it precipitately, and as if I had done something blameworthy. I had some hopes of being recalled to my father's arms. I should set out, when I left Bologna, directly for Paris, to be in the way of such a long-wished-for call: and then, said I, adieu to travelling! Adieu to Italy, for ever! I should have been happy, had I never seen it, but in the way for which I have been accustomed to censure the generality of my countrymen.

His behaviour at parting was such as will make me for ever revere him; and will *enlarge* a charity for all good men of his religion; which yet, before, was not a narrow one. For, begging my excuse, he kneeled down at the door of my ante-chamber, and offered up, in a very fervent manner, a prayer for my conversion. He could not have given me, any other way, so high an opinion of him: no, not had he offered me his interest with Clementina and her family. I embraced him, as he did me; tears were in his eyes. I thanked him for the favour of this visit; and recommending myself to his frequent prayers, told him that he might be assured of all the respectful services he should put it in my power to render him. I longed, Dr. Bartlett, to make him a present worthy of his acceptance, had I known what would have been acceptable, and had I not been afraid of affronting him. I accompanied him to the outward door. I never, said he, saw a Protestant that I loved before. Your mind is still more amiable than your person. Lady Clementina, I see, might have been happy with you: but it was not fit, on *our* side. He snatched my hand, before I was aware, and honoured it with his lips; and hastened from me, leaving

me at a loss, and looking after him, and for him, when he was out of sight; my mind labouring as under a high sense of obligation to his goodness.

Religion and love, Dr. Bartlett, which heighten our relish for the things of both worlds, what pity is it that they should ever run the human heart either into enthusiasm or superstition; and thereby debase the minds they are both so well fitted to exalt!

I am equally surprised and affected by the contents of the following letter, directed to me. It was put within the door; nobody saw by whom. The daughter of the lady at whose house I lodge found it, and gave it to one of my servants for me.

DON'T be surprised, chevalier; don't think amiss of me for my forwardness. I heard some words drop (so did Camilla, but she can't go out to tell you of them), as if somebody's life was in danger. This distracts me. I am not treated as I was accustomed to be treated. They don't love me now—they don't love their poor Clementina! Very true, chevalier! You, who are always telling me how dearly they all loved me, will hardly believe it, I suppose. Nothing now is said, but *You shall, Clementina*—from those who used to call me sister, and dear sister, at every word.

They said, I was well, and quite well, and ought to be treated with a high hand—I know from whom they have that. From myself. I said so to Mrs. Beaumont; but she need not to have told *them*. I won't go to her again, for that. They say I *shall*. God help me, I don't know where to go for a quiet mind. A *high hand* won't do, chevalier; I wish I knew what would; I would tell it to them. I once thought it would; else I had not said it to Mrs. Beaumont; but let them go on with their high hands, with all my heart; that heart will not hold always. It had been gone before now, had not Mrs. Beaumont got out of me—something—I won't tell you what—And then they sent for somebody—And somebody came—And what then?—They need not threaten me so.—Somebody is not so much to blame as they will have it he is: and that somebody did make

proposals—did you not, chevalier?—I had liked to have betrayed myself—I stopt just in time.

But, chevalier, I'll tell you a secret—Don't speak of it to anybody—May I depend upon you?—I know I may. Why, Camilla tells me that the Count of Belvedere is to come again.—Are you not sorry for your poor pupil? But I'll tell you another secret—And that is, what I intend to say to him—'Look you here, my lord, you are a very good 'sort of man; and you have great estates: you are very rich: 'you are, in short, a very good sort of man; but there is, 'however, a man in the world with whom I had rather live 'in the poorest hermitage in a wilderness, than with you in 'the richest palace in the world. After this, if he be not the creeping mean man you said he was not, he will be answered—everything you said to me in former happy times I remember. You always said things to me, that were fit to be remembered. Yet I don't tell you who my hermit is, that I had rather live with. Perhaps there is no such man. But this, you know, will be a sufficient answer to the Count of Belvedere. Don't you think so?

Here I have been tormented again!—Would you think it? I have been pleading for somebody, boldly, confidently, I said I could depend upon his honour! Ah, chevalier, don't you think I might?—I am to be locked up, and I can't tell what!—They won't let me see somebody—They won't let me see my poor Jeronymo!—You, and I, and Jeronymo are all put together!—I don't care, as I tell Camilla: I don't care: they will quite harden me.

But just now my mamma—Oh, she is the best of mothers!—My mamma tells me she will not persuade me, if I will be patient, if I will be good. My dear mamma, as I told her, I will be patient and good: but don't let them inveigh against the chevalier, then. What harm has he done?—Was he not—Ah! sir, now I blush!—Was he not sent for?—And did he not weep over me?—Yet is he none of your bold men, who look as proudly as if they were sure of your approbation!—Well, but what do you think my mamma said—Ah, Clementina! said she, would to God the chevalier, for *his own sake* (yes, she said for *his own sake;* and that made a great impression upon me; it was so good, you know,

of my mamma), that the chevalier was in England, or a thousand miles off. So, sir, this is my advice—Pray take it; for I and Camilla heard some words; and Camilla, as well as I, is much troubled about them.—Get away to England as soon as you can—be sure do!—And some months hence bring your two sisters over with you; and by that time all our feuds will be ended, you know; and you shall take a house, and then I can go and visit your sisters, you know, and your sisters will visit us. You will come sometimes with them; won't you? Well, and I'll tell you how we will pass part of our time: they shall perfect me in my English: I will perfect them in Italian. They know as much of that, I suppose, at least, as I do of English: and we will visit every court, and every city. So, God bless you, sir, and get away as soon as you can. I put no name; for fear this should miscarry, and I should be found out.—Ah, sir! they are very severe with me! Pity me: but I know you will; for you have a tender heart. *It is all for you!*

These last five words were intended to be scratched out; and are but just legible.

How the contents of this letter afflict me! Words cannot express what I feel! I see, evidently, that they are taking wrong measures with the tenderest heart in the world; a heart that never has once swerved from its duty; and which is filled with reverence and love for all that boast a relation to it. Harsh treatment, and which is besides *new* to it, is *not* the method to be taken with such a heart. Shall I, thought I, when I had perused it, ask for an audience of a mother so indulgent, and give her my disinterested advice upon it? Once I could have done so; and even, in confidence, have shown her this very letter: but now she is one with the angry part of her family, and I dare not do it, for Clementina's sake. Talk of locking her up! Talk of bringing a lover to her!—*Threatening* her with going to Mrs. Beaumont, when they should *court* her to go thither!—Not suffer her to see her beloved Jeronymo!—*He* in disgrace too! —How hard, how wrong, is all this conduct!—I could have written to Jeronymo, thought I, and advised gentle measures, were he not out of their consultations.—As to the threatened

resentments, they are as nothing to me. Clementina's sufferings are everything. My soul disdains the thought of fastening myself upon a proud family, that now looks upon me in a mean light. A proud heart undervalued will swell. It will be put upon *over*-valuing itself. You know, Dr. Bartlett, that I have a *very* proud heart: but when I am trampled upon, or despised, *then* it is most proud. I would call myself a *man,* to a prince, who should unjustly hold me in contempt; and let him know that I looked upon *him* to be no more. My pride is raised: yet against whom? Not Clementina! She has all my pity! She has seen, and I have found, that her unhappy delirium, though not caused by me (I bless God for that!), has made me tender as a chidden infant. And can I think of quitting Bologna, and not see if it be possiblefor me to gratify myself, and serve them in her restoration? Setting quite out of the question the general's causeless resentments, and the engagement I have laid myself under not to leave it without apprising him of my intention.

Upon the whole, I resolved to wait the issue of the new measures they have fallen upon. The dear lady has declared herself in my favour. Such a frank declaration must soon be followed by important consequences.

The third day after the arrival of her father and brothers from Urbino, I received the following billet from the marquis himself:—

CHEVALIER GRANDISON,—We are in the utmost distress. We cannot take upon us to forbid your stay at Bologna; but shall be obliged to you, if you will enable us to acquaint our daughter, that you are gone to England, or some far distant part of Italy.—Wishing you happy, I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.

To this I wrote as follows:—

MY LORD,—I am excessively grieved for your distress. I make no hesitation to obey you. But as I am not conscious of having, in word or deed, offended you, or any one of a family to whom I owe infinite obligations; let me hope that I may be allowed a farewell visit to your lordship, to your

lady, and to your three sons; that my departure may not appear like that of a criminal, instead of the parting, which, from the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as of your experienced goodness, may be claimed by your lordship's,—Ever obliged, and affectionate humble servant,

GRANDISON.

This request, I understood, occasioned warm debates. It was said to be a very bold one: but my dear Jeronymo insisted that it was worthy of his friend, his deliverer, as he called me; and of an innocent man.

The result was, that I should be invited in form to visit and take leave of the family: and two days were taken, that some others of the Urbino family might be present, to see a man for the last time (and some of them for the first), who was thought, by his request, to have shown a very extraordinary degree of intrepidity; and who, though a Protestant, was honoured with so great an interest in the heart of their Clementina.

The day before I was to make this formal visit (for such it was to be), I received the following letter from my friend Jeronymo:—

MY DEAREST GRANDISON,—Take the particulars of the situation we are in here, that you may know what to expect, and how to act and comport yourself to-morrow evening.

Your reception will be, I am afraid, cold; but civil.

You will be looked upon by the Urbino family, who have heard more of you than they have seen, as a curiosity; but with more wonder than affection.

Of them will be present, the Count my father's brother, and his sons Sebastiano and Juliano, my aunt Signora Juliana de Sforza, a widow lady, as you know, and her daughter Signora Laurana, a young woman of my sister's age, between whom and my sister used to be, as you have heard, the strictest friendship and correspondence; and who insisted on being present on this occasion. They are all good-natured people; but love not either your country or religion.

Father Marescotti will be present. He is become your very great admirer.

My father thinks to make you his compliments; but if he withdraw the moment he has made them, you must not be surprised.

My mother says that as it is the last time that she may ever see you, and as she really greatly respects you, she shall not be able to leave you while you stay.

The general, I hope, will behave with politeness.

The bishop loves you; but will not, however, perhaps, be in high good humour with you.

Your Jeronymo will be wheeled into the same room. If he be more silent than usual on the solemn occasion, you will not do him injustice, perhaps, if you attribute it to his prudence; but much more to his grief.

And now let me tell you, as briefly as I can, the situation of the dear creature who must not appear, but who is more interested in the occasion of the congress than any person who will be present at it.

What passed between you and her at the last interview has greatly impressed her in your favour. The bishop, the general, and my father, soon after their return from Urbino, made her a visit in her dressing-room. They talked to her of the excellency of her own religion, and of the errors of the pretended reformed, which they called, and I *suppose* are, *damnable*. They found her steady in her abhorrence of the one, and adherence to the other. They were delighted with her rational answers and composed behaviour. They all three retired in raptures, to congratulate each other upon it; and returned with pleasure, to enter into farther talk with her: but when they mentioned you to her, she, led by their affectionate behaviour to her on their return, said it had given her great pleasure, and ease of mind, to find that she was not *despised* by a man whom every one of the family regarded for his merit and great qualities. The general had hardly patience: he walked to the farther end of the room: my father was in tears: the bishop soothed her, in order to induce her to speak her whole mind.

He praised you. She seemed pleased. He led her to believe that the whole family were willing to oblige her, if she would declare herself; and asked her questions, the answers to which must either be an avowal or a denial of

her love; and then she owned that she preferred the Chevalier Grandison to all the men in the world: she would not, against the opinion of her friends, wish to be his; but never would be the wife of any other man.

What, said the general, though he continue a heretic?

He might be converted, he said. And he was a sweet-tempered and compassionate man: and a man of sense, as *he* was, must see his errors.

Would she run the risk of her own salvation?

She was sure she should never give up her faith.

It was tempting God to abandon her to her own perverseness.

Her reliance on His goodness to enable her to be steadfast was humble, and not presumptuous, and with a pious view to gain a proselyte; and God would not forsake a person so well intending. Was she not to be allowed her confessor? Her confessor should be appointed by themselves. She did not doubt but the chevalier would consent to that.

The bishop, you know, can be cool when he pleases. He bore to talk further with her.

My father was still in tears.

The general had no longer patience. He withdrew, and came to me, and vented on me his displeasure. It is true, Grandison, when it was proposed to send for you from Vienna, I, sanguine in my hopes, had expressed myself as void of all doubt but you would become a Catholic—your love, your compassion, your honour, as I thought, engaged by such a step taken on our side—I had no notion that on such a surprise, with such motives to urge your compliance, a young man like myself, and with a heart so sensible, could have been so firm: but these thoughts are all over—this, however, exposes me to the more reproaches.

We were high; and my mother and uncle came in to mediate between us.

I would not, I could not, renounce my friend; the friend of my *soul*, as in our first acquaintance; and the preserver of my life—miserable as that has been, the preserver of it, at a time when I was engaged in an *unlawful* pursuit, in which had I perished, what might I have now been, and where?

I ventured to give my opinion in favour of my sister's marriage with you, as the only method that could be taken to restore her; who, I said, loved you because you were a virtuous man; and that her love was not only founded in virtue, but was virtue itself.

My brother told me that I was as much beside myself with my notions of gratitude, as my sister was with a passion less excusable.

I bid him forbear wounding a wounded man.

Thus high ran words between us.

The bishop, meantime, went on with a true Church subtlety, to get out of the innocent girl her whole mind.

He boasted afterwards of his art. But what was there in it to boast of? A mind so pure and so simple as Clementina's ever was, and which only the pride of her sex, and motives of religion, had perhaps hindered her from declaring to all the world.

He asked her if she were willing to leave her father, mother, brothers, and country, to go to a strange land; to live among a hated people?

No, she said; you would not wish her to go out of Italy. You would live nine months out of twelve in Italy.

He told her, that she must, when married, do as her husband would have her.

She could trust to your honour.

Would she consent that her children should be trained up heretics?

She was silent to this question. He repeated it.

Well, my lord, if I must not be allowed to choose for myself; only let me not hear the chevalier spoken of disrespectfully: he does not deserve it. He has acted by me with as much honour as he did by my brother. He is an uniformly good man, and as generous as good—and don't let me have *other* proposals made me; and I will be contented. I had never so much distinguished him, if everybody had not as well as I.

He was pleased to find her answers so rational: he pronounced her quite well; and gave it as his opinion that you should be desired to quit Bologna. And your absence, and a little time, he was sure, would secure her health of mind.

But when her aunt Sforza and her cousin Laurana talked with her next morning, they found her, on putting questions about you, absolutely determined in your favour.

She answered the objections they made against you with equal warmth and clearness. She seemed sensible of the unhappy way she had been in, and would have it that the last interview she had with you had helped to calm and restore her: and she hoped that she should be better every day. She praised your behaviour to her: she expatiated upon, and pitied, your distress of mind.

They let her run on till they too had obtained from her a confirmation of all that the bishop had reported; and upon repeating the conversation, would have it, upon experience, that soothing such a passion was not the way to be taken; but that a high hand was to be used, and that she was to be shamed out of a love so improper, so irreligious, so *scandalous*, to be encouraged in a daughter of their house with a heretic; and who had shown himself to be a determined one.

They accordingly entered upon their new measures. They forbade her to think of you: they told her that she should not upon any terms be yours; not now, even if you would change your religion for her. They depreciated your family, your fortune, and even your understanding; and brought to prove what they said against the latter, your obstinate adherence to your *mushroom* religion, so they called it; a religion that was founded in the wickedness of your eighth Henry; in the superstition of a child his successor; and in the arts of a vile woman, who had martyred a sister queen, a better woman than herself. They insisted upon her encouraging the Count of Belvedere's addresses, as a mark of her obedience.

They condemned, in terms wounding to her modesty, her passion for a foreigner, an enemy to her faith; and on her earnest request to see her father, he was prevailed upon to refuse her that favour.

Lady Juliana Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, the companion of her better hours, never see her, but they inveigh against you as an artful, an interested man.

Her uncle treats her with authority; Signor Sebastiano with a pity bordering on contempt.

My mother shuns her; and indeed avoids me: but as she has been blamed for permitting the interview, which they suppose the wrongest step that could have been taken, she declares herself neutral and resigns, to whatever shall be done by her lord, by his brother, her two sons, and Lady Juliana de Sforza: but I am sure, in her heart, that she approves not of the new measures; and which are also, as I have reminded the bishop, so contrary to the advice of the worthy Mrs. Beaumont; to whom they begin to think of once more sending my sister, or of prevailing on her to come hither: but Clementina seems not to be desirous of going again to her; we know not why; since she used to speak of her with the highest respect.

The dear soul rushed in to me yesterday. Ah, my Jeronymo! said she, they will drive me into despair. They hate me, Jeronymo—but I have written to somebody!—Hush! for your life, hush!

She was immediately followed in by her aunt Sforza, and her cousin Laurana, and the general; who, though he heard not what she said, insisted on her returning to her own apartment.

What! said she, must I not speak to Jeronymo? Ah, Jeronymo!—I had a great deal to say to you!

I raved; but they hurried her out, and have forbid her to visit me: they, however, have had the civility to desire my excuse. They are sure, they say, they are in the right way; and if I will have patience with them for a week, they will change their measures, if they find these new ones ineffectual. But my sister will be lost, irrecoverably lost; I foresee that.

Ah, Grandison! And can you still—but now they will not accept of your change of religion. Poor Clementina! Unhappy Jeronymo! Unhappy *Grandison!* I will say. If you are not so, you cannot deserve the affection of a Clementina.

But are *you* the somebody to whom she has written? *Has* she written to you? Perhaps you will find some opportunity to-morrow to let me know whether she has or not. Camilla is forbidden to stir out of the house, or to write.

The general told me, just now, that my gratitude to you showed neither more nor less, than the high value I put upon my own life.

I answered; That his observation *convinced* me, that he put a much less upon mine, than I, in the same case, should have put upon his.

He reconciled himself to me by an endearment. He embraced me. Don't say *convinced*, Jeronymo. I love not myself better than I love my Jeronymo.

What can one do with such a man? He *does* love me.

My mother, as I said, is resolved to be neutral: but it seems she is always in tears.

My mother stept in just now.—To my question after my sister's health; Ah, Jeronymo! said she, all is wrong! the dear creature has been bad ever since yesterday. They are all wrong!—But patience and silence, child! You and I have nothing to answer for.—Yet my Clementina, said she —Oh!—and left me.

I have no heart to write on. You will see, from the above, the way we are in. O my Grandison! what will you do among us?—I wish you would not come. Yet what hope, if you do not, shall I ever have of seeing again my beloved friend, who has behaved so unexceptionably in a case so critical?

You must not think of the dear creature: her head is ruined: for your *own* sake, you must not. We are all unworthy of you: yet not *all:* all, however, but Clementina, and (if true friendship will justify my claim to another exception) your afflicted JERONYMO.

—o—

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

O MY LUCY!—What think you!—But it is easy to guess what you must think. I will, without saying one word more, enclose

Dr. Bartlett's tenth letter.

THE next day (proceeds my patron) I went to make my visit to the family. I had nothing to reproach myself with; and therefore had no other concern upon me but what arose

from the unhappiness of the noble Clementina: that indeed was enough. I thought I should have some difficulty to manage my own spirit, if I were to find myself insulted, especially by the general. Soldiers are so apt to value themselves on their knowledge of what, after all, one may call but their trade, but a private gentleman is often thought too slightly of by them. Insolence in a great man, a rich man, or a soldier, is a *call* upon a man of spirit to exert himself. But I hope, thought I, I shall not have this call from any one of a family I so greatly respect.

I was received by the bishop; who, politely, after I had paid my compliments to the marquis and his lady, presented me to those of the Urbino family to whom I was a stranger. Every one of those named by Signor Jeronymo, in his last letter, was present.

The marquis, after he had returned my compliment, looked another way, to hide his emotion: the marchioness put her handkerchief to her eyes; but withdrawing it again, looked upon me with tenderness; and I read in them her concern for her Clementina.

I paid my respects to the general with an air of freedom, yet of regard; to my Jeronymo, with the tenderness due to our friendship; and congratulated him on seeing him out of his chamber. His kind eyes glistened with pleasure; yet it was easy to read a mixture of pain in them; which grew stronger as the first emotions at seeing me enter gave way to reflection.

The Conte della Porretta seemed to measure me with his eye.

I addressed myself to Father Marescotti, and made my particular acknowledgments to him for the favour of his visit, and what had passed in it. He looked upon me with pleasure; probably with the more, as this was a farewell visit.

The two ladies whispered, and looked upon me, and seemed to bespeak each other's attention to what passed.

Signor Sebastiano placed himself next to Jeronymo, and often whispered him, and as often cast his eye upon me. He was partial to me, I believe, because my generous friend seemed pleased with what he said.

His brother, Signor Juliano, sat on the other hand of me. They are agreeable and polite young men.

A profound silence succeeded the general compliments.

I addressed myself to the marquis: Your lordship, and you, madam, turning to the marchioness, I hope will excuse me for having requested the favour of being once more admitted to your presence, and to that of three brothers, for whom I shall ever retain the most respectful affection. I could not think of leaving a city, where one of the first families in it has done me the highest honour, without taking such a leave as might show my gratitude.—Accept, my lords, bowing to each; accept, madam, more profoundly bowing to the marchioness, my respectful thanks for all your goodness to me. I shall, to the end of my life, number most of the days that I have passed at Bologna amongst its happiest, even were the remainder to be as happy as man ever knew.

The marquis said, We wish you, chevalier, very happy; happier than—he sighed, and was silent.

His lady only bowed. Her face spoke distress. Her voice was lost in sighs, though she struggled to suppress them.

Chevalier, said the bishop, with an air of solemnity, you have given us many happy hours; for them we thank you. Jeronymo, for himself, will say more: he is the most grateful of men. We thank you also for what you have done for him.

I cannot, said Jeronymo, express suitably my gratitude: my prayers, my vows, should follow you whithersoever you go, best of friends, and best of men!

The general, with an air and a smile that might have been dispensed with, oddly said, High pleasure and high pain are very near neighbours: they are often guilty of excesses, and then are apt to mistake each other's house. I am one of those who think our whole house obliged to the chevalier for the seasonable assistance he gave to our Jeronymo. But——

Dear general, said Lady Juliana, bear with an interruption. The intent of this meeting is amicable. The chevalier is a man of honour. Things may have fallen out unhappily; ye nobody to blame.

As to blame, or otherwise, said the Conte della Porretta, that is not now to be talked of; else, I *know* where it lies: in short, among ourselves. The chevalier acted greatly by Signor Jeronymo: we were all obliged to him: but to let such a man as *this* have free admission to our daughter—she ought to have had no eyes.

Pray, my lord, pray, brother, said the marquis, are we not enough sufferers?

The chevalier, said the general, cannot but be gratified by so high a compliment; and smiled indignantly.

My lord, replied I to the general, you know very little of the man before you, if you don't believe him to be the most afflicted man present.

Impossible! said the marquis, with a sigh.

The marchioness arose from her seat, motioning to go; and turning round to the two ladies, and the count, I have resigned my will to the will of you all, my dearest friends! and shall be permitted to withdraw. This testimony, however, before I go, I cannot but bear: wherever the fault lay, it lay not with the chevalier. He has, from the first to the last, acted with the nicest honour. He is entitled to our respect. The unhappiness lies nowhere but in the difference of religion.

Well, and that now is absolutely out of the question, said the general: it is indeed, chevalier.

I hope, my lord, from a descendant of a family so illustrious, to find an equal exemption from wounding words and wounding looks; and that, sir, as well from your generosity, as from your *justice.*

My looks give you offence, chevalier! Do they?

I attended to the marchioness. She came towards me. I arose and respectfully took her hand.—Chevalier, said she, I could not withdraw without bearing the testimony I have borne to your merits. I wish you happy.—God protect you, whithersoever you go. Adieu.

She wept. I bowed on her hand with profound respect. She retired with precipitation. It was with difficulty that I suppressed the rising tear. I took my seat.

I made no answer to the general's last question, though it was spoken in such a way (I saw by their eyes) as took every other person's notice.

Lady Sforza, when her sister was retired, hinted that the ast interview between the young lady and me was an unadvised permission, though intended for the best.

I then took upon me to defend that step. Lady Clementina, said I, had declared that if she were allowed to speak her whole mind to me, she should be easy. I had for some time given myself up to absolute despair. The marchioness intended not *favour* to me in allowing of the interview: it was the most affecting one to me I had ever known. But let me say, that far from having bad effects on the young lady's mind, it had good ones. I hardly knew how to talk upon a subject so very interesting to *every one* present, but not more so to *any one* than to myself. I thought of avoiding it; and have been led into it, but did not lead. And since it is before us, let me recommend, as the most effectual way to restore every one to peace and happiness, *gentle treatment*. The most generous, the meekest, the most dutiful of human minds, requires not harsh treatment.

How do *you* know, sir, said the general, and looked at Jeronymo, the methods now taken——

And *are* they then harsh, my lord? said I.

He was offended.

I had heard, proceeded I, that a change of measures was resolved on. I knew that the treatment before had been all gentle, condescending, indulgent. I received but yesterday letters from my father, signifying his intention of speedily recalling me to my native country. I shall set out very soon for Paris, where I hope to meet with his more direct commands for this long desired end. What may be my destiny I know not; but I shall carry with me a heart burdened with the woes of this family, and distressed for the beloved daughter of it. But let me bespeak you all, for your own sakes (mine is out of the question: I presume not upon any hope on my own account), that you will treat this angelic-minded lady with tenderness. I pretend to say that I know that harsh or severe methods will not do.

The general arose from his seat, and with a countenance of fervour, next to fierceness—Let me tell you, Grandison, said he——

I arose from mine, and going to Lady Sforza, who sat

next him, he stopt, supposing me going to him, and seemed surprised, and attentive to my motions; but disregarding him, I addressed myself to that lady. You, madam, are the aunt of Lady Clementina: the tender, the indulgent mother is absent, and has declared that she resigns her will to the will of her friends present—allow me to supplicate that former measures may not be changed with her. Great dawnings of returning reason did I discover in our last interview. Her delicacy (never was there a more delicate mind) wanted but to be satisfied. It *was* satisfied, and she began to be easy. Were her mind but once composed, the sense she has of her duty, and what she owes to her religion, would restore her to your wishes: but if she should be treated harshly (though I am sure, if she *should*, it would be with the best intention), Clementina will be lost.

The general sat down. They all looked upon one another. The two ladies dried their eyes. The starting tear *would* accompany my fervour. And then stepping to Jeronymo, who was extremely affected; My dear Jeronymo, said I, my friend, my beloved friend, cherish in your noble heart the memory of your Grandison: would to God I could attend you to England! We have baths there of sovereign efficacy. The balm of a friendly and grateful heart would promote the cure. I have urged it before. Consider of it.

My Grandison, my dear Grandison, my friend, my preserver! You are not going!——

I *am*, my Jeronymo; and embraced him. Love me in absence, as I shall you.

Chevalier, said the bishop, you don't go? We hope for your company at a small collation.—We must not part with you yet.

I cannot, my lord, accept the favour. Although I had given myself up to despair of obtaining the happiness to which I once aspired; yet I was not willing to quit a city that this family had made dear to me, with the precipitation of a man conscious of misbehaviour. I thank you for the permission I had to attend you all in full assembly. May God prosper *you*, my lord; and may you be invested with the first honours of that Church which must be adorned by so worthy a heart! It will be *my* glory, when I am in my

native place, or *wherever* I am, to remember that I was once thought not unworthy of a rank in a family so respectable. Let me, my lord, be entitled to your kind remembrance.

He pulled out his handkerchief. My lord, said he, to his father; my lord, to the general; Grandison must not go!—and sat down with emotion.

Lady Sforza wept: Laurana seemed moved: the two young lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, were greatly affected.

I then addressed myself to the marquis, who sat undetermined, as to speech: My venerable lord, forgive me, that my address was not first paid here: my heart overflows with gratitude for your goodness in permitting me to throw myself at your feet, before I took a last farewell of a city favoured with your residence. Best of fathers, of friends, of men, let me entreat the continuance of your paternal indulgence to the child nearest, and *deserving* to be nearest, to your heart. She is all *you* and her *mother*. Restore her to yourself, and to her, by your indulgence: that alone, and a blessing on your prayers, *can* restore her. Adieu, my good lord: repeated thanks for all your hospitable goodness to a man that will ever retain a grateful sense of your favour.

You will not yet go, was all he said—he seemed in agitation. He could not say more.

I then, turning to the count his brother, who sat next him, said, I have not the honour to be fully known to your lordship: some prejudices, from differences in opinion, may have been conceived: but if you ever hear anything of the man before you *unworthy* of his name, and of the favour once designed him; then, my lord, blame, as well as wonder at, the condescension of your noble brother and sister in my favour.

Who, I! Who, I! said that lord, in some hurry—I think very well of you. I never saw a man in my life that I liked so well!

Your lordship does me honour. I say this the rather, as I may, on this solemn occasion, taking leave of such honourable friends, charge my future life with resolutions to behave worthy of the favour I have met with in this family.

I passed from him to the general—Forgive, my lord, said I, the seeming formality of my behaviour in this parting

scene: it is a very solemn one to me. You have expressed yourself *of* me, and *to* me, my lord, with more passion (forgive me, I mean not to offend you) than perhaps you will approve in yourself when I am far removed from Italy. For have you not a noble mind? And are you not a son of the Marquis della Porretta? Permit me to observe that passion will make a man exalt himself, and degrade another; and the just medium will be then forgot. I am afraid I have been thought more lightly of than I ought to be, either in justice, or for the honour of a person who is dear to every one present. My country was once mentioned with disdain. Think not my vanity so much concerned in what I am going to say, as my honour: I am proud to be thought an Englishman: yet I think as highly of every worthy man of every nation under the sun, as I do of the worthy men of my own. I am not of a contemptible race in my own country. My father lives in it with the magnificence of a prince. He loves his son; yet I presume to add that that son deems his good name his riches; his integrity his grandeur. Princes, though they are entitled by their rank to respect, are princes only to him as they act.

A few words more, my lord.

I have been of the *hearing*, not of the *speaking* side of the question, in the two last conferences I had the honour to hold with your lordship. Once you unkindly mentioned the word *triumph*. The word at the time went to my heart. When I can subdue the natural warmth of my temper, then, and then only, I have a triumph. I should not have remembered this, had I not now, my lord, on this solemn occasion, been received by you with an indignant eye. I respect your lordship *too much* not to take notice of this angry reception. My silence upon it perhaps would look like subscribing before this illustrious company to the justice of your contempt: yet I mean no *other* notice than this; and *this*, to demonstrate that I was not, in my *own* opinion at least, absolutely unworthy of the favour I met with from the father, the mother, the brothers, you so justly honour, and which I wished to stand in with *you*.

And now, my lord, allow me the honour of your hand; and as I have given you no cause for displeasure, say that

you will remember me with kindness, as I shall honour you and your whole family to the last day of my life.

The general heard me out; but it was with great emotion. He accepted not my hand; he returned not any answer: the bishop arose, and, taking him aside, endeavoured to calm him.

I addressed myself to the two young lords, and said that if ever their curiosity led them to visit England, where I hoped to be in a few months, I should be extremely glad of cultivating their esteem and favour, by the best offices I could do them.

They received my civility with politeness.

I addressed myself next to Lady Laurana—May you, madam, the friend, the intimate, the chosen companion of Lady Clementina, never know the hundredth part of the woe that fills the breast of the man before you, for the calamity that has befallen your admirable cousin, and, because of that, a whole excellent family. Let me recommend to you that tender and soothing treatment to *her*, which her tender heart would show to *you*, in any calamity that should befall you. I am not a bad man, madam, though of a different communion from yours. Think but half so charitably of me, as I do of every one of your religion who lives up to his professions, and I shall be happy in your favourable thoughts when you hear me spoken of.

It is easy to imagine, Dr. Bartlett, that I addressed myself in this manner to this lady, whom I had never before seen, that she might not think the harder of her cousin's prepossessions in favour of a Protestant.

I recommended myself to the favour of Father Marescotti. He assured me of his esteem in very warm terms.

And just as I was again applying to my Jeronymo, the general came to me: You cannot think, sir, said he, nor did you *design* it, I suppose, that I should be pleased with your address to me. I have only this question to ask, When do you quit Bologna?

Let me ask your lordship, said I, when do you return to Naples?

Why that question, sir? haughtily.

I will answer you frankly. Your lordship, at the first of my acquaintance with you, invited me to Naples. I promised

to pay my respects to you there. If you think of being there in a week, I will attend you at your own palace in that city; and there, my lord, I hope, no cause to the contrary having arisen from me, to be received by you with the same kindness and favour that you showed when you gave me the invitation. I think to leave Bologna to-morrow.

O brother! said the bishop, are you not *now* overcome?

And are you in earnest? said the general.

I am, my lord; I have many valuable friends, at different courts and cities in Italy, to take leave of. I never intend to see it again. I would look upon your lordship as one of those friends: but you seem still displeased with me. You accepted not my offered hand before: once more I tender it. A man of spirit cannot be offended at a man of spirit, without lessening himself. I call upon your dignity, my lord.

He held out his hand, just as I was withdrawing mine. I have pride, you know, Dr. Bartlett; and I was conscious of a superiority in *this instance:* I took his hand, however, at his offer; yet pitied him that his motion was made at all, as it wanted that grace which generally accompanies all he does and says.

The bishop embraced me.—Your moderation, thus exerted, said he, must ever make you triumph. O Grandison! you are a prince of the Almighty's creation!

The noble Jeronymo dried his eyes and held out his arms to embrace me.

The general said, I shall certainly be at Naples in a week. I am too much affected by the woes of my family, to behave as perhaps I ought on this occasion. Indeed, Grandison, it is difficult for sufferers to act with spirit and temper at the same time.

It *is*, my lord: I have found it so. My hopes raised, as once they were, now sunk, and absolute despair having taken place of them—would to God I had never returned to Italy!—But I reproach not anybody.

Yet, said Jeronymo, you have some reason—to be sent for as you were——

He was going on—Pray, brother, said the general—and turning to me, I may expect you, sir, at Naples?

You may, my lord. But one favour I have to beg of you

meantime. It is, that you will not treat harshly *your* dear Clementina. Would to Heaven I might have had the honour to say, *my* Clementina! And permit me to make one other request on my own account: and that is, that you will tell her that I took my leave of your whole family, by their kind permission; and that, at my departure, I wished her, from my soul, all the happiness that the best and tenderest of her friends can wish her! I make this request to you, my lord, rather than to Signor Jeronymo, because the tenderness which he has for me might induce him to mention me to her in a manner which might, at this time, affect her too sensibly for her peace.

Be pleased, my dear Signor Jeronymo, to make my devotion known to the marchioness. Would to Heaven—But adieu! and once more adieu, my Jeronymo! I shall hear from you when I get to Naples, if not before.—God restore your sister, and heal you!

I bowed to the marquis, to the ladies, to the general, to the bishop, particularly; to the rest in general; and was obliged, in order to conceal my emotion, to hurry out at the door. The servants had planted themselves in a row; not for selfish motives, as in England: they bowed to the ground, and blessed me, as I went through them. I had ready a purse of ducats. One hand and another declined it: I dropt it in their sight. God be with you, my honest friends! said I; and departed.—O Dr. Bartlett, with a heart how much distressed!

And now, my good Miss Byron, have I not reason, from the deep concern which you take in the woes of Lady Clementina, to regret the task you have put me upon? And do you, my good Lord and Lady L——, and Miss Grandison, now wonder that your brother has not been forward to give you the particulars of this melancholy tale? Yet, you all say I must proceed.

See, Lucy, the greatness of this man's behaviour! What a presumption was it in your Harriet ever to aspire to call such a one hers!

LETTER XL.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

THIS Lady Olivia,' Lucy, what can *she* pretend to—but I will not puzzle myself about her—yet *she* pretend to give disturbance to such a man! You will find her mentioned in Dr. Bartlett's next letter; or she would not have been named by *me*.

Dr. Bartlett's eleventh letter.

MR. GRANDISON, on his return to his lodgings, found there, in disguise, Lady Olivia. He wanted not any new disturbance. But I will not mix the stories.

The next morning he received a letter from Signor Jeronymo. The following is a translation of it:—

MY DEAREST GRANDISON!—How do you? ever amiable friend! What triumphs did your behaviour of last night obtain for you! Not a soul here but admires you!

Even Laurana declared that, were you a Catholic, it would be a *merit* to love you. Yet she reluctantly praised you, and once said, what, but *splendid sins*, are the *virtues* of a *heretic?*

Our two cousins, with the good-nature of youth, lamented that you could not be ours in the way you wish. My father wept like a child when you were gone, and seemed to enjoy the praises given you by every one. The Count said he never saw a nobler behaviour in man. Your free, your manly, your polite air and address, and your calmness and intrepidity, were applauded by every one.

What joy did this give to your Jeronymo! I thought I wanted neither crutches, helps, nor wheeled chair; and several times forgot that I ailed anything.

I begin to love Father Marescotti. He was with the foremost in praising you.

The general owned that he once was resolved to quarrel with you. But will he, do you think, Jeronymo, said he, make me a visit at Naples?

You may depend upon it he will, answered I——

I will be there to receive him, replied he.

They admired you particularly for your address to my sister, by the general, rather than by me. And Lady Sforza said it was a thousand pities that you and Clementina could not be one. They applauded, all of them, what they had not, any of them, the power to imitate, that largeness of heart which makes you think so well, and speak so tenderly, of those of communions different from your own. So much steadiness in your own religion, yet so much prudence in a man so young, they said, was astonishing! No wonder that your character ran so high in every court you had visited.

My mother came in soon after you had left us. She was equally surprised and grieved to find you gone. She thought she was sure of your staying supper; and not satisfied with the slight leave she had taken, she had been strengthening her mind to pass an hour in your company, in order to take a more solemn one.

My father asked her after her daughter.

Poor soul! said she, she has heard that the chevalier was to be here to take leave of us.

By whom? by whom? said my father.

I cannot tell: but the poor creature is half raving to be admitted among us. She has dressed herself in one of her best suits; and I found her sitting in a kind of form, expecting to be called down. Indeed, Lady Sforza, the method we are in does not do.

So the chevalier said, replied that lady. Well, let us change it with all my heart. It is no pleasure to treat the dear girl harshly.—O sister, this is a most extraordinary man!

That moment in bolted Camilla—Lady Clementina is just at the door. I could not prevail upon her——

We all looked upon one another.

Three soft taps at the door, and a hem, let us know she was there.

Let her come in, dear girl, let her come in, said the Count: the chevalier is not here.

Laurana arose and ran to the door, and led her in by the hand.

Dear creature, how wild she looked!—Tears ran down my cheeks: I had not seen her for two days before. Oh, how

earnestly did she look round her! withdrawing her hand from her cousin, who would have led her to a chair, and standing quite still.

Come and sit by me, my sweet love! said her weeping mother.—She stept towards her.

Sit down, my dear girl.

No: you beat me, remember.

Who beat you, my dear?—Sure nobody would beat my child!—Who beat you, Clementina?

I don't know—still looking round her, as wanting somebody.

Again her mother courted her to sit down.

No, madam, you don't love me.

Indeed, my dear, I do.

So you say.

Her father held out his open arms to her. Tears ran down his cheeks. He could not speak.—Ah, my father! said she, stepping towards him.

He caught her in his arms—Don't, don't, sir, faintly struggling, with averted face—You love me not—you refused to see your child, when she wanted to claim your protection!—I was used cruelly.

By whom, my dear? by whom?

By everybody. I complained to one, and to another; but all were in a tone: and so I thought I would be contented. My mamma, too!—But it is no matter. I saw it was to be so; and I did not care.

By my soul, said I, this is not the way with her, Lady Sforza. The chevalier is in the right. You see how sensible she is of harsh treatment.

Well, well, said the general, let us change our measures.

Still the dear girl looked out earnestly, as for somebody.

She loosed herself from the arms of her sorrowing father.

Let us in silence, said the Count, observe her motions.

She went to him on tip-toe, and looking in his face over his shoulder, as he sat with his back towards her, passed him; then to the general; then to Signor Sebastiano; and to every one round, till she came to me; looking at each over his shoulder in the same manner: then folding her fingers, her hands open, and her arms hanging down to their

full extent, she held up her face meditating, with such a significant woe, that I thought my heart would have burst. —Not a soul in the company had a dry eye.

Lady Sforza arose, took her two hands, the fingers still clasped; and would have spoken to her, but could not; and hastily retired to her seat.

Tears at last began to trickle down her cheeks, as she stood fixedly looking up. She started, looked about her, and hastening to her mother threw her arms about her neck; and hiding her face in her bosom, broke out into a flood of tears, mingled with sobs that penetrated every heart.

The first words she said were, Love me, my mamma! Love your child! your poor child! your Clementina! Then raising her head, and again laying it in her mother's bosom —If ever you loved me, love me now, my mamma!—I have need of your love!

My father was forced to withdraw. He was led out by his two sons.

Your poor Jeronymo was unable to help himself.

He wanted as much comfort as his father. What were the wounds of his body, at that time, to those of his mind!

My two brothers returned. This dear girl, said the bishop, will break all our hearts.

Her tears had seemed to relieve her. She held up her head. My mother's bosom seemed wet with her child's tears and her own. Still she looked round her.

Suppose, said I, somebody were to name the man she seems to look for? It may divert this wildness.

Did she come down, said Laurana to Camilla, with the expectation of seeing him?

She did.

Let *me*, said the bishop, speak to her. He arose, and taking her hand, walked with her about the room. You look pretty, my dear Clementina! Your ornaments are charmingly fancied. What made you dress yourself so prettily?

She looked earnestly at him, in silence. He repeated his question.—I speak, said she, all my heart; and then I suffer for it. Everybody is against me.

You shall not suffer for it: everybody is for you.

I confessed to Mrs. Beaumont; I confessed to you, brother: but what did I get by it?—Let go my hand. I don't love you, I believe.

I am sorry for it. I love you, Clementina, as I love my own soul!

Yet you never chide your own soul!

He turned his face from her to us. She must not be treated harshly, said he. He soothed her in a truly brotherly manner.

Tell me, added he to his soothings, did you expect anybody here, that you find not?

Did I? Yes, I did.—Camilla, come hither.—Let go my hand, brother.

He did. She took Camilla under the arm—Don't you know, Camilla, said she, what you heard said of somebody's threatening somebody?—Don't let anybody hear us; drawing her to one end of the room.—I want to take a walk with you into the garden, Camilla.

It is dark night, madam.

No matter. If you are afraid, I will go by myself.

Seem to humour her in talk, Camilla, said the Count; but don't go out of the room with her.

Be pleased to tell me, madam, what we are to walk in the garden for?

Why, Camilla, I had a horrid dream last night; and I cannot be easy till I go into the garden.

What, madam, was your dream?

In the orange grove I thought I stumbled over the body of a dead man!

And who was it, madam?

Don't you know who was threatened? And was not somebody here to-night? And was not somebody to sup here? And *is* he here?

The general then went to her. My dearest Clementina! my beloved sister! set your heart at rest. Somebody is safe: shall be safe.

She took first one of his hands, then the other; and looking in the palms of them, They are not bloody, said she. —What have you done with him, then? Where is he?

Where is who?

You know whom I ask after; but you want something against me.

Then stepping quick up to me: My Jeronymo!—Did I see *you* before? and stroked my cheek. Now tell me, Jeronymo—Don't come near me, Camilla. Pray, sir, to the general, do you sit down. She leaned her arm upon my shoulder: I don't hurt you, Jeronymo: do I?

No, my dearest Clementina!

That's my best brother—Cruel assassins!—But the brave man came just in time to save you.—But do you know what is become of him?

He is safe, my dear. He could not stay.

Did anybody affront him?

No, my love.

Are you sure nobody did?—*Very* sure? Father Marescotti, said she, turning to him (who wept from the time she entered), you don't love him: but you are a good man, and will tell me truth. Where is he? Did nobody affront him?

No, madam.

Because, said she, he never did anything but good to any one.

Father Marescotti, said I, admires him as much as anybody.

Admire him! Father Marescotti admire him!—But he does not *love* him. And I never heard *him* say one word against Father Marescotti in my life.—Well, but, Jeronymo, what made him go away, then? Was he not to stay to supper?

He was desired to stay; but would not.

Jeronymo, let me whisper you—did he tell you that I wrote him a letter?

I guessed you did, whispered I.

You are a strange guesser: but you can't guess how I sent it to him—But hush, Jeronymo—Well, but, Jeronymo, did he say nothing of me, when he went away?

He left his compliments for you with the general.

With the general! The general won't tell me!

Yes, he will.—Brother, pray tell my sister what the chevalier said to you at parting.

He repeated exactly what you had desired him to say to her.

Why would they not let me see him? said she. Am I never to see him more?

I hope you will, replied the bishop.

If, resumed she, we could have done anything that might have looked like a return to his goodness to us (and to you, my Jeronymo, in particular), I believe I should have been easy.—And so you say he is gone?—And gone for ever! lifting up her hand from her wrist, as it lay over my shoulder. Poor chevalier!—But hush, hush, pray hush, Jeronymo.

She went from me to her aunt and cousin Laurana. Love me again, madam, said she, to the former. You loved me once.

I never loved you better than now, my dear.

Did *you*, Laurana, see the chevalier Grandison?

I did.

And did he go away safe, and unhurt?

Indeed he did.

A man who had preserved the life of our dear Jeronymo, said she, to have been hurt by us, would have been dreadful, you know. I wanted to say a few words to him. I was astonished to find him not here: and then my dream came into my head. It was a sad dream, indeed!—But, cousin, be good to me: pray do. You did not use to be cruel. You used to say you loved me. I am in calamity, my dear. I know I am miserable: at times I know I am: and then I am grieved at my heart, and think how happy every one is, but me: but then, again, I ail nothing, and am well. But do love me, Laurana: I am in calamity, my dear. I would love you, if you were in calamity: indeed I would.—Ah, Laurana! what is become of all your fine promises? But then everybody loved me, and I was happy!—Yet you tell me it is all for my good. Naughty Laurana, to wound my heart by your crossness, and then say it is for my good!—Do you think I should have served you so?

Laurana blushed and wept. Her aunt promised her, that everybody would love her, and comfort her, and not be angry with her, if she would make her heart easy.

I am very particular, my dear Grandison. I know you love I should be so. From this minuteness you will judge of the workings of her mind. They are resolved to take

your advice (it was very seasonable), and treat her with indulgence. The Count is earnest to have it so.

CAMILLA has just left me. She says that her young lady had a tolerable night. She thinks it owing, in a great measure, to her being indulged in asking the servants, who saw you depart, how you looked; and being satisfied that you went away unhurt, and unaffronted.

Adieu, my dearest, my best friend. Let me hear from you as often as you can.

I JUST now understand from Camilla, that the dear girl has made an earnest request to my father, mother, and aunt; and been refused. She came back from them deeply afflicted; and, as Camilla fears, is going into one of her gloomy fits again. I hope to write again, if you depart not from Bologna before to-morrow: but I must, for my own sake, write shorter letters. Yet how can I? Since however melancholy the subject, when I am writing to you, I am conversing with you. My dear Grandison, once more adieu.

O Lucy, my dear! Whence come all the tears this melancholy story has cost me? I cannot dwell upon the scenes!—Begone all those wishes that would interfere with the interest of that sweet distressed saint at Bologna!

How impolitic, Lucy, was it in them, not to gratify her impatience to see him! She would, most probably, have been quieted in her mind, if she had been obliged by one other interview.

What a delicacy, my dear! what a generosity, is there in her love!

Sir Charles, in Lord L——'s study, said to me, that his compassion was engaged, but his honour was free: and so it seems to be: but a generosity, in return for her generosity, must bind such a mind as his.

—o—

LETTER XLI.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

In the Doctor's next letter, enclosed, you will find mention made of Sir Charles's Literary Journal. I fancy, my dear, it must be a charming thing. I wish we could have before us every line he wrote while he was in Italy. Once the presumptuous Harriet had hopes that she might have been entitled—but no more of these hopes—it can't be helped, Lucy.

Dr. Bartlett's twelfth letter.

Mr. Grandison proceeds thus:

The next morning I employed myself in visiting and taking leave of several worthy members of the university, with whom I had passed many very agreeable and improving hours, during my residence in this noble city. In my Literary Journal you have an account of those worthy persons, and of some of our conversations. I paid my duty to the cardinal legate, and the gonfaloniere, and to three of his counsellors, by whom, you know, I had been likewise greatly honoured. My mind was not free enough to *enjoy* their conversation: such a weight upon my heart, how could it? But the debt of gratitude and civility was not to be left unpaid.

On my return to my lodgings, which was not till the evening, I found the general had been there to inquire after me.

I sent one of my servants to the palace of Porretta, with my compliments to the general, to the bishop, and Jeronymo; and with particular inquiries after the health of the ladies and the marquis; but had only a general answer, that they were much as I left them.

The two young lords, Sebastiano and Juliano, made me a visit of ceremony. They talked of visiting England in a year or two. I assured them of my best services, and urged them to go thither. I asked them after the healths of the marquis, the marchioness, and their beloved cousin Clementina. Signor Sebastiano shook his head: Very, *very* indifferent were his words. We parted with great civilities.

I will now turn my thoughts to Florence, and to the affairs there that have lain upon me, from the death of my good friend Mr. Jervois, and from my wardship. I told you, in their course, the steps I took in those affairs; and how happy I had been in some parts of management. There I hope soon to see you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from the Levant, to whose care I can so safely consign my precious trust, while I go to Paris and attend the wished-for call of my father to my native country, from which I have been for so many years an exile.

There, also, I hope to have some opportunities of conversing with my good Mrs. Beaumont; resolving to make another effort to get so valuable a person to restore herself to my beloved England.

Thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do I endeavour to console myself, in order to lighten that load of grief which I labour under on the distresses of the dear Clementina. If I can leave her happy, I shall be sooner so, than I could have been in the same circumstances, had I, from the first of my acquaintance with the family (to the breach of all the laws of hospitality), indulged a passion for her.

Yet is the unhappy Olivia a damp upon my endeavours after consolation. When she made her unseasonable visit to me at Bologna, she refused to return to Florence without me, till I assured her that as my affairs would soon call me thither, I would visit her at her own palace, as often as those affairs would permit. Her pretence for coming to Bologna was to induce me to place Emily with her, till I had settled everything for my carrying the child to England; but I was obliged to be peremptory in my denial, though she had wrought so with Emily, as to induce her to be an earnest petitioner to me to permit her to live with Lady Olivia, whose equipages, and the glare in which she lives, had dazzled the eyes of the young lady.

I WAS impatient to hear again from Jeronymo; and just as I was setting out for Florence, in despair of that favour, it being the second day after my farewell visit, I had the following letter from him:—

I HAVE not been well, my dear Grandison! I am afraid

the wound in my shoulder must be laid open again. God give me patience! But my life is a burden to me.

We are driving here at a strange rate. They promised to keep measures with the dear creature; but she has heard that you are leaving Bologna, and raves to see you.

Poor soul! She endeavoured to prevail upon her father, mother, aunt, to permit her to see you but for *five* minutes: that was the petition which was denied her, as I mentioned in my last.

Camilla was afraid she would go into a gloomy fit upon it, as I told you—She did; but it lasted not long: for she made an effort, soon after, to go out of the house by way of the garden. The gardener refused his key, and brought Camilla to her, whom she had, by an innocent piece of art, but just before sent to bring her something from her toilette.

The general went with Camilla to her. They found her just setting a ladder against the wall. She heard them, and screamed, and leaving the ladder, ran, to avoid them, till she came in sight of the great cascade; into which, had she not by a cross alley been intercepted by the general, it is feared she would have thrown herself.

This has terrified us all: she begs but for one interview; one parting interview; and she promises to make herself easy: but it is not thought advisable. Yet Father Marescotti himself thought it best to indulge her. Had my mother been earnest, I believe it had been granted: but she is so much concerned at the blame she met with on permitting the last interview, that she will not contend, though she has let them know that she did not oppose the request.

The unhappy girl ran into my chamber this morning—Jeronymo; he will be *gone!* said she: I *know* he will. All I want, is but to see him! To wish him happy! And to know if he will remember me when he is gone, as I shall him!—Have *you* no interest, Jeronymo? Cannot I *once* see him? Not *once?*

The bishop, before I could answer, came in quest of her, followed by Laurana, from whom she had forcibly disengaged herself, to come to me.

Let me have but one parting interview, my lord, said she,

looking to him, and clinging about my neck. He will be gone: gone for ever. Is there so much in being allowed to say, Farewell, and be happy, Grandison! and excuse all the trouble I have given you?—What has my brother's preserver done, what have I done, that I must not see him, nor he me, for one quarter of an hour only?

Indeed, my lord, said I, she should be complied with. Indeed she should.

My *father* thinks otherwise, said the bishop: the *Count* thinks otherwise: *I* think otherwise. Were the chevalier a common man, she might. But she dwells upon what passed in the last interview, and his behaviour to her. *That*, it is plain, did her harm.

The next may drive the thoughts of that out of her head, returned I.

Dear Jeronymo, replied he, a little peevishly, you will always think differently from everybody else! Mrs. Beaumont comes to-morrow.

What do I care for Mrs. Beaumont? said she.—I don't love her: she tells everything I say.

Come, my dear love! said Laurana, you afflict your brother Jeronymo. Let us go up to your own chamber.

I afflict everybody, and everybody afflicts me; and you are all cruel. Why, he will be *gone*, I tell you! That makes me so impatient: and I have something to say to him. My father won't see me: my mother renounces me. I have been looking for her, and she hides herself from me!—and I am a prisoner, and watched, and used ill!

Here comes my mother! said Laurana. You now *must* go up to your chamber, cousin Clementina.

So she does, said she: now I must go indeed! Ah, Jeronymo! Now there is no saying nay.—But it is hard! *very* hard!—And she burst into tears. I won't speak, though, said she, to my aunt. Remember, I will be silent, madam!—. Then whispering me; My aunt, brother, is not the aunt she used to be to me!—But hush, I don't complain, you know!

By this I saw that Lady Sforza was severe with her.

She addressed herself to her aunt: You are not my mamma, are you, madam?

No, child.

No, child, indeed! I know that *too* well. But my brother Giacomo is as cruel to me as anybody. But, hush, Jeronymo! —Don't you betray me!—Now my aunt is come, I must go!—I wish I could run away from you all!

She was yesterday detected writing a letter to you. My mother was shown what she had written, and wept over it. My aunt took it out of my sister's bosom, where she had thrust it, on her coming in. This she resented highly.

When she was led into her own chamber, she refused to speak; but in great hurry went to her closet, and taking down her Bible, turned over one leaf and another very quick. Lady Sforza had a book in her hand, and sat over against the closet-door to observe her motions. She came to a place —*Pretty!* said she.

The bishop had formerly given her a smattering of Latin. —She took pen and ink, and wrote. You'll see, chevalier, the very great purity of her thoughts, by what she omitted, and what she chose, from the Canticles. *Velur unguentum diffunditur nomen tuum, &c.*

[In the English translation, thus: *Thy name is as ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee. Draw me; we will run after thee: the upright love thee.*

Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me. My mother's children were angry with me: they made me the keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.

Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth! where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?]

She laid down her pen, and was thoughtful; her elbow resting on the escritoir she wrote upon, her hand supporting her head.

May I look over you, my dear? said her aunt, stepping to her; and taking up the paper, read it, and took it out of the closet with her, unopposed; her gentle bosom only heaving sighs.

I will write no more, so minutely, on this affecting subject, my Grandison.

They are all of opinion that she will be easy when she knows that you have actually left Bologna; and they strengthen

their opinion by these words of hers, above recited: 'Why, 'he will be gone, I tell you; and this makes me so impatient.' —At least, they are resolved to try the experiment. And so, my dear Grandison! you must be permitted to leave us.

God be your director and comforter, as well as ours! prays your ever affectionate JERONYMO.

Mr. Grandison having no hopes of being allowed to see the unhappy lady, set out with an afflicted heart for Florence. He gave orders there, and at Leghorn, that the clerks and agents of his late friend Mr. Jervois should prepare everything for his inspection against his return from Naples; and then he set out for that city, to attend the general.

He had other friends to whom he had endeared himself at Sienna, Ancona, and particularly at Rome, as he had also some at Naples; of whom he intended to take leave before he set out for Paris: and therefore went to attend the general with the greater pleasure.

Within the appointed time he arrived at Naples.

The general received me, said Mr. Grandison, with greater tokens of politeness than affection. You are the happiest man in the world, chevalier, said he, after the first compliments, in escaping dangers by braving them. I do assure you, that I had great difficulties to deny myself the favour of paying you a visit *in my own way* at Bologna. I had indeed resolved to do it, till you proposed this visit to me here.

I should have been very sorry, replied I, to have seen a brother of Lady Clementina in *any* way that should not have made me consider him as her brother. But before I say another word, let me ask after her health. How does the most excellent of women?

You have not heard, then?

I have not, my lord: but it is not for want of solicitude: I have sent three several messengers: but can hear nothing to my satisfaction.

Nor can you hear anything from me that will give you any.

I am grieved at my soul, that I cannot. How, my lord, do the marquis and marchioness?

Don't ask. They are extremely unhappy.

I hear that my dear friend, Signor Jeronymo, has undergone——

A dreadful operation, interrupted the general.—He has Poor Jeronymo! He *could not* write to you. God preserv- my brother! But, chevalier, you did not save half a life, though we thank you for that, when you restored him to our arms.

I had no reason to boast, my lord, of the accident. I never made a merit of it. It was a *mere* accident, and cost me nothing. The service was greatly over-rated.

Would to God, chevalier, it had been rendered by any other man in the world!

As it has proved, I am sure, my lord, I have reason to join in the wish.

He showed me his pictures, statues, and cabinet of curiosities, while dinner was preparing; but rather for the ostentation of his magnificence and taste, than to do me pleasure. I even observed an increasing coldness in his behaviour; and his eye was too often cast upon me with a fierceness that showed resentment; and not with the hospitable frankness that became him to a visitor and guest, who had undertaken a journey of above two hundred miles, principally to attend him, and to show him the confidence he had in his honour. This, as it was more to his discredit than mine, I pitied him for. But what most of all disturbed me, was, that I could not obtain from him any particular intelligence relating to the health of one person, whose distresses lay heavy upon my heart.

There were several persons of distinction at dinner; the discourse could therefore be only general. He paid me great respect at his table; but it was a solemn one. I was the more uneasy at it, as I apprehended that the situation of the Bologna family was more unhappy than when I left that city.

He retired with me into his garden. You stay with me at least the week out, chevalier?

No, my lord: I have affairs of a deceased friend at Florence and at Leghorn to settle. To-morrow, as early as I can, I shall set out for Rome, in my way to Tuscany.

I am surprised, chevalier! You take something amiss in my behaviour.

I cannot say that your lordship's countenance (I am a very free speaker) has that benignity in it, that complacency, which I have had the pleasure to see in it.

By G—! chevalier, I could have loved you better than any man in the world, next to the men of my own family; but I own I see you not here with so much love as admiration.

The word *admiration*, my lord, may require explanation. You may admire at my confidence: but I thank you for the manly freedom of your acknowledgment in general.

By *admiration* I mean all that may do you honour. Your bravery in coming hither, particularly; and your greatness of mind on your taking leave of us all. But did you not then mean to insult me?

I meant to observe to you then, as I now do in your own palace, that you had not treated me as my heart told me I deserved to be treated: but when I thought your warmth was rising to the uneasiness of your assembled friends, instead of answering your question about my stay at Bologna, as you seemed to mean it, I invited myself to an attendance upon you here, at Naples, in such a manner as surely could not be construed an insult.

I own, Grandison, you disconcerted me. I had intended to save you that journey.

Was that your lordship's meaning, when, in my absence, you called at my lodgings the day after the farewell visit?

Not absolutely: I was uneasy with myself. I intended to talk with you. What that talk might have produced, I know not: but had I invited you out, if I had found you at home, would you have answered my demands?

According as you had put them.

Will you answer me now, if I attend you as far as Rome, on your return to Florence?

If they are demands fit to be answered.

Do you expect I will make any that are *not* fit to be answered?

My lord, I will explain myself. You had conceived causeless prejudices against me: you seemed inclined to impute to me a misfortune that was not, could not be, greater to you than it was to me. I knew my own innocence, I knew that I was rather an injured man, in having hopes

given me, in which I was disappointed, not by my own fault. Whom shall an innocent and an injured man fear?—Had I feared, my fear might have been my destruction. For was I not in the midst of your friends? A foreigner? If I *would* have avoided you, *could* I, had you been determined to seek me?—I would choose to meet even an enemy as a man of honour, rather than to avoid him as a malefactor. In my country, the law supposes flight a confession of guilt. Had you made demands upon me that I had not chosen to answer, I would have expostulated with you. I could, perhaps, have done so as calmly as I now speak. If you would not have been expostulated with, I would have stood upon my defence: but for the world I would not have hurt a brother of Clementina and Jeronymo, a son of the marquis and marchioness of Porretta, could I have avoided it. Had your passion given me any advantage over you, and I had obtained your sword (a pistol, had the choice been left to me, I had refused, for both our sakes), I would have presented both swords to you, and bared my breast. It was before penetrated by the distresses of the dear Clementina, and of all your family—perhaps I should only have said, 'If 'your lordship thinks I have injured you, take your revenge.'

And now that I am at Naples, let me say that if you are determined, contrary to all my hopes, to accompany me to Rome, or elsewhere, on my return, with an unfriendly purpose; such, and no other, shall be my behaviour to you, if the power be given me to show it. I will rely on my own innocence, and hope by generosity to overcome a *generous* man. Let the guilty secure themselves by violence and murder.

Superlative pride! angrily said he, and stood still, measuring me with his eye: and could you hope for such an advantage?

While I, my lord, was calm, and determined only upon self-defence; while you were passionate, and perhaps rash, as aggressors generally are, I did not doubt it: but could I have avoided drawing, and preserved your good opinion, I would not have drawn. Your lordship cannot but know my principles.

Grandison, I *do* know them; and also the general report in your favour for skill and courage. Do you think I would

have heard with patience of the once proposed alliance, had not your character—and then he was pleased to say many things in my favour, from the report of persons who had weight with him; some of whom he named.

But still, Grandison, said he, this poor girl!—She could not have been so deeply affected, had not some lover-like arts——

Let me, my lord, interrupt you—I cannot bear an imputation of this kind. *Had* such arts been used, the lady could *not* have been so much affected. Cannot you think of your noble sister, as a daughter of the two houses from which you sprang? Cannot you see her, as by Mrs. Beaumont's means we now so lately have been able to see her, struggling nobly with her own heart [Why am I put upon this tender subject?], because of her duty and her religion; and resolved to die rather than encourage a wish that was not warranted by both?—I cannot, my lord, urge this subject: but there never was a passion so nobly contended with. There never was a man more disinterested, and so circumstanced. Remember only my voluntary departure from Bologna, against persuasion; and the great behaviour of your sister on that occasion; great, as it came out to be, when Mrs. Beaumont brought her to acknowledge what would have been my glory to have known, could it have been encouraged; but is now made my heaviest concern.

Indeed, Grandison, she ever was a noble girl! We are too apt, perhaps, to govern ourselves by events, without looking into causes: but the access you had to her; such a man! and who became known to us from circumstances so much in his favour, both as a man of principle and bravery——

This, my lord, interrupted I, is still judging from events. You have seen Mrs. Beaumont's letter. Surely you cannot have a nobler monument of magnanimity in woman! And to that I refer for a proof of my own integrity.

I *have* that letter: Jeronymo gave it me, at my taking leave of him; and with these words: 'Grandison will cer-
'tainly visit you at Naples. I am afraid of your warmth.
'His spirit is well known. All my dependence is upon his
'principles. He will not draw but in his own defence.
'Cherish the noble visitor. Surely, brother, I may depend
'upon your hospitable temper. Read over again this letter,

'before you see him.'—I have not yet read it, proceeded the general; but I will, and that, if you will allow me, now.

He took it out of his pocket, walked from me, and read it; and then came to me, and took my hand—I am half ashamed of myself, my dear Grandison! I own I wanted magnanimity. All the distresses of our family, on this unhappy girl's account, were before my eyes, and I received you, I behaved to you, as the author of them. I was *contriving* to be dissatisfied with you: forgive me, and command my best services. I will let our Jeronymo know how greatly you subdued me before I had recourse to the letter; but that I have since read that part of it which accounts for my sister's passion, and wish I had read it with equal attention before. I acquit *you:* I am proud of my *sister.* Yet I observe from this very letter, that Jeronymo's gratitude has contributed to the evil we deplore. But—let us not say one word more of the unhappy girl: it is painful to me to talk of her.

Not ask a question, my lord?——

Don't, Grandison, don't!—Jeronymo and Clementina are my soul's woe—But they are not worse than might be apprehended. You go to court with me to-morrow: I will present you to the king.

I have had that honour formerly. I must depart to-morrow morning early. I have already taken leave of several of my friends here: I have some to make my compliments to at Rome, which I reserved for my return.

You stay with me to-night?—I intend it, my lord.

Well, we will return to company. I must make my excuses to my friends. Your departure to-morrow must be one. They all admire you. They are acquainted with your character. They will join with me to engage you, if possible, to stay longer.—We returned to the company.

—o—

LETTER XLII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

RECEIVE now, my dear, the doctor's thirteenth letter, and the last he intends to favour us with, till he entertains us with the histories of Mrs. Beaumont and Lady Olivia.

Dr. Bartlett's thirteenth letter.

MR. GRANDISON set out next morning. The general's behaviour to him at his departure was much more open and free than it was at receiving him.

Mr. Grandison, on his return to Florence, entered into the affairs of his late friend Mr. Jervois, with the spirit, and yet with the temper for which he is noted when he engages in any business. He put everything in a happy train in fewer days than it would have cost some other persons months; for he was present himself on every occasion, and in every business where his presence would accelerate it: yet he had embarrassments from Olivia.

He found, before he set out for Naples, that Mrs. Beaumont, at the earnest request of the marchioness, was gone to Bologna. At his return, not hearing anything from Signor Jeronymo, he wrote to Mrs. Beaumont, requesting her to inform him of the state of things in that family, as far as she thought proper; and, particularly, of the health of that dear friend, on whose silence to three letters he had written he had the most melancholy apprehensions. He let that lady know that he should set out in a very few days for Paris, if he had no probability of being of service to the family she favoured with her company.

To this letter Mrs. Beaumont returned the following answer:—

SIR,—I have the favour of yours. We are very miserable here. The servants are forbidden to answer any inquiries, but generally; and that not truly.

Your friend, Signor Jeronymo, has gone through a severe operation. He has been given over; but hopes are now entertained, not of his absolute recovery, but that he will be no worse than he was before the necessity for the operation arose. Poor man! He forgot not, however, his sister and you when he was out of the power of the opiates that were administered to him.

On my coming hither, I found Lady Clementina in a deplorable way: sometimes raving, sometimes gloomy; and

in bonds.—Twice had she given them apprehensions of fate attempts: they therefore confined her hands.

They have been excessively wrong in their management of her: now soothing, now severe; observing no method.

She was extremely earnest to see you before you left Bologna. On her knees repeatedly she besought this favour, and promised to be easy if they would comply; but they imagined that their compliance would aggravate the symptoms.

I very freely blamed them for not complying at the time when she was so desirous of seeing you. I told them that soothing her would probably *then* have done good.

When they knew you were actually gone from Bologna, they told her so. Camilla shocked me with the description of her rage and despair on the communication. This was followed by fits of silence and the deepest melancholy.

They had hopes, on my arrival, that my company would have been of service to her: but for two days together she regarded me not, nor anything I could say to her. On the third of my arrival, finding her confinement extremely uneasy to her, I prevailed, but with great difficulty, to have her restored to the use of her hands; and to be allowed to walk with me in the garden. They had hinted to me their apprehensions about a piece of water.

Her woman being near us, if there had been occasion for assistance, I insensibly led that way. She sat down on a seat over against the great cascade; but she made no motion that gave me apprehensions. From this time she has been fonder of me than before. The day I obtained this liberty for her, she often clasped her arms about me, and laid her face in my bosom; and I could plainly see it was in gratitude for restoring to her the use of her arms: but she cared not to speak.

Indeed she generally affects deep silence: yet, at times, I see her very soul is fretted. She moves to one place; is tired of that; shifts to another, and another, all round the room.

I am grieved at my heart for her: I never knew a more excellent young creature.

She is very fervent in her devotions, and as constant in them as she used to be; every good habit she preserves; yet at other times rambles much.

She is often for writing letters to you; but when what she writes is privately taken from her, she makes no inquiry about it, but takes a new sheet and begins again.

Sometimes she draws; but her subjects are generally angels and saints. She often meditates in a map of the British dominions, and now and then wishes she were in England.

Lady Juliana de Sforza is earnest to have her with her at Urbino, or at Milan, where she has also a noble palace; but I hope it will not be granted. That lady professes to love her; but she cannot be persuaded out of her notion of harsh methods; which will never do with Clementina.

I shall not be able to stay long with her. The discomposure of so excellent a young creature affects me deeply. Could I do her either good or pleasure, I should be willing to deny myself the society of my dear friends at Florence: but I am persuaded, and have hinted as much, that one interview with you would do more to settle her mind than all the methods they have taken.

I hope, sir, to see you before I leave Italy. It must be at Florence, not at Bologna, I believe. It is generous of you to propose the latter.

I have now been here a week, without hope. The doctors they have consulted are all for severe methods and low diet. The first, I think, is in compliment to some of the family. She is so loath to take nourishment, and when she does, is so very abstemious, that the regimen is hardly necessary. She never, or but very seldom, used to drink anything but water.

She took it into her poor head several times this day, and perhaps it will hold, to sit in particular places, to put on attentive looks, as if she were listening to somebody. She sometimes smiled and seemed pleased; looked up, as if to somebody, and spoke English. I have no doubt, though I was not present when she assumed these airs and talked English, but her disordered imagination brought before her her tutor instructing her in that tongue.

You desired me, sir, to be very particular. I have been so, but at the expense of my eyes: and I shall not wonder if your humane heart should be affected by my sad tale.

God preserve you, and prosper you in whatsoever you undertake! HORTENSIA BEAUMONT.

Mrs. Beaumont stayed at Bologna twelve days, and then left the unhappy young lady.

At taking leave, she asked her what commands she had for her?—Love me, said she, and pity me; that is one. Another is (whispering her), you will see the chevalier perhaps, though I must not.—Tell him that his poor friend Clementina is sometimes very unhappy!—Tell him that she shall rejoice to sit next him in heaven!—Tell him that I say he cannot go thither, good man as he is, while he shuts his eyes to the truth.—Tell him that I shall take it very kindly of him, if he will not think of marrying till he acquaints me with it; and can give me assurance that the lady will love him as well as somebody else would have done.—O Mrs. Beaumont! should the Chevalier Grandison marry a woman unworthy of him, what a disgrace would that be to me!

Mr. Grandison by this time had prepared everything for his journey to Paris. The friend he honoured with his love, was arrived from the Levant and the Archipelago. Thither, at his patron's request, he had accompanied Mr. Beauchamp, the amiable friend of both; and at parting engaged to continue by letter what had been the subject of their daily conversations, and transmit to him as many particulars as he could obtain of Mr. Grandison's sentiments and behaviour on every occasion; Mr. Beauchamp proposing him as a pattern to himself, that he might be worthy of the credential letters he had furnished him with to every one whom he had thought deserving of his own acquaintance, when he was in the parts which Mr. Beauchamp intended to visit.

To the care of the person so much honoured by his confidence, Mr. Grandison left his agreeable ward, Miss Jervois; requesting the assistance of Mrs. Beaumont, who kindly promised her inspection: and with the goodness for which she is so eminently noted, performed her promise in his absence.

He then made an offer to the bishop to visit Bologna once more; but that not being accepted, he set out for Paris.

It was not long before his father's death called him to England; and when he had been there a few weeks, he sent for his ward and his friend.

But, my good Miss Byron, you will say that I have not

yet fully answered your last inquiry relating to the present situation of the unhappy Clementina.

I will briefly inform you of it.

When it was known, for certain, that Mr. Grandison had actually left Italy, the family at Bologna began to wish that they had permitted the interview so much desired by the poor lady: and when they afterwards understood that he was sent for to England to take possession of his paternal estate, that farther distance (the notion likewise of the seas between them appearing formidable) added to their regrets.

The poor lady was kept in travelling motion to quiet her mind: for still an interview with Mr. Grandison having never been granted, it was her first wish.

They carried her to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples; then back to Florence, then to Milan, to Turin.

Whether they made her hope that it was to meet with Mr. Grandison, I know not; but it is certain she herself expected to see him at the end of every journey; and while she was moving was easier and more composed; perhaps in that hope.

The marchioness was sometimes of the party. The air and exercise were thought proper for *her* health, as well as for that of her daughter. Her cousin Laurana was always with her in these excursions, and sometimes Lady Sforza; and their escort was generally Signors Sebastiano and Juliano.

But within these four months past, these journeyings have been discontinued. The young lady accuses them of deluding her with vain hopes. She is impatient, and has made two attempts to escape from them.

She is, for this reason, closely confined and watched.

They put her once into a nunnery, at the motion of Lady Sforza, as for a trial only. She was not uneasy in it: but this being done unknown to the general, when he was apprised of it, he, for reasons I cannot comprehend, was displeased, and had her taken out directly.

Her head runs more than ever upon seeing her tutor, her friend, her chevalier, once more. They have certainly been to blame, if they have let her travel with such hopes; because they have thereby kept up her ardour for an interview.

Could she but once more see him, she says, and let him know the cruelty she has been treated with, she should be satisfied. *He* would pity her, she is sure, though nobody else will.

The bishop has written to beg that Sir Charles would pay them one more visit at Bologna.

I will refer to my patron himself the communicating to you, ladies, his resolution on this subject. I had but a moment's sight of the letters which so greatly affected him.

It is but *within* these few days past that this new request has been made to him in a *direct* manner. The question was before put, If such a request *should* be made, would he comply? And once Camilla wrote, as having heard Sir Charles's presence wished for.

Meantime the poor lady is hastening, they are afraid, into a consumptive malady. The Count of Belvedere, however, still adores her. The disorder in her mind being imputed chiefly to religious melancholy, and some of her particular flights not being generally known, he, who is a pious man himself, pities her; and declares that he would run all risks of her recovery, would the family give her to him: and yet he knows that she would choose to be the wife of the Chevalier Grandison, rather than that of any other man, were the article of religion to be got over; and generously applauds her for preferring her faith to her love.

Signor Jeronymo is in a very bad way. Sir Charles often writes to him, and with an affection worthy of the merits of that dear friend. He was to undergo another severe operation on the next day after the letters came from Bologna; the success of which was very doubtful.

How nobly does Sir Charles appear to support himself under such heavy afflictions! For those of his friends were ever his. But his heart bleeds in secret for them. A feeling heart is a blessing that no one, who has it, would be without; and it is a moral security of innocence; since the heart that is able to partake of the distress of another, cannot wilfully give it.

I think, my good Miss Byron, that I have now, as far as I am at present able, obeyed all your commands that concern the unhappy Clementina, and her family. I will defer, if you please, those which relate to Olivia and Mrs. Beau-

mont (ladies of very different characters from each other), having several letters to write.

Permit me, my good ladies, and my lord, after contributing so much to afflict your worthy hearts, to refer you, for relief under all the distresses of life, whether they affect ourselves or others, to those motives that can alone give support to a rational mind. This mortal scene, however perplexing, is a very short one; and the hour is hastening when all the intricacies of human affairs shall be cleared up; and all the sorrows that have had their foundation in virtue be changed into the highest joy: when all worthy minds shall be united in the same interests, the same happiness.

Allow me to be, my good Miss Byron, and you, my Lord and Lady L——, and Miss Grandison, your most faithful and obedient servant, AMBROSE BARTLETT.

Excellent Dr. Bartlett!—How worthy of himself is this advice! But think you not, my Lucy, that the doctor has in it a particular view to your poor Harriet? A generous one, meaning consolation and instruction to her? I will endeavour to profit by it. Let me have your prayers, my dear friends, that I may be enabled to succeed in my humble endeavours.

It will be no wonder to us now, that Sir Charles was not solicitous to make known a situation so embarrassing to himself, and so much involved in clouds and uncertainty. But whatever may be the event of this affair, you, Lucy, and all my friends, will hardly ever know me by any other name than that of HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XLIII.

Miss Harriet Byron to Miss Lucy Selby.

Friday, March 31.

YOU now, my dear friends, have before you this affecting story, as far as Dr. Bartlett can give it. My cousins express a good deal of concern for your Harriet: so does Miss Grandison: so does my Lord and Lady L——: and the more, as I seem to carry off the matter with assumed bravery. This their kind concern for me, looks, however,

as if they thought me a hypocrite; and I suppose, therefore, that I act my part very awkwardly.

But, my dear, as this case is one of those few in which a woman *can* show a bravery of spirit, I think an endeavour after it is laudable; and the rather, as in my conduct I aim at giving a tacit example to Miss Jervois.

The doctor has whispered to me that Lady Olivia is actually on her way to England; and that the intelligence Sir Charles received of her intention, was one of the things that disturbed him, as the news of his beloved Signor Jeronymo's dangerous condition was another.

Lady Anne S——, it seems, has not yet given up her hopes of Sir Charles. The two sisters, who once favoured her above all the women they knew, have not been able to bring themselves to acquaint a lady of her rank and merit, that there can be no hopes; and they are still more loath to say that their brother thinks himself under some obligations to a foreign lady. Yet you know that this was always what we were afraid of: but who, now, will say *afraid*, that knows the merit of Clementina?

I wish, methinks, that this man were proud, vain, arrogant, and a boaster. How easy then might one throw off one's shackles!

Lord G—— is very diligent in his court to Miss Grandison. His father and aunt are to visit her this afternoon. She behaves whimsically to my lord: yet I cannot think that she *greatly* dislikes him.

The Earl of D—— and the Countess Dowager are both in town. The countess made a visit to my cousin Reeves last Tuesday: she spoke of me very kindly: she says my lord has heard so much of me, that he is very desirous of seeing me: but she was pleased to say that, since my heart was not disengaged, she should be afraid of the consequences of his visit to himself.

My grandmamma, though she was so kindly fond of me, would not suffer me to live with her; because she thought that her contemplative temper might influence mine, and make me grave, at a time of life, when she is always saying that cheerfulness is most becoming: she would therefore turn over her girl to the best of aunts. But now, I fancy,

she will allow me to be more than two days in a week her attendant. My uncle Selby would be glad to spare me. I shall not be able to bear a jest: and then what shall I be good for?

I have made a fine hand of coming to town, he says: and so I have: but if my heart is not quite so easy as it was, it is, I hope, a better, at least not a *worse* heart than I brought up with me. Could I only have admired this man, my excursion would not have been unhappy. But this gratitude, this *entangling*, with all its painful consequences—but let me say, with my grandmamma, the man is Sir Charles Grandison! The very man by whose virtues a Clementina was attracted. Upon my word, my dear, unhappy as she is, I rank her with the first of women.

I have not had a great deal of Sir Charles Grandison's company; but yet more, I am afraid, than I shall ever have again. Very true.—O heart! the most wayward of hearts, sigh if thou wilt!

You have seen how seldom he was with us when we were absolutely in his reach, and when he, as we thought, was in ours. But such a man cannot, ought not to be engrossed by one family. Bless me, Lucy! when he comes into public life (for has not his country a superior claim to him beyond every private one?), what moment can he have at liberty? Let me enumerate some of his present engagements that we know of.

The Danby family must have some further portion of his time.

The executorship in the disposal of the 3000*l.* in charity, in France as well as in England, will take up a good deal more.

My Lord W—— may be said to be under his tutelage, as to the future happiness of his life.

Miss Jervois's affairs, and the care he has for her person, engage much of his attention.

He is his own steward.

He is making alterations at Grandison Hall; and has a large genteel neighbourhood there, who long to have him reside among them; and he himself is fond of that seat.

His estate in Ireland is in a prosperous way, from the

works he set on foot there, when he was on the spot; and he talks, as Dr. Bartlett has hinted to us, of making another visit to it.

His sister's match with Lord G—— is one of his cares.

He has services to perform for his friend Beauchamp, with his father and mother-in-law, for the facilitating his coming over.

The apprehended visit of Olivia gives him disturbance.

And the Bologna family in its various branches, and more especially Signor Jeronymo's dangerous state of health, and Signora Clementina's disordered mind—O Lucy!—what leisure has this man to be in love!—Yet how can I say so, when he is in love already? And with Clementina.—And don't you think that when he goes to France on the executorship account, he will make a visit to Bologna?—Ah, my dear! to be sure he will.

After he has left England, therefore, which I suppose he will quickly do, and when I am in Northamptonshire, what opportunities will your Harriet have to see him, except she can obtain, as a favour, the power of obliging his Emily, in her request to be with her? Then, Lucy, he may, on his return to England, once a year or so, on his visiting his ward, see, and thank for her care and love of his Emily, his half-estranged Harriet! Perhaps Lady *Clementina Grandison* will be with him! God restore her! Surely I shall be capable, if she be Lady Grandison, of rejoicing in her recovery!——

Fie upon it!—Why this involuntary tear? You would see it by the large blot it has made, if I did not mention it.

Excellent man!—Dr. Bartlett has just been telling me of a morning visit he received, before he went out of town, from the two sons of Mrs. Oldham.

One of them is about seven years old; the other about five; very fine children. He embraced them, the doctor says, with as much tenderness as if they were children of his own mother. He inquired into their inclinations, behaviour, and diversions; and engaged equally their love and reverence.

He told them that if they were good, he would love them; and said he had a dear friend whom he reverenced

as his father, a man with white curling locks, he told the children, that they might know him at first sight, who would now and then, as he happened to be in town, make inquiries after their good behaviour, and reward them, as they gave him cause. Accordingly he had desired Dr. Bartlett to give them occasionally his countenance; as also to let their mother know that he should be glad of a visit from her and her three children, on his return to town.

The doctor had been to see her when he came to me. He found all three with her. The two younger, impressed by the venerable description Sir Charles had given of him, of their own accord, the younger, by the elder's example, fell down on their knees before him, and begged his blessing.

Mr. Oldham is about eighteen years of age; a well-inclined, well-educated youth. He was full of acknowledgments of the favour done him in this invitation.

The grateful mother could not contain herself. Blessings without number she invoked on her benefactor, for his goodness in taking such kind notice of her two sons, as he had done; and said he had been, ever since his gracious behaviour to her in Essex, the first and last in her prayers to heaven. But the invitation to herself, she declared, was too great an honour for her to accept of: she should not be able to stand in his presence. Alas! sir, said she, can the severest, truest penitence recall the guilty past?

The doctor said that Sir Charles Grandison ever made it a rule with him to raise the dejected and humble spirit. Your birth and education, madam, entitle you to a place in the first company: and where there are two lights in which the behaviour of any person may be set, though there has been unhappiness, he always remembers the most favourable, and forgets the other. I would advise you, madam (as he has invited you), by all means to come. He speaks with pleasure of your humility and good sense.

The doctor told me that Sir Charles had made inquiries after the marriage of Major O'Hara with Mrs. Jervois, and had satisfied himself that they were actually man and wife. Methinks I am glad, for Miss Jervois's sake, that her mother has changed her name. They lived not happily together since their last enterprise: for the man, who had long been

a sufferer from poverty, was in fear of losing one half, at least, of his wife's annuity by what passed on that occasion; and accused her of putting him upon the misbehaviour he was guilty of; which had brought upon him, he said, the resentments of a man admired by all the world.

The attorney who visited Sir Charles from these people, at their request waited on him again, in their names, with hopes that they should not suffer in their annuity, and expressing their concern for having offended him.

Mrs. O'Hara also requested it as a favour to see her daughter.

Sir Charles commissioned the attorney, who is a man of repute, to tell them that if Mrs. O'Hara would come to St. James's Square next Wednesday, about five o'clock, Miss Jervois should be introduced to her; and she should be welcome to bring with her her husband and Captain Salmonet, that they might be convinced he bore no ill-will to either of them.

Adieu, till by and by. Miss Grandison is come, in one of her usual hurries, to oblige me to be present at the visit to be made her this afternoon by the Earl of G—— and Lady Gertrude, his sister, a maiden lady advanced in years, who is exceedingly fond of her nephew, and intends to make him heir of her large fortune.

—o—

Friday Night.

THE earl is an agreeable man: Lady Gertrude is a *very* agreeable woman. They saw Miss Grandison with the young lord's eyes; and were better pleased with her, as I told her afterwards, than *I* should have been, or than *they* would, had they known her as well as I do. She doubted not, she answered me, but I should find fault with her; and yet she was as good as for her life she could be.

Such an archness in every motion! Such a turn of the eye to me on my Lord G——'s assiduities! Such a fear in him of her correcting glance! Such a half-timid, half-free parade, when he had done anything that he intended to be obliging, and now and then an aiming at raillery, as if he were not *very* much afraid of her, and dared to speak his mind even to *her!* On her part, on those occasions, such

an air, as if she had a learner before her; and was ready to rap his knuckles, had nobody been present to mediate for him; that though I could not but love her for her very archness, yet in my mind I could, for their sakes, but more for her own, have severely chidden her.

She is a charming woman; and everything she says and does becomes her. But I am so much afraid of what may be the case when the lover is changed into the husband, that I wish to myself now and then, when I see her so lively, that she would remember that there was once such a man as Captain Anderson. But she makes it a rule, she says, to remember nothing that will vex her.

Is not my memory (said she once) given me for my benefit, and shall I make it my torment? No, Harriet, I will leave that to be done by you wise ones, and see what good you will get by it.

Why *this*, Charlotte, replied I, the wise ones may have a *chance* to get by it—They will, very probably, by remembering past mistakes, avoid many inconveniences into which forgetfulness will run you lively ones.

Well, well, returned she, we are not all of us born to equal honour. Some of us are to be set up for warnings, some for examples: and the first are generally of greater use to the world than the other.

Now, Charlotte, said I, do you destroy the force of your own argument. Can the person who is singled out for the warning be near so happy as she that is set up for the example?

You are right, as far as I know, Harriet: but I obey the present impulse, and try to find an excuse afterwards for what that puts me upon: and all the difference is this, as to the reward I have a *joy;* you a *comfort:* but comfort is a poor word; and I can't bear it.

So Biddy, in 'The Tender Husband,' would have said, Charlotte. But, poor as the word is with you and her, give me *comfort* rather than *joy*, if they *must* be separated. But I see not but that a woman of my Charlotte's happy turn may have *both.*

She tapped my cheek—Take that, Harriet, for making a Biddy of me. I believe, if you have not *joy*, you have *comfort*, in your severity.

My heart as well as my cheeks glowed at the praises the earl and the lady both joined in (with a fervour that was creditable to their own hearts) of Sir Charles Grandison, while they told us what this man and that woman, of quality or consideration, said of him. Who would not be good? What is life without reputation? Do we not wish to be remembered with honour after death? And what a share of it has this excellent man in this life!—May nothing, for the honour-sake of human nature, to which he is so great an ornament, ever happen to tarnish it!

They were extremely obliging to *me*. I could not but be pleased at standing well in their opinion: but believe me, my dear, I did not enjoy their praises of *me* as I did those they gave *him*. Indeed I had the presumption, from the approbation given to what they said of him by my own heart, to imagine myself a sharer in them, though not in his merits. O Lucy! *ought* there not to have been a relation between us, since what I have said, from what I found in myself on hearing him praised, is a demonstration of a regard for him superior to the love of self?

Adieu, my Lucy. I know I have all your prayers.

Adieu, my dear!

LETTER XLIV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Saturday, April 1.

DR. BARTLETT is one of the kindest as well as best of men. I believe he loves me as if I were his own child, but good men must be affectionate men. He received but this morning a letter from Sir Charles, and hastened to communicate some of its contents to me, though I could pretend to no other motive but curiosity for wishing to be acquainted with the proceedings of his patron.

Sir Charles dined, as he had intended, with Sir Hargrave and his friends. He complains, in his letter, of a riotous day: yet I think, adds he, it has led me into some useful reflections. It is not indeed agreeable to be the spectator of riot; but how easy to shun being a partaker in it! How

easy to avoid the too freely circling glass, if a man is known to have established a rule to himself, from which he will not depart; and if it be not refused sullenly, but mirth and good humour the more studiously kept up by the person; who would else indeed be looked upon as a spy on unguarded folly! I heartily pitied a young man who, I daresay, has a good heart, but from false shame durst not assert the *freedom* to which every Englishman would claim a right in almost every other instance! He had once put by the glass, and excused himself on account of his health; but on being laughed at for a *sober dog*, as they phrased it, and asked if his *spouse* had not lectured him before he came out, he gave way to the wretched raillery: nor could I interfere at such a noisy moment with effect: they had laughed him out of his caution before I could be heard; and I left him there, at nine o'clock, trying with Bagenhall which should drink the deepest.

I wish my good Dr. Bartlett, you would throw together some serious considerations on this subject. You could touch it delicately; and such a discourse would not be unuseful to some few of our neighbours even at Grandison Hall. What is it not that, in this single article, men sacrifice to false shame and false glory! Reason, health, fortune, personal elegance, the peace and order of their families; and all the comfort and honour of their after years. How peevish, how wretched, is the decline of a man worn out with intemperance! In a cool hour, resolutions might be formed that should stand the attack of a boisterous jest.

I obtained leave from Dr. Bartlett to transcribe this part of the letter. I thought my uncle would be pleased with it.

It was near ten at night before Sir Charles got to Lord W——'s, though but three miles from Sir Hargrave's. My lord rejoiced to see him; and after first compliments asked him if he had thought of what he had undertaken for him. Sir Charles told him that he was the more desirous of seeing him in his way to the Hall, because he wanted to know if his lordship held his mind as to marriage. He assured him he did, and would sign and seal to whatever he should stipulate for him.

I wished for a copy of this part of Sir Charles's letter, for the sake of my aunt, whose delicacy would, I thought, be charmed with it. He has been so good as to say he would transcribe it for me. I will enclose it, Lucy; and you will read it here:

"I cannot, my lord, said Sir Charles, engage that the lady will comply with the proposal I shall take the liberty to make to her mother and her. She is not more than three or four and thirty: she is handsome: she has a fine understanding: she is brought up an economist: she is a woman of good family: she has not, however, though born to happier prospects, a fortune worthy of your lordship's acceptance. Whatever that is, you will perhaps choose to give it to her family.

With all my heart and soul, nephew: but do you say she is handsome? Do you say she is of family? And has she so many good qualities?—Ah, nephew! she won't have me, I doubt.—And is she not too young, Sir Charles, to think of such a poor decrepit soul as I am?

All I can say to this, my lord, is, that the proposals on your part must be the more generous——

I will leave all those matters to you, kinsman——

This, my lord, I will take upon me to answer for, that she is a woman of principle; she will not give your lordship her hand, if she thinks she cannot make you a wife worthy of your utmost kindness: and now, my lord, I will tell you who she is, that you may make what other inquiries you think proper.

And then I named her to him and gave him pretty near the account of the family, and the circumstances and affairs of it, that I shall by and by give you: though you are not quite a stranger to the unhappy case.

My lord was in raptures: He knew something, he said, of the lady's father, and enough of the family, by hearsay, to confirm all I had said of them; and besought me to do my utmost to bring the affair to a speedy conclusion.

Sir Thomas Mansfield was a very good man, and much respected in his neighbourhood. He was once possessed of a large estate; but his father left him involved in a lawsuit to support his title to more than one half of it.

After it had been depending several years, it was at last, to the deep regret of all who knew him, by the chicanery of the lawyers of the opposite side, and the remissness of his own, carried against him; and his expenses having been very great in supporting for years his possession, he found himself reduced, from an estate of near three thousand pounds a year, to little more than five hundred. He had six children: four sons and two daughters. His eldest son died of grief in two months after the loss of the cause. The second, now the eldest, is a melancholy man. The third is a cornet of horse. The fourth is unprovided for; but all three are men of worthy minds, and deserve better fortune.

The daughters are remarkable for their piety, patience, good economy, and prudence. They are the most dutiful of children, and most affectionate of sisters. They were for three years the support of their father's spirits, and have always been the consolation of their mother. They lost their father about four years ago: and it is even edifying to observe how elegantly they support the family reputation in their fine old mansion-house, by the prudent management of their little income; for the mother leaves every household care to them; and they make it a rule to conclude the year with discharging every demand that can be made upon them, and to commence the new year absolutely clear of the world, and with some cash in hand; yet were brought up in affluence, and to the expectation of handsome fortunes; for besides that they could have no thought of losing their cause, they had very great and reasonable prospects from Mr. Calvert, an uncle by their mother's side; who was rich in money, and had besides an estate in land of 1500*l.* a year. He always declared that for the sake of his sister's children he would continue a single man; and kept his word till he was upwards of seventy; when, being very infirm in health, and defective even to dotage in his understanding, Bolton, his steward, who had always stood in the way of his inclination to have his eldest niece for his companion and manager, at last contrived to get him married to a young creature under twenty, one of the servants in the house; who brought him a child at seven months; and was with child again at the old man's death, which happened in

eighteen months after his marriage: and then a will was provided, in which he gave all he had to his wife and her children born, and to be born, within a year after his demise. This steward and woman now live together as man and wife.

A worthy clergyman, who hoped it might be in my power to procure them redress, either in the one case or in the other, gave me the above particulars; and, upon inquiry, finding everything to be as represented, I made myself acquainted with the widow lady and her sons: and it was impossible to see them at their own house and not respect the daughters for their amiable qualities.

I desired them, when I was last down, to put into my hands their titles, deeds, and papers; which they have done; and they have been laid before counsel, who give a very hopeful account of them.

Being fully authorised by my lord, I took leave of him over-night, and set out early in the morning directly for Mansfield House. I arrived there soon after their breakfast was over, and was received by Lady Mansfield, her sons (who happened to be all at home), and her two daughters, with politeness.

After some general conversation, I took Lady Mansfield aside; and making an apology for my freedom, asked her if Miss Mansfield were, to her knowledge, engaged in her affections?

She answered she was *sure* she was not: Ah, sir! said she, a man of your observation must know that the daughters of a decayed family of some note in the world do not easily get husbands. Men of great fortunes look higher: men of small must look out for wives to enlarge them; and men of genteel businesses are afraid of young women better born than portioned. Everybody knows not that my girls can bend to their condition; and they must be contented to live single all their lives; and so they will choose to do, rather than not marry creditably, and with some prospect.

I then opened my mind fully to her. She was agreeably surprised: But who, sir, said she, would expect such a proposal from the next heir to Lord W——?

I made known to her how much in earnest I was in this proposal, as well for my lord's sake as for the young lady's. I will take care, madam, said I, that Miss Mansfield, if she

will consent to make Lord W—— happy, shall have very handsome settlements, and such an allowance of pinmoney as shall enable her to gratify every moderate, every reasonable wish of her heart.

Was it possible, she asked, for such an affair to be brought about? Would my lord—there she stopt.

I said I would be answerable for him: and desired her to break the matter to her daughter directly.

I left Lady Mansfield and joined the brothers, who were with their two sisters; and soon after Miss Mansfield was sent for by her mother.

After they had been a little while together, my Lady Mansfield sent to speak with me. They were both silent when I came in. The mother was at a loss what to say: the daughter was still in greater confusion.

I addressed myself to the mother. You have, I perceive, madam, acquainted Miss Mansfield with the proposal I made to you. I am fully authorised to make it. Propitious be your silence!—There never was, proceeded I, a treaty of marriage set on foot, which had not its conveniencies and inconveniencies. My lord is greatly afflicted with the gout: there is too great a disparity in years. These are the inconveniencies which are to be considered of for the lady.

On the other hand, if Miss Mansfield can give in to the proposal, she will be received by my lord as a blessing; as one whose acceptance of him will lay him under an obligation to her. If this proposal could not have been made with dignity and honour to the lady, it had not come from me.

The conveniencies to yourselves will more properly fall under the consideration of yourselves and family. One thing only I will suggest, that an alliance with so rich a man as Lord W——, will make perhaps some people tremble, who now think themselves secure.

But, madam (to the still silent daughter), let not a regard for me bias you: your family may be sure of my best services, whether my proposal be received or rejected.

My lord (I must deal sincerely with you) has lived a life of error. He thinks so himself. I am earnest to have him see the difference, and to have an opportunity to rejoice with him upon it.

I stopt; but both being still silent, the mother looking on the daughter, the daughter glancing now and then her conscious eye on the mother, If, madam, said I, you *can* give your hand to Lord W——, I will take care that settlements shall exceed your expectation. What I have observed, as well as heard, of Miss Mansfield's temper and goodness, is the principal motive of my application to her, in preference to all the women I know.

But permit me to say that were your affections engaged to the lowest honest man on earth, I would not wish for your favour to Lord W——. And, further, if, madam, you think you should have but the shadow of a hope to induce your compliance, that my lord's death would be more agreeable to you than his life, then would I not, for your morality's sake, wish you to engage. In a word, I address myself to you, Miss Mansfield, as to a woman of honour and conscience: if your conscience bids you *doubt*, reject the proposal; and this not only for my lord's sake, but for your own.

Consider, if, without too great a force upon your inclinations, you can behave with that condescension and indulgence to a man who has hastened advanced age upon himself, which I have thought from your temper I might hope.

I have said a great deal, because you, ladies, were silent; and because explicitness in every case becomes the proposer. Give me leave to retire for a few moments.

I withdrew, accordingly, to the brothers and sister. I did not think I ought to mention to *them* the proposal I had made: it might perhaps have engaged them all in its favour, as it was of such evident advantage to the whole family; and that might have imposed a difficulty on the lady, that neither for her own sake, nor my lord's, it would have been just to lay upon her.

Lady Mansfield came out to me and said, I presume, sir, as we are a family which misfortune as well as love has closely bound together, you will allow it to be mentioned——

To the whole family, madam!—By all means. I wanted only first to know whether Miss Mansfield's affections were disengaged: and now you shall give me leave to attend Miss Mansfield. I am party for my Lord W——: Miss Mansfield is a party: your debates will be the more free in our

absence. If I find her averse, believe me, madam, I will not endeavour to persuade her. On the contrary, if she declare against accepting the proposal, I will be her advocate, though every one else should vote in its favour.

The brothers and sister looked upon one another: I left the mother to propose it to them; and stept into the inner parlour to Miss Mansfield.

She was sitting with her back to the door, in a meditating posture. She started at my entrance.

I talked of indifferent subjects, in order to divert her from the important one that had taken up her whole attention.

It would have been a degree of oppression to her to have entered with her upon a subject of so much consequence to her while we were alone; and when her not having given a negative was to be taken as a modest affirmative.

Lady Mansfield soon joined us.—My dear daughter, said she, we are all unanimous. We are agreed to leave everything to Sir Charles Grandison: and we hope *you* will.

She was silent. I will only ask you, madam, said I to her, if you have any wish to take time to consider of the matter? Do you think you shall be easier in your mind if you take time?—She was silent.

I will not at this time, my good Miss Mansfield, urge you further. I will make my report to Lord W——, and you shall be sure of his joyful approbation of the steps I have taken, before your final consent shall be asked for. But that I may not be employed in a doubtful cause, let me be commissioned to tell my lord that you are disengaged; and that you wholly resign yourself to your mother's advice.

She bowed her head.

And that *you*, madam, to Lady Mansfield, are not averse to enter into treaty upon this important subject.

Averse, sir! said the mother, bowing, and gratefully smiling.

I will write the particulars of our conversation to Lord W——, and my opinion of settlements, and advise him (if I am not forbid) to make a visit at Mansfield House. [I stopt: they were both silent.] If possible, I will attend my lord in his first visit. I hope, madam, to Miss Mansfield, you will not dislike him; I am sure he will be charmed with

you: he is far from being disagreeable in his person: his temper is not bad. *Your* goodness will make *him* good. I daresay that he will engage your gratitude; and I defy a good mind to separate love from gratitude.

We returned to the company. I had all their blessings pronounced at once, as from one mouth. The melancholy brother was enlivened: who knows but the consequence of this alliance may illuminate his mind? I could see by the pleasure they all had, in beholding him capable of joy on the occasion, that they *hoped* it would. The unhappy situation of the family affairs, as it broke the heart of the eldest brother, fixed a gloom on the temper of this gentleman.

I was prevailed upon to dine with them. In the conversation we had at and after dinner, their minds opened, and their characters rose upon me. Lord W—— will be charmed with Miss Mansfield. I am delighted to think that my mother's brother will be happy, in the latter part of his life, with a wife of so much prudence and goodness as I am sure this lady will make him. On one instance of her very obliging behaviour to me, I whispered her sister, Pray, Miss Fanny, tell Miss Mansfield, but not till I am gone, that she knows not the inconveniences she is bringing upon herself. I may perhaps hereafter have the boldness to look for the same favour from my aunt, that I meet with from Miss Mansfield.

If my sister, returned she, should ever misbehave to her benefactor, I will deny my relation to her.

You will soon have another letter from me, with an account of the success of my visit to Sir Harry Beauchamp and his lady. *We* must have our Beauchamp among us, my dear friend: I should rather say, *you* must among *you;* for I shall not be long in England. He will supply to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, the absence (it will not, I hope, be a long one) of your CHARLES GRANDISON."

SIR CHARLES, I remember, as the doctor read, mentions getting leave for his Beauchamp to come over, who, he says, will supply his absence to *him*—but, ah, Lucy! Who, let me have the boldness to ask, shall supply it to your *Harriet?*

—Time, my dear, will do *nothing* for me, except I could hear something very much amiss of this man.

I have a great suspicion that the first part of the letter enclosed related to me. The doctor looked *so* earnestly at me when he skipt two sides of it; and, as I thought, with so much compassion!—To be sure, it was about me.

What would I give to know as much of his mind as Dr. Bartlett knows! If I thought he pitied the poor Harriet—I should scorn myself. I am, I *will* be, above his pity, Lucy. In this believe your HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER XLV.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Sunday Night, April 2.

DR. BARTLETT has received from Sir Charles an account of what passed last Friday between him and Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp. By the doctor's allowance, I enclose it to you.

In this letter, Lucy, you will see him in a new light; and as a man whom there is no resisting when he resolves to carry a point. But it absolutely convinces me of what indeed I before suspected, that he has not a high opinion of our sex in general: and this I will put down as a blot in his character. He treats us, in Lady Beauchamp, as perverse, humorsome babies; loving power, yet not knowing how to use it. See him so delicate in his behaviour and address to Miss Mansfield, and carry in your thoughts his gaiety and adroit management to Lady Beauchamp, as in this letter, and you will hardly think him the same man. Could he be anything to me, I should be more than half afraid of him: yet *this* may be said in his behalf;—He but accommodates himself to the persons he has to deal with:—He can be a man of gay wit, when he pleases to *descend*, as indeed his sister Charlotte has often found, as she has given occasion for the exercise of that talent in him:—yet, that virtue for its *own sake*, is his choice; since, had he been a free liver, he would have been a dangerous man.

But I will not anticipate too much: read it here, if you please.

LETTER XLVI.

Sir Charles Grandison to Dr. Bartlett.

[Enclosed in the preceding.]

Grandison Hall, Friday Night, March 31.

I ARRIVED at Sir Harry Beauchamp's about twelve this day. He and his lady expected me from the letter which I wrote and showed you before I left the town; in which, you know, I acquainted Sir Harry with his son's earnest desire to throw himself at his feet, and to pay his duty to his mother, in England; and engaged to call myself, either this day or to-morrow, for an answer.

Sir Harry received me with great civility, and even affection. Lady Beauchamp, said he, will be with us in a moment. I am afraid you will not meet with all the civility from her on the errand you are come upon, that a man of Sir Charles Grandison's character deserves to meet with from all the world. We have been unhappy together ever since we had your letter. I long to see my son: your friendship for him establishes him in my heart. But—and then he cursed the apron-string tenure by which, he said, he held his peace.

You will allow me, Sir Harry, said I, to address myself in my own way to my lady. You give me pleasure in letting me know that the difficulty is not with you. You have indeed, sir, one of the most prudent young men in the world for your son. His heart is in your hand: you may form it as you please.

She is coming! she is coming! interrupted he. We are all in pieces: we were in the midst of a feud when you arrived. If she is not civil to you——

In swam the lady; her complexion raised; displeasure in her looks to me, and indignation in her air to Sir Harry; as if they had not had their contention out, and she was ready to renew it.

With as obliging an air as I could assume, I paid my compliments to her. She received them with great stiffness; swelling at Sir Harry: who sidled to the door, in a moody and sullen manner, and then slipt out.

You are Sir Charles Grandison, I suppose, sir, said she; I never saw you before: I have heard much talk of you.—But, pray, sir, are good men *always* officious men? Cannot they perform the obligations of friendship without discomposing families?

You see me *now*, madam, in an evil moment, if you are displeased with me: but I am not used to the displeasure of ladies; I do my utmost not to deserve it; and let me tell you, madam, that I will not suffer *you* to be displeased with me.

I took her half-reluctant hand and led her to a chair, and seated myself in another near her.

I see, sir, you have your arts.

She took the fire-screen that hung by the side of the chimney and held it before her face, now glancing at me, now turning away her eye, as if resolved to be displeased.

You come upon a hateful errand, sir: I have been unhappy ever since your officious letter came.

I am sorry for it, madam. While you are warm with the remembrance of a past misunderstanding, I will not offer to reason with you: but let me, madam, see less discomposure in your looks. I want to take my impressions of you from more placid features: I am a painter, madam: I love to draw ladies' pictures. Will you have this pass for a first sitting?

She knew not what to do with her anger: she was loath to part with it.

You are impertinent, Sir Charles—excuse me—you are impertinent.

I do excuse you, Lady Beauchamp; and the rather, as I am sure you do not think me so. Your freedom is a mark of your favour; and I thank you for it.

You treat me as a child, sir——

I treat all angry people as children: I love to humour them. Indeed, Lady Beauchamp, you must not be angry with me. *Can* I be mistaken? Don't I see in your aspect the woman of sense and reason?—I never blame a lady for her humorsomeness, so much as, in my mind, I blame her mother.

Sir! said she. I smiled. She bit her lip to avoid returning a smile.

Her character, my dear friend, is not, you know, that of an ill-tempered woman, though haughty, and a lover of power.

I have heard much of you, Sir Charles Grandison: but I am quite mistaken in you: I expected to see a grave, formal young man, his prim mouth set in plaits: but you are a joker; and a free man; a *very* free man, I do assure you.

I would be *thought* decently free, madam; but not *impertinent.* I see with pleasure a returning smile. Oh that ladies knew how much smiles become their features!—Very few causes can justify a woman's anger—your sex, madam, was given to delight, not to torment us.

Torment you, sir!—Pray, has Sir Harry——

Sir Harry cannot look pleased when his lady is *dis*-pleased: I saw that you were, madam, the moment I beheld you. I hope I am not an unwelcome visitor to Sir Harry for one hour (I intend to stay no longer), that he received me with so disturbed a countenance, and has now withdrawn himself, as if to avoid me.

To tell you the truth, Sir Harry and I have had a dispute: but he always speaks of Sir Charles Grandison with pleasure.

Is he not offended with me, madam, for the contents of the letter——

No, sir, and I suppose you hardly think he is—But *I* am——

Dear madam, let me beg your interest in favour of the contents of it.

She took fire—rose up——

I besought her patience—Why should you wish to keep abroad a young man who is a credit to his family, and who *ought* to be, if he is *not,* the joy of his father! Let him owe to your generosity, madam, that recall which he solicits: it will become your character: he cannot be always kept abroad: be it your own generous work——

What, sir—pray, sir—with an angry brow——

You must not be angry with me, madam—(I took her hand)—you can't be angry in earnest——

Sir Charles Grandison—you are—she withdrew her hand; *you are,* repeated she—and seemed ready to call names——

I *am* the Grandison you call me; and I honour the maternal character. You must permit me to honour *you*, madam.

I *wonder*, sir——

I will not be denied. The world reports misunderstandings between you and Mr. Beauchamp. That busy world that will be meddling knows your power and his dependence. You must not let it charge you with an ill use of that power: if you do, *you* will have its blame, when you might have its praise: *he* will have its pity.

What, sir, do you think your fine letters and smooth words will avail in favour of a young fellow who has treated me with disrespect?

You are misinformed, madam.—I am willing to have a greater dependence upon your justice, upon your goodnature, than upon anything I can urge either by letter or speech. Don't let it be said that you are not to be prevailed on—A woman not to be prevailed on to join in an act of justice, of kindness; for the honour of the sex, let it not be said.

Honour of the sex, sir!—Fine talking!—Don't I know that were I to consent to his coming over, the first thing would be to have his annuity augmented out of my fortune? He and his father would be in a party against me. Am I not already a sufferer through him in his father's love?—You don't know, sir, what has passed between Sir Harry and me within this half-hour—but don't talk to me: I won't hear of it: the young man hates me: I hate him; and ever will.

She made a motion to go.

With a respectful air, I told her she must not leave me. My motive deserved not, I said, that both she and Sir Harry should leave me in displeasure.

You know but too well, resumed she, how acceptable your officiousness (I must call it so) is to Sir Harry.

And *does* Sir Harry, madam, favour his son's suit? You rejoice me: let not Mr. Beauchamp know that he does; and do *you*, my dear Lady Beauchamp, take the whole merit of it to yourself. How will he revere you for your goodness to him! And what an obligation, if, as you say, Sir Harry is inclined to favour him, will you, by your generous first motion, lay upon Sir Harry!

Obligation upon Sir Harry! Yes, Sir Charles Grandison, I have laid too many obligations already upon him for his gratitude.

Lay this one more. You own you have had a misunderstanding this morning; Sir Harry is withdrawn, I suppose, with his heart full; let me, I beseech you, make up the misunderstanding. I have been happy in this way—Thus we will order it—We will desire him to walk in. I will beg *your* interest with him in favour of the contents of the letter I sent. His compliance will follow as an act of obligingness to you. The grace of the action will be yours. I will be answerable for Mr. Beauchamp's gratitude.—Dear madam, hesitate not. The young gentleman must come over one day: let the favour of its being an early one be owing entirely to you.

You are a strange man, sir: I don't like you at all: you will persuade me out of my reason.

Let us, madam, as Mr. Beauchamp and I are already the dearest of friends, begin a *family* understanding. Let St. James's Square, and Berkley Square, when you come to town, be a next-door neighbourhood. Give me the consideration of being the bondsman for the duty of Mr. Beauchamp to you, as well as to his father.

She was silent: but looked vexed and irresolute.

My sisters, madam, are amiable women. You will be pleased with them. Lord L—— is a man worthy of Sir Harry's acquaintance. We shall want nothing, if you would think so, but Mr. Beauchamp's presence among us.

What! I suppose you design your maiden sister for the *young fellow*—but if you do, sir, you must ask me for—there she stopt.

Indeed, I do not. He is not at present disposed to marry. He never will without his father's approbation, and let me say—*yours*. My sister is addressed to by Lord G——, and I hope will soon be married to him.

And do you say so, Sir Charles Grandison?—Why then you are a more disinterested man than I thought you in this application to Sir Harry. I had no doubt but the *young fellow* was to be brought over to marry Miss Grandison; and that he was to be made worthy of her at my expense.

She enjoyed, as it seemed, by her manner of pronouncing the words *young fellow*, that designed contempt which was a tacit confession of the consequence he once was of to her.

I do assure you, madam, that I know not his heart, if he has at present any thoughts of marriage.

She seemed pleased at this assurance.

I repeated my wishes that she would take to herself the merit of allowing Mr. Beauchamp to return to his native country: and that she would let me see her hand in Sir Harry's before I left them.

And pray, sir, as to his place of residence, *were* he to come: do you think he shall live under the same roof with me?

You shall govern that point, madam, as you approve or disapprove of his behaviour to you.

His behaviour to me, sir?—One house cannot, shall not, hold him and me.

I think, madam, that *you* should direct in this article. I hope, after a little while, so to order my affairs as constantly to reside in England. I should think myself very happy, if I could prevail upon Mr. Beauchamp to live with *me*.

But I must see him, I suppose?

Not, madam, unless you shall think it right, for the sake of the world's opinion, that you should.

I can't consent——

You *can*, madam! You *do!*—I cannot allow Lady Beauchamp to be one of those women who, having insisted upon a wrong point, can be convinced, yet not know how to recede with a grace.—Be so kind to *yourself*, as to let Sir Harry know that you think it right for Mr. Beauchamp to return; but that it must be upon your own conditions: then, madam, make those conditions generous ones; and how will Sir Harry adore you! How will Mr. Beauchamp revere you! How shall I esteem you!

What a strange impertinent have I before me!

I love to be called names by a lady. If undeservedly, she lays herself by them under obligation to me, which she cannot be generous, if she resolves not to repay. Shall I endeavour to find out Sir Harry? Or will you, madam?

Was you ever, Sir Charles Grandison, denied by any woman to whom you sued for favour?

I think, madam, I hardly ever was: but it was because I never sued for a favour that it was not for a lady's honour to grant. This is the case now; and this makes me determine that I will not be denied the grant of my present request. Come, come, madam! How can a woman of your ladyship's good sense (taking her hand and leading her to the door) seem to want to be persuaded to do a thing she knows in her heart to be right! Let us find Sir Harry.

Strange man!—Unhand me!—*He* has used me unkindly——

Overcome him then by your generosity. But, dear Lady Beauchamp, taking both her hands and smiling confidently in her face [I could, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do so to Lady Beauchamp], will you make me believe that a woman of your spirit (you have a charming spirit, Lady Beauchamp) did not give Sir Harry as much reason to complain as he gave you?—I am sure by his disturbed countenance——

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, you are downright affronting. Unhand me!

This misunderstanding is owing to my officious letter. I should have waited on you in person. I should from the first have put it in your power to do a graceful and obliging thing. I ask your pardon. I am not *used* to make differences between man and wife.

I touched first one hand, then the other, of the perverse baby with my lips—Now am I forgiven: now is my friend Beauchamp permitted to return to his native country: now are Sir Harry and his lady reconciled—come, come, madam, it must be so.—What foolish things are the quarrels of married people!—They must come to an agreement again; and the sooner the better; before hard blows are struck that will leave marks—Let us, dear madam, find out Sir Harry——

And then, with an air of vivacity, that women, whether in courtship or out of it, dislike not, I was leading her once more to the door, and, as I intended, *to* Sir Harry, wherever he could be found.

Hold, hold, sir! resisting; but with features far more placid than she had suffered to be before visible—If I *must* be compelled—You are a strange man, Sir Charles Grandi-

son—if I must be compelled to see Sir Harry—but you are a strange man—and she rang the bell.

Lady Beauchamp, Dr. Bartlett, is one of those who would be more ready to forgive an innocent freedom, than to be gratified by a profound respect; otherwise I had not treated her with so little ceremony. Such women are formidable only to those who are afraid of their anger, or who make it a serious thing.

But when the servant appeared, she not knowing how to condescend, I said, Go to your master, sir, and tell him that your lady requests the favour——

Requests the favour! repeated she; but in a low voice: which was no bad sign.

The servant went with a message worded with more civility than perhaps he was used to carry to his master from his lady.

Now, dear Lady Beauchamp, for your own sake; for Sir Harry's sake; make happy; and be happy: are there not, dear madam, unhappinesses enow in life, that we must wilfully add to them?

Sir Harry came in sight. He stalked towards us with a parade like that of a young officer wanting to look martial at the head of his company.

Could I have seen him before he entered, my work would have been easier. But his hostile air disposed my lady to renew hostilities.

She turned her face aside, then her person; and the cloudy indignation with which she entered at first, again overspread her features. Ought wrath, Dr. Bartlett, to be so ready to attend a female will?—Surely, thought I, my lady's present airs, after what has passed between her and me, can be only owing to the fear of making a precedent, and being thought too easily persuaded.

Sir Harry, said I, addressing myself to him, I have obtained Lady Beauchamp's pardon for the officious letter——

Pardon, Sir Charles Grandison! You are a good man, and it was kindly intended——

He was going on: anger from his eyes flashed upon his cheek bones, and made them shine. My lady's eyes struck fire at Sir Harry, and showed that she was not *afraid* of him.

Better *intended* than done, interrupted I, since my lady tells me that it was the occasion of a misunderstanding—But, sir, all will be right: my lady assures me that you are not disinclined to comply with the contents; and she has the goodness——

Pray, Sir Charles, interrupted the lady——

To give me hopes that she——

Pray, Sir Charles——

Will use her interest to confirm you in your favourable sentiments——

Sir Harry cleared up at once—May I hope, madam—And offered to take her hand.

She withdrew it with an air. O Dr. Bartlett! I must have been thought an unpolite husband, had she been my wife!

I took her hand. Excuse this freedom, Sir Harry—For Heaven's sake, madam (whispering), do what I know you *will* do, with a grace—Shall there be a misunderstanding, and the husband court a refused hand?—I then forced her half unwilling hand into his, with an air that I intended should have both freedom and respect in it.

What a man have we got here, Sir Harry? This cannot be the modest man that you have praised to me—I thought a good man must of necessity be bashful, if not sheepish; and here your visitor is the boldest man in England.

The righteous, Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry, with an aspect but half-conceding, *is bold as a lion.*

And *must* I be compelled thus, and by such a man, to forgive you, Sir Harry?—Indeed you were very unkind.

And you, Lady Beauchamp, were very cruel.

I did not think, sir, when I laid my fortune at your feet——

O Lady Beauchamp! You said cutting things! *Very* cutting things!

And did not you, Sir Harry, say it should be so?—So *very* peremptorily!

Not, madam, till you *as* peremptorily——

A little recrimination, thought I, there must be, to keep each in countenance on their past folly.

Ah! Sir Charles—You may rejoice that you are not married, said Sir Harry.

Dear Sir Harry, said I, we must bear with ladies. They are *meek* good creatures—They——

Meek! Sir Charles, repeated Sir Harry, with a half-angry smile, and shrugging, as if his shoulder had been hurt with his wife's meekness—I say, *meek!*

Now, Sir Charles Grandison, said my lady, with an air of threatening——

I was desirous either of turning the lady's displeasure into a jest, or of diverting it from the first object, in order to make her play with it, till she had lost it.

Women are of gentle natures, pursued I; and being accustomed to be humoured, opposition sits not easy upon them. Are they not kind to us, Sir Harry, when they allow of our superiority, by expecting us to bear with their pretty perversenesses?

O Sir Charles Grandison! said my lady; both her hands lifted up.

Let us be contented, proceeded I, with such their kind acknowledgments; and in pity to them, and in compliment to ourselves, bear with their foibles.—See, madam, I ever was an advocate for the ladies.

Sir Charles, I have no patience with you——

What can a poor woman do, continued I, when opposed? She can only be a little violent in *words*, and when she has said as much as she chooses to say, be perhaps a little sullen. For my part, were I so happy as to call a woman mine, and she *happened* to be in the wrong, I would endeavour to be in the right, and trust to her good sense to recover her temper: arguments only beget arguments.—Those reconciliations are the most durable, in which the lady makes the first advances.

What doctrine is this, Sir Charles! You are not the man I took you for.—I believe, in my conscience, that you are not near so good a man as the world reports you.

What, madam! because I pretend to know a little of the sex? Surely, Lady Beauchamp, a man of common penetration may see to the bottom of a woman's heart. A cunning woman cannot hide it: a good woman will not. You are not, madam, such mysteries, as some of us think you. Whenever you know your *own* minds, we need not be long

doubtful: that is all the difficulty: and I will vindicate you, as to that——

As how, pray, sir?

Women, madam, were designed to be *dependent*, as well as *gentle* creatures; and, of consequence, when left to their own wills, they know not what to resolve upon.

I was hoping, Sir Charles, just now, that you would stay to dinner: but if you talk at this rate, I believe I shall be ready to wish you out of the house.

Sir Harry looked as if he were half willing to be diverted at what passed between his lady and me. It was better for *me* to say what he could not but subscribe to by his feeling than for him to say it. Though reproof seldom amends a determinate spirit, such a one as this lady's; yet a man who suffers by it, cannot but have some joy when he hears his sentiments spoken by a by-stander. This freedom of mine seemed to save the married pair a good deal of recrimination.

You remind me, madam, that I must be gone; rising, and looking at my watch.

You must not leave us, Sir Charles, said Sir Harry.

I beg excuse, Sir Harry—yours, also, madam, smiling—Lady Beauchamp must not twice wish me out of the house.

I will *not* excuse you, sir, replied she—if you have a desire to see the matter completed—she stopt—You must stay to dinner, be *that* as it will.

'Be that as it *will*,' madam!—You shall not recede.

Recede! I have not yet complied——

Oh these women! they are so used to courtship, that they know not how to do right things without it—and, pardon me, madam, not always with it.

Bold man—have I consented——

Have you not, madam, given a *lady's* consent? *That*, we men expect not to be very explicit, very gracious—it is from such *non*-negative consents, that we men make silence answer all we wish.

I leave Sir Charles Grandison to manage this point, said Sir Harry. In my conscience, I think the common observation just: a stander-by sees more of the game than he that plays.

It ever will be so, Sir Harry—But I will tell you, my lady and I have as good as agreed the matter——

I have agreed to nothing, Sir Harry——

Hush, madam—I am doing you credit.—Lady Beauchamp speaks *aside* sometimes, Sir Harry: you are not to hear anything she says that you don't like.

Then I am afraid I must stop my ears for eight hours out of twelve.

That was *aside*, Lady Beauchamp—you are not to hear that.

To sit like a fool and hear myself abused—a pretty figure I make! Sir Charles Grandison, let me tell you, that you are the first man that ever treated me like a fool.

Excuse, madam, a little innocent raillery—I met you both with a discomposure on your countenances. I was the occasion of it by the letter I sent to Sir Harry. I will not *leave* you discomposed. I think you a woman of sense; and my request is of such a nature, that the granting of it will confirm to me that you are so—but you *have* granted it——

I have *not*.

That's charmingly said—my lady will not undervalue the compliment she is inclined to make you, Sir Harry. The moment *you* ask for her compliance, she will not refuse to your affection what she makes a difficulty to grant to the entreaty of an almost stranger.

Let it, let it be so! Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry: and he clasped his arms about her as she sat——

There never was such a man as this Sir Charles Grandison in the world!—It is a contrivance between you, Sir Harry——

Dear Lady Beauchamp, resumed I, depreciate not your compliment to Sir Harry. There wanted not contrivance, I dare to hope (if there *did*, it had it not), to induce Lady Beauchamp to do a right, a kind, an obliging thing.

Let me, my dearest Lady Beauchamp, said Sir Harry—Let me request——

At *your* request, Sir Harry—But not at Sir Charles's.

This is noble, said I. I thank you, madam, for the absent youth. Both husband and son will think themselves favoured by you: and the more, as I am sure that you will, by the

cheerful welcome which you will give the young man, show that it is a sincere compliment that you have made to Sir Harry.

This man has a strange way of flattering one into acts of —of—what shall I call them?—But, Sir Harry, Mr. Beauchamp must not, I believe, live with us——

Sir Harry hesitated.

I was afraid of opening the wound. I have a request to make to you both, said I. It is this: that Mr. Beauchamp may be permitted to live with me; and attend you, madam, and his father, as a visitor, at your own command. My sister, I believe, will be very soon married to Lord G——.

That is to be certainly so? interrupted the lady.

It is, madam.

But what shall we say, my dear, resumed Sir Harry—don't fly out again—as to the provision for my son?—Two hundred a year—what is two hundred a year——

Why then let it be three, answered she.

I have a handsome and improvable estate, said I. I have no demands but those of reason upon me. I would not offer a plea for his coming to England (and I am sure he would not have come if I had) without his father's consent: in which, madam, he hoped for yours. You shall not, sir, allow him either the two or three hundred a year. See him with love, with indulgence (he will deserve both); and think not of anything else for my Beauchamp.

There is no bearing this, my dear, said Sir Harry; leaning upon his lady's shoulder, as he sat, tears in his eyes—My son is already, as I have heard, greatly obliged to this his true friend—Do you, do you, madam, answer for me, and for yourself.

She was overcome: yet pride had its share with generosity. You *are*, said she, the Grandison I have heard of: but I will not be under obligations to you—not *pecuniary* ones, however. No, Sir Harry! Recall your son: I will trust to your love: do for him what you please: let him be independent on this *insolent* man [she said this with a smile, that made it obliging]; and if we are to be visitors, friends, neighbours, let it be on an equal foot, and let him have nothing to reproach us with.

I was agreeably surprised at this emanation (shall I call it?) of goodness: she is really not a bad woman, but a perverse one: in short, one of those whose passions, when rightly touched, are liable to sudden and surprising turns.

Generous, charming Lady Beauchamp! said I: now *are* you the woman whom I have so often heard praised for many good qualities: now will the portrait be a just one!

Sir Harry was in raptures; but had liked to have spoiled all, by making me a compliment on the force of example.

Be this, said I, the result—Mr. Beauchamp comes over. He will be pleased with whatever you do: at your feet, madam, he shall acknowledge your favour: my home shall be his, if you permit it: on *me*, he shall *confer* obligations: from *you*, he shall receive them. If any considerations of family prudence (there *are* such, and very just ones) restrain you from allowing him, at present, what your generosity would wish to do——

Lady Beauchamp's colour was heightened: She interrupted me—We are not, Sir Charles, so scanty in our fortune——

Well, my dear Lady Beauchamp, be all that as you please: not one retrospect of the past——

Yes, Sir Charles, but there shall: his allowance has been lessened for some years; not from considerations of *family prudence*—but—well, 'tis all at an end, proceeded she—When the young man returns, you, Sir Harry, for my sake, and for the sake of this strange, unaccountable creature, shall pay him the whole arrear.

Now, my dear Lady Beauchamp, said I, lifting her hand to my lips, permit me to give you joy. All doubts and misgivings so triumphantly got over, so solid a foundation laid for family harmony—What was the moment of your nuptials to this? Sir Harry, I congratulate you: you may be, and I believe you have been, as happy as most men; but now you will be still happier.

Indeed, Sir Harry, said she, you provoked me in the morning: I should not else——

Sir Harry owned himself to blame; and thus the lady's pride was set down softly.

She desired Sir Harry to write, before the day concluded,

the invitation of return to Mr. Beauchamp; and to do her all the credit in it that she might claim from the last part of the conversation; but not to mention anything of the first.

She afterwards abated a little of this right spirit by saying, I think, Sir Harry, you need not mention anything of the *arrears*, as I may call them—but only the future 600*l.* a year. One would surprise him a little, you know, and be twice thanked——

Surprises of such a nature as this, my dear Dr. Bartlett; *pecuniary* surprises!—I don't love them—they are double taxes upon the gratitude of a worthy heart. Is it not enough for a generous mind to labour under a sense of obligation? —Pride, vainglory, must be the motive of such narrow-minded benefactors: a truly beneficent spirit cannot take delight in beholding the quivering lip indicating the palpitating heart; in seeing the downcast countenance, the uplifted hands, and working muscles of a fellow-creature, who, but for unfortunate accidents, would perhaps himself have had the *will*, with the *power*, of showing a more graceful benevolence!

I was so much afraid of hearing *further* abatements of Lady Beauchamp's goodness; so willing to depart with favourable impressions of her for her own sake; and at the same time so desirous to reach the Hall that night; that I got myself excused, though with difficulty, staying to dine; and accepting of a dish of chocolate, I parted with Sir Harry and my lady, both in equal good humour with themselves and me.

Could you have thought, my dear friend, that I should have succeeded so very happily as I have done, in this affair, and at one meeting?

I think that the father and step-mother should have the full merit with our Beauchamp of a turn so unexpected. Let him not, therefore, ever see this letter, that he may take his impression of the favour done him from that which Sir Harry will write to him.

My cousin Grandison, whom I hoped to find here, left the Hall on Tuesday last, though he knew of my intention to be down. I am sorry for it. Poor Everard! He has

been a great while pretty good. I am afraid he will get among his old acquaintance; and then we shall not hear of him for some months perhaps. If you see him in town, try to engage him till I return. I should be glad of his company to Paris, if his going with me will keep him out of harm's way, as it is called.

—o—

Saturday, April 1.

I HAVE had compliments sent me by many of my neighbours, who had hoped I was come to reside among them. They professed themselves disappointed on my acquainting them that I must go up early on Monday morning. I have invited myself to their Saturday assembly at the Bowling-green house.

Our reverend friend Mr. Dobson has been so good as to leave with me the sermon he is to preach to-morrow on the opening of the church: it is a very good discourse: I have only exceptions to three or four compliments he makes to the patron in as many different places of it: I doubt not but he will have the goodness to omit them.

I have already looked into all that has been done in the church, and all that is doing in the house and gardens. When both have had the direction and inspection of my dear Dr. Bartlett, need I say that nothing could have been better?

HALDEN is just arrived from my lord, with a letter which has enabled me to write to Lady Mansfield his lordship's high approbation of all our proceedings; and that he intends some one early day in next week to pay to her and Miss Mansfield his personal compliments.

He has left to me the article of settlements; declaring that his regard for *my* future interest is all that he wishes may be attended to.

I have therefore written, as from himself, that he proposes a jointure of 1200*l.* a year, penny-rents, and 400 guineas a year for her private purse; and that his lordship desires that Miss Mansfield will make a present to her sister of whatever she may be entitled to in her own right. Something was mentioned to me at Mansfield House of a thousand pounds left to her by a godmother.

Halden being very desirous to see his future lady, I shall, at his request, send the letter I have written to Lady Mansfield by him early in the morning; with a line recommending him to the notice of that lady as Lord W——'s principal steward.

Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett: I have joy in the joy of all these good people. If Providence graciously makes me instrumental to it, I look upon myself *but* as its *instrument*. I hope ostentation has no share in what draws on me more thanks and praises than I love to hear.

Lord W—— has a right to be made happy by his next relation, if his next relation *can* make him so. Is he not my mother's brother? Would not her enlarged soul have rejoiced on the occasion, and blessed her son for an instance of duty to her, paid by his disinterested regard for her brother? Who, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is so happy, yet who, in some cases, so unhappy, as your

CHARLES GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER XLVII.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

Monday, April 3.

THE Countess of D——, and the earl, her son, have but just left us. The countess sent last night, to let my cousin Reeves know of their intended morning visit, and they came together. As the visit was made to my cousin, I did not think myself obliged to be in waiting for them below, I was therefore in my closet, comforting myself with my own *agreeable* reflections. They were there a quarter of an hour before I was sent to.

Their talk was of me. I am used to recite my own praises, you know; and what signifies making a parade of apologies for continuing the use? I don't value myself so much as I once did on people's favourable opinions. If I had a heart in my own keeping, I should be glad it was thought a good one; that's all. Yet, though it has littlenesses in it that I knew nothing of formerly, I hope it is not a bad one.

My Lord D——, by the whole turn of the partial conver-

sation, was led to expect a very extraordinary young woman. The lady declared that she would have her talk out, and hear all my two cousins were inclined to say of me, before I was sent up to, as I was not below when they came.

I was therefore to be seen only as a subject of curiosity. My lord had declared, it seems, that he would not be denied an introduction to me by his mother. But there were no thoughts of making any application to a girl whose heart was acknowledged not to be her own. My lord's honour would not allow of such an intention. Nor ought it.

His impatience, however, hastened the message to me. The countess met me half way, and embraced me: My lovely girl, how do you do?—My lord, said she, turning to the earl, I need not say—This is Miss Byron.

He bowed low, and made me a polite compliment; but it had sense in it, though high, and above my merits. Girls, writing of themselves on these occasions, must be disclaimers, you know: But, my dear uncle, what care I *now* for compliments? The man from whose mouth only they could be acceptable, is not at liberty to make me any.

The countess engaged me in an easy general conversation; part of which turned upon Lord and Lady L——, Miss Grandison, and Miss Jervois; and how I had passed my time at Colnebrook, in this wintry season, when there were so many diversions in town. But, said she, you had a man with you who is the general admiration wherever he goes.

Is there no making an acquaintance, said my lord, with Sir Charles Grandison? What I hear said of him, every time he is mentioned in company, is enough to fire a young man with emulation. I should be happy, did I deserve to be thought as a second or third man to Sir Charles Grandison.

I daresay, returned I, your lordship's acquaintance would be highly acceptable to him. He is easy of access. Men of rank, if men of merit, must be of kindred, and recognise one another the moment they meet. But Sir Charles will soon leave England.

The fool sighed: it was, you may believe involuntarily. I felt myself blush, and was the more silly for that.

The countess took my hand—One word with you, my

dear—and led me out into the next room, and sitting down, made me sit on the same settee with her.

Oh that I could call you daughter! began she at once; and, turning half round to me, put one arm about me, with the other hand taking one of mine, and earnestly looking in my downcast face.

I was silent. Ah, Lucy! had Lady D—— been the mother of Sir Charles Grandison, with what pleasure could I have listened to her!

You said, my dear, that Sir Charles Grandison will soon leave England:—and then you sighed—Will you be quite open-hearted—May I ask you a question in hope that you will?

I was silent: yet the word Yes was on my lips.

You have caused it to be told me that your affections are engaged. This has been a cruel blow upon us. My lord, nevertheless, has heard so much of you [he is really a good young man, my dear], that (against my advice, I own) he would have me introduce him into your company. I see by his looks that he could admire you above all women. *He never was in love:* I should be sorry if were disappointed in his first love. I hope his *pru*prudence will be his guard, if there be no prospect succeeding with you—she paused—I was still silent—

It will be a mark of your frankness of heart, my d when you take my full meaning, you prevent me sp more than I need.—I would not oppress you, my love.—Such a delicacy, and such a frankness mingle I never seen in a young woman.—But tell me, my d Sir Charles Grandison made his addresses to you?

It was a grievous question for me to answer—was it so, my Lucy, when all the hopes I ever ceeded from my own presumption, confirmed (t of late!) by his sister's partiality in my favour; a his unhappy Clementina has such a preferable claim?

What says Miss Byron?

She says, madam, that she reveres Lady D——, an answer any questions that she puts to her, however ing—Sir Charles Grandison has not.

Once I thought, proceeded she, that I never would

a second motion, were the woman a princess, who had confessed a prior love, or even liking; but the man is Sir Charles Grandison, whom all women must esteem: and the woman is Miss Byron, whom all men must love. Let me ask you, my dear—Have you any expectation that the first of men (I will call him so) and the loveliest and most amiable-minded of women, can come together?—You sighed, you know, when you mentioned that Sir Charles was soon to leave England; and you own that he has not made addresses to you—Don't be uneasy, my love!—We women, in these tender cases, see into each other's hearts from small openings—Look upon me as your mother—What say you, love?

Your ladyship compliments me with delicacy and frankness—It is too hard a question, if I have any of the first, to answer without blushes. A young woman to be supposed to have an esteem for a man, who has made no declaration, and whose behaviour to her is such only as shows a politeness to which he is accustomed, and only the same kind of tenderness, as he shows to his sisters;—and whom sometimes he *calls* sister—as if—Ah, madam! how can one answer?

You *have* answered, my dear, and with that delicacy and frankness too, which make a principal part of your character. If my son (and he shall not be encouraged in his hopes, if he sees you not, mind, as well as person, with his mother's eyes) should not be able to check himself by the apprehensions he has had reason for, of being but a second man in the favour of the object of his wishes [*We*, my dear, have our delicacies]; could you not allow him a second place in your favour, that might, in time, as he should merit, and as you should subdue your prepossessions, give him a first?—Hush—my dear, for one moment—Your honour, your piety, are my just dependence, and will be his.—And now speak: it is to *me*, my dear: speak your whole heart: let not any apprehended difficulty—I am a woman as well as you. And prepared to indulge——

Your *goodness*, madam, and nothing else, interrupted I, gives me difficulty.—My Lord D—— seems to me to be a man of merit, and not disagreeable in his person and man-

ners. What he said of Sir Charles Grandison, and of his emulation being fired by his example, gave him additional merit with me. He must have a good mind. I wish him acquainted with Sir Charles, for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, which might be benefited by his large power so happily directed!—But as to myself, I should forfeit the character of frankness of heart, which your ladyship's goodness ascribes to me, if I did not declare that although I cannot, and, I think, *ought not* to entertain a hope with regard to Sir Charles Grandison, since there is a lady who deserved him by severe sufferings before I knew him; yet is my heart so wholly attached, that I cannot think it just to give the least encouragement to any other proposal.

You are an excellent young woman; but, my dear, if Sir Charles Grandison is engaged—your mind will, it *must* change. Few women marry their first loves. Your heart——

O madam! it is *already* a wedded heart: it is wedded to his merits; his merits will be *always* the object of my esteem: I can never think of any *other* as I *ought* to think of the man to whom I give my hand.

Like merits, my dear, as *person* is not the principal motive, may produce like attachments. My Lord D—— will be, in your hands, another Sir Charles Grandison.

How good you are, my dear Lady D——! But allow me to repeat, as the strongest expression I can use, because I mean it to carry all the force that can be given it, that my heart is already a wedded heart.

You have spoken with great force: God bless you, my dear, as I love you! The matter shall take its course. If my lord should happen to be a single man some time hence (and, I can tell you, that your excellences will make our choice difficult); and if your mind, from any accident, or from persuasion of friends, should then have received alteration: you may still be happy in each other. I will therefore only thank you for that openness of heart which must set free the heart of my son.—Had you had the least lurking inclination to coquetry, and could have taken pride in conquests, he might have been an undone man.—We will

return to the company.—But spare him, my dear: you must not talk much: he will love you, if you do, too fervently for his own peace. Try to be a little awkward—I am afraid for him: indeed I am. Oh that you had never seen Sir Charles Grandison!

I could not answer one word. She took my hand; and led me in to the company.

Had I been silent when my lord directed his discourse to me, or answered only No, or Yes, the countess would have thought me very vain; and that I ascribed to myself the consequence she so generously gave me with respect to my lord. I therefore behaved and answered unaffectedly; but avoided such a promptness of speech as would have looked like making pretensions to knowledge and opinion, though some of my lord's questions were apparently designed to engage me into freedom of discourse. The countess observed me narrowly. She whispered to me that she *did;* and made me a very high compliment on my behaviour. How much, Lucy, do I love and reverence her!

My lord was spoken too slightly of by Miss Grandison, in a former conversation. He is really a fine gentleman. Any woman, who is not engaged in her affections, may think herself very happy with him. His conversation was easy and polite, and he said nothing that was low or trifling. Indeed, Lucy, I think Mr. Greville and Mr. Fenwick are as greatly inferior to Lord D——, as Lord D—— is to Sir Charles Grandison.

At parting, he requested of me to be allowed to repeat his visits.

My lord, said the countess, before I could answer, you must not expect a mere stiff maiden answer from Miss Byron: she is above all vulgar forms. She and her cousins have too much politeness, and I will venture to say, discernment, not to be glad of your acquaintance *as* an acquaintance—but, for the rest, you must look to your heart.

I shall be afraid, said he, turning to the countess, to ask your ladyship for an explanation. Miss Byron, I hope, sir, addressing himself to Mr. Reeves, will not refuse me her company when I pay you my compliments. Then

turning to me; I hope, madam, I shall not be punished for admiring you.

My Lord D——, replied I, will be entitled to every civility. I had said more, had he not snatched my hand a little too eagerly and kissed it.

And thus much for the visit of the Countess of D—— and the earl.

DID I tell you in my former letter that Emily is with me half her time? She is a most engaging young creature. Her manners are so pure! Her heart is so sincere and open!—O Lucy! you would dearly love her. I wish I may be asked to carry her down with me. Yet she adores her guardian: but her reverence for him will not allow of the innocent familiarity in thinking of him, that—I don't know what I would say. But to love with an ardour, that would be dangerous to one's peace, one must have more tenderness than reverence for the object: don't you think so, Lucy?

Miss Grandison made me one of her flying visits, as she calls them, soon after the countess and my lord went away.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves told her all that had been said before them by the earl and countess, as well before I went down to them as after. They could not tell what had passed between that lady and me when she took me aside. I had not had time to tell *them*. They referred to me for that: but besides that I was not in spirits, and cared not to say much, I was not willing to be thought, by my refusal of so great an offer, to seem to fasten myself upon her brother.

She pitied (who but must?) Lady Clementina. She pitied her brother also: and seeing me dejected, she clasped her arms about me and wetted my cheek with a sisterly tear.

Is it not strange, Lucy, that Sir Charles's father should keep him so long abroad? These free-living men! of what absurdities are they not guilty! What misfortunes to others do they occasion? One might, with the excellent Clementina, ask, What had Mr. Grandison to do in Italy? Or why, if he must go abroad, did he stay so long.

Travelling! Young men travelling! I cannot, my dear,

but think it a very nonsensical thing! What can they see but the ruins of the gay, once busy world, of which they have read?

To see a parcel of giddy boys under the direction of tutors or governors hunting after—what?—Nothing; or, at best but ruins of ruins: for the imagination, aided by reflection, must be left, after all, to make out the greater glories which the grave-digger Time has buried too deep for discovery.

And when this *grand tour* is completed, the travelled youth returns: and what is his boast? Why, to be able to tell, perhaps his *better* taught friend who has never been out of his native country, that he has seen in ruins what the other has a juster idea of from reading; and of which it is more than probable he can give a much better account than the traveller.

And are these, petulant Harriet (methinks, Lucy, you demand), all the benefits that you will suppose Sir CHARLES GRANDISON has reaped from his travelling?

Why, no. But then, in turn, I ask, Is every traveller a Sir Charles Grandison?—And does not even *he* confess to Dr. Bartlett that he wished he had never seen Italy? And may not the poor Clementina, and all her family, for *her* sake, wish he never had?

If an opportunity offers, I don't know but I may ask Sir Charles, whether, in his conscience, he thinks that, taking in every consideration relating to time, expense, risks of life, health, morals, this part of the fashionable education of youth of condition is such an indispensable one as some seem to suppose it? If Sir Charles Grandison give it not in favour of travelling, I believe it will be concluded that six parts out of eight of the little masters who are sent abroad for improvement, might as well be kept at home; if, especially, they would be *orderly*, and let their fathers and mothers know what to do with them.

Oh, my uncle! I am afraid of you: but spare the poor girl: she acknowledges her petulance, her presumption. The occasion you know, and will pity her for it. Neither petulance nor presumption, however, shall make her declare as her sentiments what really are not so in her unprejudiced

hours; and she hopes to have her heart always open to conviction. For the present, adieu, my Lucy.

P.S. Dr. Bartlett tells me that Mr. Beauchamp is at Calais, waiting the pleasure of his father; and that Sir Harry has sent express for him, as at his lady's motion.

—o—

LETTER XLVIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Tuesday, April 4.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON came to town last night. He was so polite as to send to inquire after my health; and to let Mr. Reeves know that he would do himself the honour, as he called it, of breakfasting with *him* this morning. Very ceremonious, either for his own sake or for mine—perhaps for both.

So I am in expectation of seeing, within this half hour, the noble Clementina's future—ah, Lucy!

The compliment, you see, is to Mr. Reeves. Shall I stay above and see if he will ask for *me?* He owes me something for the emotion he gave me in Lord L——'s library. Very little of him since have I seen.

'Honour forbids me,' said he, then: 'Yet honour bids 'me—But I cannot be ungenerous, selfish.'—These words are still in my ear.—What could he mean by them?—*Honour forbids me*—What! to explain himself? He had been telling me a tender tale: he had *ended* it. *What* did honour forbid him to do?—*Yet honour bids me!* Why then did he not follow the dictates of honour?

But *I cannot be unjust:*—To Clementina he means. Who *wished* him to be so?—*Unjust!* I hope not. It is a diminution to your glory, Sir Charles Grandison, to have the word *unjust,* in this way of speaking, in your thoughts! As if a good man had lain under a temptation to be *unjust;* and had but then recollected himself.

'*I cannot be ungenerous.*' To the noble lady, I suppose? He *must* take compassion on her. And did he think

himself under an obligation to my forwardness to make this declaration to me, as to one who *wished* him to be *ungenerous* to such a lady for my sake?—I cannot bear the thought of this. Is it not as if he had said, 'Fond Harriet,' I see 'what you expect from me—but I must have compassion '*for*, I cannot be ungenerous *to*, Clementina?'—But what a poor word is *compassion!* Noble Clementina, I grieve for you, though the man be indeed a generous man!—Oh defend me, my better genius, from wanting the compassion even of a Sir Charles Grandison!

But what means he by the word *selfish!* He *cannot be selfish!*—I comprehend not the meaning of this word—Clementina has a very high fortune—Harriet but a very middling one. He cannot be *unjust, ungenerous* to Clementina—nor yet *selfish*—This word confounds me, from a man that says nothing at random!

Well, but breakfast time is come, while I am busy in self-debatings. I will go down, that I may not seem to affect parade. I will endeavour to see with indifference him that we have all been admiring and studying for this last fortnight in such a variety of lights—The Christian: the hero: the friend:—Ah, Lucy! the lover of Clementina! the generous kinsman of Lord W——: the modest and delicate benefactor of the Mansfields: the free, gay raillier of Lady Beauchamp; and, in her, of all our sex's foibles!

But he is come! While I am prating to you with my pen, he is come—why, Lucy, would you detain me?—Now must the fool go down in a kind of hurry. Yet stay till she is sent for.—And that is *now*.

—o—

LETTER XLIX.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

O Lucy, I have such a conversation to relate to you!—But let me lead to it.

Sir Charles met me at the opening of the door. He was all himself—such an unaffected modesty and politeness; yet such an ease and freedom!

I thought, by his address, that he would have taken my

hand; and both hands were *so emulatively* passive.—How does he manage it to be so free in a first address, yet so respectful that a princess could not blame him!

After breakfast, my cousins being sent for out to attend Sir John Allestree and his niece, Sir Charles and I were left alone: and then, with an air equally solemn and free, he addressed himself to me.

The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale. I was sure it would raise in such a heart as hers generous compassion for the noblest lady on the continent; and I presumed, as my difficulties were not owing either to rashness or indiscretion, that she would also pity the relater.

The story did indeed affect you; yet, for my own sake, as well as yours, I referred you to Dr. Bartlett for the particulars of some parts of it, upon which I could not expatiate.

The doctor, madam, has let me know the particulars which he communicated to you. I remember with pain the pain I gave to your generous heart in Lord L——'s study. I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications he made you. May I, madam, however, add a few particulars to the same subject, which he then could not give you? Now you have been let into so considerable a part of my story, I am desirous to acquaint you, and that rather than any woman in the world, with all that I know myself of this arduous affair.

He ceased speaking. I was in tremors. Sir, sir—the story, I must own, is a most affecting one. How much is the unhappy lady to be pitied! You will do me honour in acquainting me with further particulars of it.

Dr. Bartlett has told you, madam, that the bishop of Nocera, second brother to Lady Clementina, has very lately written to me, requesting that I will make one more visit to Bologna—I have the letter. You read Italian, madam. Shall I—or will you—He held it to me.

I took it. These, Lucy, are the contents.

'The bishop acquaints him with the very melancholy way 'they are in. The father and mother declining in their healths. 'Signor Jeronymo worse than when Sir Charles left them. His 'sister also declining in her health: yet earnest still to see him.

'He says that she is at present at Urbino; but is soon to 'go to Naples to the general's. He urges him to make them 'one visit more; yet owns that his family are not unanimous 'in the request: but that he and Father Marescotti, and the 'marchioness, are extremely earnest that this indulgence should 'be granted to the wishes of his sister.

'He offers to meet him, at his own appointment, and con-'duct him to Bologna; where, he tells him, his presence will 'rejoice every heart, and procure a unanimous consent to 'the interview so much desired: and says, that if this measure, 'which he is sorry he has so long withstood, answers not his 'hopes, he will advise the shutting up of their Clementina in 'a nunnery, or to consign her to private hands, where she shall 'be treated kindly, but as persons in her unhappy circum-'stances are accustomed to be treated.'

Sir Charles then showed me a letter from Signor Jeronymo; in which he acquaints him with the dangerous way he is in. He tells him, 'That his life is a burden to him. 'He wishes it was brought to its period. He does not 'think himself in skilful hands. He complains most of the 'wound which is in his hip joint; and which has hitherto 'baffled the art both of the Italian and French surgeons who 'have been consulted. He wishes, that himself and Sir 'Charles had been of one country, he says, since the greatest 'felicity he now has to wish for, is to yield up his life to the 'Giver of it, in the arms of his Grandison.'

He mentions not one word in this melancholy letter of his unhappy sister: which Sir Charles accounted for by supposing that she not being at Bologna, they kept from him, in his deplorable way, everything relating to her that was likely to disturb him.

He then read part of a letter written in English by the admired Mrs. Beaumont; some of the contents of which were, as you shall hear, extremely affecting.

'Mrs. Beaumont gives him in it an account of the situation 'of the unhappy young lady; and excuses herself for not 'having done it before, in answer to his request, because of 'an indisposition under which she had for some time laboured, 'which had hindered her from making the necessary inquiries.

'She mentions that the lady had received no benefit

'from her journeyings from place to place; and from her 'voyage from Leghorn to Naples and back again; and 'blames her attendants, who, to quiet her, unknown to 'their principals, for some time kept her in expectation 'of seeing her chevalier at the end of each; for her more 'prudent Camilla, she says, had been hindered by illness 'from attending her in several of the excursions.

'They had a second time, at her own request, put her 'into a nunnery. She at first was so sedate in it, as gave 'them hopes: but the novelty going off, and one of the 'sisters, to try her, having officiously asked her to go with 'her into the parlour, where she said she would be 'allowed to converse through the grate with a *certain* 'English gentleman, her impatience, on her disappoint-'ment, made her more ungovernable than they had ever 'known her; for she had been, for two hours before, 'meditating what she should say to him.

'For a week together, she was vehemently intent upon 'being allowed to visit England; and had engaged her 'cousins, Sebastiano and Juliano, to promise to escort her 'thither if she could obtain leave.

'Her mother brought her off this when nobody else 'could, only by entreating her, for *her* sake, never to think 'of it more.

'The marchioness then, encouraged by this instance of 'her obedience, took her under her own care: but the 'young lady going on from flight to flight; and the way 'she was in visibly affecting the health of her indulgent 'mother, a doctor was found who was absolutely of 'opinion that nothing but harsh methods would avail: 'and in this advice Lady Sforza, and her daughter 'Laurana, and the general, concurring, she was told that 'she must prepare to go to Milan. She was so earnest to 'be excused from going thither, and to be permitted to go 'to Florence to Mrs. Beaumont, that they gave way to her 'entreaties; and the marquis himself, accompanying her 'to Florence, prevailed on Mrs. Beaumont to take her 'under her care.

'With her she stayed three weeks: she was tolerably 'sedate in that space of time; but most so, when she was

'talking of England and of the Chevalier Grandison, and 'his sisters, with whom she wished to be acquainted. She 'delighted to speak English, and to talk of the tenderness 'and goodness of her tutor; and of what he said to her 'upon such and such a subject.

'At the three weeks' end the general made her a visit, 'in company of Lady Sforza; and her talk being all on 'this subject, they were both highly displeased; and hinted 'that she was too much indulged in it: and, unhappily, 'she repeating some tender passages that passed in the 'interview her mother had permitted her to hold with the 'chevalier, the general would have it that Mr. Grandison 'had designedly, from the first, sought to give himself con-'sequence with her; and expressed himself, on the occasion, 'with great violence against him.

'He carried his displeasure to extremity, and obliged her 'to go away with his aunt and him that very day, to her 'great regret; and as much to the regret of Mrs. Beaumont, 'and of the ladies her friends; who tenderly loved the *in-'nocent visionary*, as sometimes they called her. And Mrs. 'Beaumont is sure that the gentle treatment she met with 'from them, would in time, though perhaps slowly, have 'greatly helped her.'

Mrs. Beaumont then gives an account of the harsh treatment the poor young lady met with.

Sir Charles Grandison would have stopt reading here. He said he could not read it to me, without such a change of voice as would add to my pain as well as to his own.

Tears often stole down my cheeks when I read the letters of the bishop and Signor Jeronymo, and as Sir Charles read a part of Mrs. Beaumont's letter: and I doubted not but what was to follow would make them flow. Yet I said, Be pleased, sir, to let *me* read on. I am not a stranger to distress. I can pity others, or I should not deserve pity myself.

He pointed to the place; and withdrew to the window.

Mrs. Beaumont says, 'That the poor mother was pre-'vailed upon to resign her child wholly to the management 'of Lady Sforza and her daughter Laurana, who took her 'with them to their palace in Milan.

'The tender parent, however, besought them to spare all 'unnecessary severity; which they promised: but Laurana 'objected to Camilla's attendance. She was thought too 'indulgent; and her servant Laura, as a more manageable 'person, was taken in her place.' And oh how cruelly, as you shall hear, did they treat her!

Father Marescotti, being obliged to visit a dying relation at Milan, was desired by the marchioness to inform himself of the way her beloved daughter was in, and of the methods taken with her, Lady Laurana having in her letters boasted of both. The good father acquainted Mrs. Beaumont with the following particulars:

'He was surprised to find a difficulty made of his seeing 'the lady: but insisting on it, he found her to be wholly 'spiritless, and in terror; afraid to speak, afraid to look, 'before her cousin Laurana; yet seeming to want to com-'plain to him. He took notice of this to Laurana—O 'father! said she, we are in the right way, I assure you: 'when we had her first, her chevalier, and an interview 'with him, were ever in her mouth; but now she is in such 'order, that she never speaks a word of him. But what, 'asked the compassionate father, must she have suffered, to 'be brought to this?—Don't you, father, trouble yourself 'about that, replied the cruel Laurana: the doctors have 'given their opinion that some severity was necessary. It 'is all for her good.

'The poor lady expressed herself to him, with earnestness, 'after the veil; a subject on which it seems they indulged 'her; urging that the only way to secure her health of 'mind, if it could be restored, was to yield to her wishes. 'Lady Sforza said that it was not a point that she herself 'would press; but it was her opinion that her family 'sinned in opposing a divine dedication; and perhaps 'their daughter's malady might be a judgment upon them 'for it.'

The father, in his letter to Mrs. Beaumont, ascribes to 'Lady Sforza self-interested motives for her conduct; to 'Laurana, envy, on account of Lady Clementina's superior 'qualities: but nobody, he says, till now, doubted Laurana's 'love of her.'

Father Marescotti then gives a shocking instance of the barbarous Laurana's treatment of the noble sufferer—*All for her good*—Wretch! how my heart rises against her! Her servant Laura, under pretence of *confessing* to her Bologna father, in tears, acquainted him with it. It was perpetrated but the day before.

'When any severity was to be exercised upon the un-
'happy lady, Laura was always shut out of her apartment.
'Her lady had said something that she was to be chidden
'for. Lady Sforza, who was not altogether so severe as
'her daughter, was not at home. Laura listened in tears:
'she heard Laurana in great wrath with Lady Clementina,
'and threaten her—and her young lady break out to this
'effect—What have I done to you, Laurana, to be so
'used?—You are not the cousin Laurana you used to be!
'You know I am not able to help myself: why do you call
'me crazy and frantic, Laurana? [Vile upbraider, Lucy!]
'If the Almighty has laid His hand upon me, should I not
'be pitied?——

'It is all for your good! It is all for your good, Clemen-
'tina! You could not always have spoken so sensibly, cousin.

'Cruel Laurana! You loved me once!—I have no
'mother, as you have. My mother was a good mother:
'but she is gone! Or I am gone, I know not which.

'She threatened her then with the strait waistcoat, a
'punishment at which the unhappy lady was always greatly
'terrified. Laura heard her beg and pray; but Laurana
'coming out, she was forced to retire.

'The poor young lady apprehending her cruel cousin's
'return with the threatened waistcoat, and with the woman
'that used to be brought in when they were disposed to
'terrify her, went down and hid herself under a staircase,
'where she was soon discovered by her clothes, which she
'had not been careful to draw in after her.'

O Lucy! how I wept! How insupportable to me, said Sir Charles, would have been my reflections, had my conscience told me that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina's calamity!

After I had a little recovered, I read to myself the next paragraph, which related 'that the cruel Laurana dragged

'the sweet sufferer by her gown, from her hiding-place, 'inveighing against her, threatening her: she, all patient, 'resigned, her hands crossed on her bosom, praying for mercy, 'not by speech, but by her eyes, which, however wept not: and 'causing her to be carried up to her chamber, there punished 'her with the strait waistcoat, as she had threatened.

'Father Marescotti was greatly affected with Laura's 'relation, as well as with what he had himself observed: but 'on his return to Bologna, dreading to acquaint her mother, 'for her own sake, with the treatment her Clementina met 'with, he only said he did not quite approve of it; and 'advised her not to oppose the young lady's being brought 'home, if the bishop and the general came into it: but he 'laid the whole matter before the bishop, who wrote to the 'general to join with him out of hand to release their sister 'from her present bondage: and the general meeting the 'bishop on a set day at Milan, for that purpose, the lady 'was accordingly released.

'A breach ensued upon it, with Lady Sforza and her 'daughter; who would have it Clementina was much better 'for their management. They had by terror broken her 'spirit, and her passiveness was reckoned upon as an indica- 'tion of amendment.

'The marchioness being much indisposed, the young lady, 'attended by her Camilla, was carried to Naples; where it 'is supposed she now is. Poor young lady, how has she 'been hurried about!—But who can think of her cousin 'Laurana without extreme indignation?

'Mrs. Beaumont writes that the bishop would fain have 'prevailed upon his brother the general to join with him 'in an invitation to Sir Charles Grandison to come over, 'as a last expedient, before they locked her up either in a 'nunnery, or in some private house: but the general would 'by no means come into it.

'He asked, What was proposed to be the end of Sir 'Charles's visit, were all that was wished from it to follow, 'in his sister's restored mind?—He never, he said, would 'give his consent that she should be the wife of an English 'Protestant.

'The bishop declared that he was far from wishing her to

'be so: but he was for leaving that to after-consideration. 'Could they but restore his sister to her reason, that reason, co-'operating with her principles, might answer all their hopes.

'He might *try* his expedient, the general said, with all his 'heart: but he looked upon the Chevalier Grandison to be a 'man of art; and he was sure he must have entangled his 'sister by methods imperceptible to her and to them; but 'yet more efficacious to his ends than an open declaration. 'Had he not, he asked, found means to fascinate Olivia and 'as many women as he came into company with?—For his 'part, he loved not the chevalier. He had *forced* him, by 'his intrepidity, to be civil to him: but forced civility was 'but a temporary one. It was his way to judge of causes by 'the effects: and this he knew, that he had lost a sister who 'would have been a jewel in the crown of a prince; and would 'not be answerable for consequences, if he and Sir Charles 'Grandison were once more to meet, be it where it would.

'Father Marescotti, however joining, as the bishop writes, 'with him and the marchioness, in a desire to try this 'expedient; and being sure that the marquis and Signor 'Jeronymo would not be averse to it, he took a resolution 'to write over to him, as has been related.'

This, Lucy, is the state of the unhappy case, as briefly and as clearly as my memory will serve to give it. And what a *rememberer*, if I may make a word, is the heart!—Not a circumstance escapes it.

And now it remained for me to know of Sir Charles what answer he had returned.

Was not my situation critical, my dear? Had Sir Charles asked my opinion, *before* he had taken his resolutions, I should have given it with my whole heart, that he should fly to the comfort of the poor lady. But then he would have shown a suspense unworthy of Clementina; and a compliment to me; which a good man, so circumstanced, ought not to make.

My regard for him (yet what a poor affected word is *regard!*) was, nevertheless, as strong as ever. Generosity, or rather justice, to Clementina, and that so often, to you, avowed regard to him, pulled my heart two ways. I thought I wanted to consider with myself for a few moments, being desirous to clear to my own heart the conduct that I was to

show on this trying occasion, as well of precipitation as of affectation; and my cousin Reeves just then coming in for something she wanted, I took the opportunity to walk to the other end of the room; and while a short complimental discourse passed between them, 'Harriet Byron,' said I to myself, 'be not mean. Hast thou not the example of a 'Clementina before thee? Her religion and her love, com-'bating together, have overturned the noble creature's reason. 'Thou canst not be called to such a trial: but canst thou 'not show, that if thou *wert*, thou couldst have acted greatly, 'if not *so* greatly? Sir Charles Grandison is just: he *ought* 'to prefer to thee the excellent Clementina. Priority of 'claim, compassion for the noble sufferer, merits *so* superior! '—I love him for *his* merits: shall I not love merits, nearly 'as great, in one of my *own sex?* The struggle will cost 'thee something: but try to be above thyself. Banish to 'thy retirement, to thy pillow, thought I, be all the *girl*. 'Often have I contended for the dignity of my sex: let me 'now be an example to *myself*, and not unworthy in my 'own eyes (when I come to reflect) of a union, could it 'have been effected, with a man whom a Clementina looked 'up to with hope.'

My cousin being withdrawn, and Sir Charles approaching me, I attempted to assume a dignity of aspect, without pride; and I spoke, while spirit was high in me, and to keep myself up to it—My heart bleeds, sir, for the distresses of your Clementina [yes, Lucy, said I, *your* Clementina]: beyond expression I admire the greatness of her behaviour, and most sincerely lament her distresses. What, that is in the power of man, cannot Sir Charles Grandison do? You have honoured me, sir, with the title of *sister;* in the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the general's petulance: I feel next for you the pain that it must give to your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Clementina: but I am sure you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here in England, and resolving to hasten over to *try*, at least, what can be done for the noble sufferer.

Had he praised me highly for this my address to him, it would have looked, such was the situation on both sides, as

if he had thought this disinterested behaviour in me, an extraordinary piece of magnanimity and self-denial; and, of consequence, as if he had supposed I had views upon him, which he wondered I could give up. His is the most delicate of human minds!

He led me to my seat, and taking his by me, still holding my passive hand—Ever since I have had the honour of Miss Byron's acquaintance, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands alliance with hers, and hopes to be allowed its claim; though such are the delicacies of situation, that I scarcely dare trust to myself to speak upon the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is *more* to me than the dearest sister; and there is a more tender friendship that I aspire to hold with her, whatever may be the accidents on either side, to bar a further wish: and *this* I must hope, that she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.

He paused. I made an effort to speak: but speech was denied me. My face, as I felt, glowed like the fire before me.

My heart, resumed he, is ever on my lips. It is tortured when I cannot speak all that is in it. Professions I am not accustomed to make. As I am not conscious of being unworthy of your friendship, I will *suppose* it; and further talk to you of my affairs and engagements, as that tender friendship may warrant.

Sir, you do me honour, was all I could say.

I had a letter from the faithful Camilla. I hold not a correspondence with her: but the treatment that her young lady met with, of which she had got some general intimations, and some words that the bishop said to her, which expressed his wishes that I would make them one more visit at Bologna, urged her to write, begging of me, for Heaven's sake, to go over. But unless one of the family had written to me, and by consent of others of it, what hope had I of a welcome, after I had been as often refused as I had requested while I was in Italy, to be admitted to the presence of the lady who was so desirous of one interview more?—Especially, as Mrs. Beaumont gave me no encouragement to go, but the contrary, from what she observed of the inclinations of the family,

Mrs. Beaumont is still of opinion, as in the conclusion of the letter before you, that I should not go, unless the general and the marquis join their requests to those of the marchioness, the bishop, and Father Marescotti. But I had no sooner perused the bishop's letter, than I wrote that I would most cheerfully comply with his wishes: but that I should be glad that I might not be under any obligation to go farther than Bologna; where I might have the happiness to attend my Jeronymo, as well as his sister.

I had a little twitch at my heart, Lucy. I was sorry for it: but my judgment was entirely with him.

And now, madam, you will wonder that you see not any preparations for my departure. All *is* prepared: I only wait for the company of one gentleman, who is settling his affairs with all expedition to go with me. He is an able, a skilful surgeon, who has had great practice abroad, and in the armies: and having acquired an easy fortune, is come to settle in his native country. My Jeronymo expresses himself dissatisfied with his surgeons. If Mr. Lowther can be of service to him, how happy shall I think myself! And if my presence can be a means to restore the noble Clementina—but how dare I hope it?—And yet I am persuaded that in her case, and with such a temper of mind (unused to hardship and opposition as she had been), the only way to recover her would have been by complying with her in everything that her heart or head was earnestly set upon: for what control was necessary to a young lady who never, even in the height of her malady, uttered a wish or thought that was contrary to her duty either to God or her parents; nor yet to the honour of her name; and allow me, madam, to say, to the *pride* of her sex?

I am under an obligation to go to Paris, proceeded he, from the will of my late friend Mr. Danby. I shall stop there for a day or two only, in order to put things in a way for my last hand, on my return from Italy.

When I am in Italy, I shall perhaps be enabled to adjust two or three accounts that stand out, in relation to the affairs of my ward.

This day, at dinner, I shall see Mrs. Oldham and her sons; and in the afternoon, at tea, Mrs. O'Hara and her husband, and Captain Salmonet.

To-morrow, I hope for the honour of your company, madam, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves's, at dinner; and be so good as to engage them for the rest of the day. You must not deny me; because I shall want your influence upon Charlotte, to make her fix Lord G——'s happy day, that I may be able to see their hands united before I set out; as my return will be uncertain——

Ah, Lucy! *more* twitches just then!——

Thursday next is the day fixed for the triple marriage of the Danbys. I have promised to give Miss Danby to Mr. Galliard, and to dine with them and their friends at Enfield.

If I can see my Lord W—— and Charlotte happy before I go, I shall be highly gratified.

It is another of my wishes to see my friend Beauchamp in England first, and to leave him in possession of his father's love, and of his mother-in-law's civility. Dr. Bartlett and he will be happy in each other. I shall correspond with the doctor. He greatly admires you, madam, and will communicate to you all you shall think worthy of your notice, relating to the proceedings of a man who will always think himself honoured by your inquiries after him.

Ah, Lucy! Sir Charles Grandison then sighed. He seemed to look more than he spoke. I will not promise for my heart if he treats me with more than the tenderness of friendship: if he gives me room to think that he wishes—but what can he wish? He *ought* to be, he *must* be, Clementina's: and I will endeavour to make myself happy, if I can maintain the second place in his friendship: and when he offers me this, shall I, Lucy, be so *little* as to be displeased with the man who cannot be to me all that I had once hoped he could be?—No!—He shall be the same glorious creature in my eyes; I will admire his goodness of heart and greatness of mind; and I will think him entitled to my utmost gratitude for the protection he gave me from a man of violence, and for the kindness he has already shown me. Is not friendship the basis of my love? And does he not tender me *that?*

Nevertheless, at the time, do what I could, I found a tear ready to start. My heart was very untoward, Lucy; and I was guilty of a little female turn. When I found the twinkling of my eyes would not disperse the too ready drop,

and felt it stealing down my cheek, I wiped it off—The poor Emily, said I—*She* will be grieved at parting with you. Emily loves her guardian.

And I love my ward. I once had a thought, madam, of begging *your* protection of Emily: but as I have two sisters, I think she will be happy under their wings, and in the protection of my good Lord L——; and the rather, as I have no doubt of overcoming her unhappy mother, by making her husband's interest a guarantee for her tolerable, if not good, behaviour to her child.

I was glad to carry my thoughts out of myself, as I may say, and from my own concerns. We all, sir, said I, look upon Mr. Beauchamp as a future——

Husband for Emily, madam? interrupted he—it must not be at *my* motion. My friend shall be entitled to share with me my whole estate; but I will never seek to lead the choice of my WARD. Let Emily, some time hence, find out the husband she can be happy with; Beauchamp the wife he can love; Emily, if I can help it, shall not be the wife of any man's convenience. Beauchamp is nice, and I will be as nice for my WARD. And the more so, as I hope she herself wants not delicacy. There is a cruelty in persuasion, where the hearts rejects the person proposed, whether the urger be parent or guardian.

Lord bless me, thought I, what a man is this!

Do you expect Mr. Beauchamp soon, sir?

Every day, madam.

And is it possible, sir, that you can bring all these things to bear before you leave England, and go so soon?

I fear nothing but Charlotte's whimsies. Have you, madam, any reason to apprehend that she is averse to an alliance with Lord G——? His father and aunt are very importunate for an early celebration.

None at all, sir.

Then I shall depend much upon yours and Lord and Lady L——'s influence over her.

He besought my excuse for detaining my attention so long. Upon his motion to go, my two cousins came in. He took even a solemn leave of me, and a very respectful one of them.

I had kept up my spirits to their utmost stretch: I desired my cousins to excuse me for a few minutes: his departure from me was *too* solemn; and I hurried up to my closet, and after a few involuntary sobs, a flood of tears relieved me. I besought, on my knees, peace to the disturbed mind of the excellent Clementina, calmness and resignation to my own, and safety to Sir Charles. And then, drying my eyes at the glass, I went downstairs to my cousins; and on their inquiries (with looks of deep concern) after the occasion of my red eyes, I said, All is over! All is over! my dear cousins. I cannot blame him: he is all that is noble and good—I can say no more just now. The particulars you shall have from my pen.

I went upstairs to write: and except for one half hour at dinner, and another at tea, I stopt not until I had done.

And here, quite tired, uneasy, vexed with myself, yet hardly knowing why, I laid down my pen.—Take what I have written, my dear cousin Reeves: if you can read it, do; and then despatch it to my Lucy.

But on second thoughts I will show it to the two ladies and Lord L—— before it is sent away. They will be curious to know what passed in a conversation, where the critical circumstances both of us were in required a delicacy which I am not sure was so well observed on my side as on his.

I shall, I know, have their pity: but let nobody, who pities not the noble Clementina, show any for

HARRIET BYRON.

—o—

LETTER L.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Tuesday Night, April 4.

MISS GRANDISON came to me just as we had supped. She longed, she said, to see me; but was prevented coming before, and desired to know what had passed between her brother and me this morning. I gave her the letter which I had but a little while before concluded. He had owned, she said, that he had breakfasted with me; and spoke of me to her, and Lord and Lady L——, with an ardour that

gave them pleasure. She put my letter into her bosom, I *may*, I hope, Harriet—if you please, madam, said I.

If you please, madam, repeated she; and with that *do-lorous* accent too, my Harriet! My sister and I have been in tears this morning: Lord L—— had much ado to forbear. Sir Charles will soon leave us.

It can't be helped, Charlotte. Did you dine to-day in St. James's Square?

No, indeed!—My brother had a certain tribe with him, and the *woman* also. It is very difficult, I believe, Harriet, for good people to forbear doing sometimes *more* than goodness requires of them.

Could you not, Charlotte, have sat at table with them for one hour or two?

My brother did not ask me. He did not expect it. He gives everybody their choice, you know. He told me last night who were to dine with him to-day, and supposed I would choose to dine with Lady L——, or with *you*, he was so free as to say.

He did us an honour which you thought too great a one. But if he *had* asked you, Charlotte——

Then I should have bridled. Indeed, I asked him if he did not over-do it?

What was his answer?

Perhaps he might—But I, said he, may never see Mrs. Oldham again. I want to inform myself of her future intentions, with a view (*over-do* it again, Charlotte!) to make her easy and happy for life. Her children *are* in the world. I want to give her a credit that will make her remembered by them, as they grow up, with duty. I hope I am superior to forms. She is conscious. I can pity her. She is a gentlewoman; and entitled to a place at any man's table to whom she never was a servant. She never was mine.

And what, Miss Grandison, could you say in answer? asked I.

What!—Why I put up my lip.

Ungracious girl!

I can't help it. That may become a man to do in such cases as this that would not a woman.

Sir Charles want not *delicacy*, my dear, said I.

He must suppose that I should have sat swelling and been reserved: he was right not to ask me—So be quiet, Harriet—And yet perhaps you would be as tame to a husband's mistress as you seem favourable to a father's.

She then put on one of her arch looks——

The cases differ, Charlotte—But do you know what passed between the generous man and the mortified woman and her children: mortified as they *must* be by his goodness?

Yes, yes; I had curiosity enough to ask Dr. Bartlett about it all.

Pray, Charlotte——

Dr. Bartlett is favourable to everybody, sinners as well as saints.—He began with praising the modesty of her dress, the humility of her behaviour: he said that she trembled and looked down, till she was re-assured by Sir Charles. Such creatures have all their tricks, Harriet.

You, Charlotte, are not favourable to sinners, and hardly to saints. But pray proceed.

Why, he re-assured the woman, as I told you: and then proceeded to ask many questions of the elder Oldham—I pitied that young fellow—to have a mother in his eye, whose very tenderness to the young ones kept alive the sense of her guilt. And yet what would she have been, had she not been doubly tender to the innocents, who were born to shame from her fault? The young man acknowledged a military genius; and Sir Charles told him that he would, on his return from a journey he was going to take, consider whether he could not do him service in the way he chose. He gave him, it seems, a brief lecture on what he should aim to be, and what avoid, to qualify himself for a man of true honour; and spoke very handsomely of such gentlemen of the army as are real gentlemen. The young fellow, continued Miss Grandison, may look upon himself to be as good as provided for, since my brother never gives the most distant hope, that is not followed by absolute certainty, the first opportunity, not that *offers*, but which he can *make*.

He took great notice of the little boys. He dilated their hearts, and set them a prating; and was pleased with their prate. The doctor, who had never seen him before in the

company of children, applauded him for his vivacity, and condescending talk to them. The tenderest father in the world, he said, could not have behaved more tenderly, or showed himself more delighted with his own children, than he did with those brats of Mrs. Oldham.

Ah, Charlotte! And is it out of doubt that you are the daughter of Lady Grandison, and sister of Sir Charles Grandison?—Well, but I believe you are—Some children take after the father, some after the mother!—Forgive me, my dear.

But I won't. I have a great mind to quarrel with you, Harriet.

Pray don't; because I could neither help, nor can be sorry for, what I have said. But pray proceed.

Why, he made presents to the children. I don't know what they were; nor could the doctor tell me. I suppose very handsome ones; for he has the spirit of a prince. He inquired very particularly after the circumstances of the mother; and was more kind to her than many people would be to their own mothers.—*He* can account for this, I suppose—though *I* cannot. The woman, it is true, is of a good family, and so forth: but that enhances her crime. Natural-children abound in the present age. Keeping is fashionable. Good men should not countenance such wretches.—But my brother and you are charitable creatures!—With all my heart, child. Virtue, however, has at least as much to say on one side of the question as on the other.

When the poor children are in the world, as your brother said—when the poor women are penitents, *true* penitents—your brother's treatment of Mrs. Giffard was different. He is in both instances an imitator of the Almighty; an humbler of the impenitent, and an encourager of those who repent.

Well, well: he is undoubtedly a good sort of young man; and, Harriet, you are a good sort of young woman. Where much is given, much is required: but I have not given me such a large quantity of charity as either of you may boast: and how can I help it? But, however, the woman went away blessing and praising him; and that, the doctor says, more with her eyes, than she was able to do in words. The

elder youth departed in rapturous reverence: the children hung about *his* knees, on *theirs*. The doctor will have it, that it was without bidding—perhaps so—he raised them by turns to his arms, and kissed them. Why, Harriet, your eyes glisten, child. They would have run over, I suppose, had you been there! Is it that your heart is weakened with your present situation? I hope not. No, you are a good creature! And I see that the mention of a behaviour greatly generous, however slightly made, will have its force upon a heart so truly benevolent as yours. You *must* be Lady Grandison, my dear: *indeed* you must.—Well, but I must be gone. You dine with us to-morrow, my brother says.

He did ask me: and desired me to engage my cousins. But he repeated not the invitation when he went away.

He depends upon your coming: and so do we. He is to talk to me before you, it seems: I can't tell about what: but by his hurrying on everything, it is plain he is preparing to leave us.

He is, madam.

'He is, madam!' And with that dejected air, and mendicant voice—Speak up like a woman!—The sooner he sets out, if he *must* go, the sooner he will return. Come, come, Harriet, you *shall* be Lady Grandison still.—*Ah!* and that *sigh* too! These love-sick folks have a language that nobody else can talk to them in! and then she affectedly sighed—Is that right, Harriet?—She sighed again—No, it is not: I never knew what a sigh was, but when my father vexed my sister; and that was more for fear he should one day be as cruel to me, than for her sake. We can be very generous for others, Harriet, when we apprehend that one day we may want the same pity ourselves. Our best passions, my dear, have their mixtures of self-love.

You have drawn a picture of human nature, Charlotte, that I don't like.

It *is* a likeness for all that.

She arose, snatched my hand, hurried to the door—Be with us, Harriet, and cousin Reeves, and cousin Reeves, as soon as you can to-morrow. I want to talk to you, my

dear (to me), of a hundred thousand things before dinner. Remember we dine early.

Away she fluttered.—Happy Miss Grandison! What charming spirits she has!

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LETTER LI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Wednesday, April 5.

Miss Jervois came to me this morning by six; impatient, as she said, to communicate good news to me. I was in my closet writing. I could not sleep.

I have seen my mother, said she; and we are good friends. Was she ever unkind to me, madam?

Dear creature! said I, and clasped her to my bosom, you are a sweet girl! Oblige me with the particulars.

Let me, Lucy, give you, as near as I can recollect, the amiable young creature's words and actions on this occasion.

Sit down, my love, said I.—What! when I am talking of a reconciled mother! and to dear Miss Byron!—No, indeed.

She often held out one open hand, while the forefinger of the other, in full action, patted it; as at other times both were spread, with pretty wonder and delight: and thus she began—

Why, you must know, it was about six o'clock yesterday afternoon, that my mother and her husband, and Captain Salmonet, came. I was told of their visit but two hours before: and when the coach stopped, and I at the window saw them alight, I thought I should have fainted away. I would have given half I was worth in the world to have been a hundred miles off.

Dr. Bartlett was there, and received them. My guardian was unexpectedly engaged in answering a letter sent him by Lord W——, for which a gentleman waited: but they had not been there a quarter of an hour, when he entered and made apologies to them, in his usual gracious manner. Never, the doctor says, did anybody look so respectful as the major and the captain; and they would have made apologies to my guardian for their last behaviour to him, but he

would not let them. And my mother, the doctor says, from the very first, behaved prettily.

The moment she asked for me, my guardian himself condescended to come up to me, and took my hand—Was not that very good of him?—My dear, said he, as he led me down stairs (and spoke *so* kindly), don't tremble so: am I not with you?—Your mother is very calm and composed: you must ask her blessing. I shall ease your tender heart of every pang. I shall hint to you what to do, and how to behave to the gentlemen, as occasions arise.

He had no sooner said the words, but the drawing-room door gave way to his hand, and I was in the room with him.

Down on my knees dropt I—as I now do to you: but I could not speak. Thus I did. [And she kissed my hand, and bowed her face upon it.] And my mother raised me—*You* must raise me, madam—Yes, just so—And she kissed me *too*, and wept on my neck; and called me pretty names; and encouraged me, and said she loved me as she loved her own *soul*—And I *was* encouraged.

My guardian then, with the air and manner of a gracious prince, took my hand and presented it first to the major, then to the captain: and they each kissed my hand, and spoke in my praise I can't tell how many fine things.

Major, said my guardian, when he presented me to him, you must excuse the dear child's weakness of spirits: she wishes you all happiness on your nuptials: she has let me know that she is very desirous to do you service, for her mother's sake.

The major swore by his soul, that I was an angel!—Captain Salmonet said that, by his salvation, I was a charming young lady!

My mother wept.—Oh, sir! said she to my guardian: and dropping down in a chair by the window, not a word more could she speak.

I ran to her and clasped my arms about her. She wept the more: I wiped her eyes with her own handkerchief: I told her, it went to my heart to see her cry: I begged she would spare me *this* grief.

She clasped her arms then about me, and kissed my

cheek and my forehead. Oh, thought I, it is very good of you, my dear mother.

Then came my guardian to us, and he kindly took my mother's hand, and conducted her to the fireside; and he led me, and placed me by her, at the tea-table; and he made the major and the captain sit down by him: *so* much graciousness in his countenance. O madam! I shall be an idolater, I am afraid. And he said, Emily, my dear, you will make tea for us. My sister dined abroad, madam, to my mother. Yes, sir, I will, said I: and I was as lively as a bird.

But before the servants came in, Let me tell you, madam, said he, what Miss Jervois has proposed to me.—They were in silent expectation.

She has desired that you, major, will accept from her, for your mutual use, of an additional 100*l.* a year; which I shall order to be paid you quarterly, during Mrs. O'Hara's life, not doubting but you will make her as happy as it is in your power to make her.

My mother bowed, coloured with gratitude, and looked obliged.

And she begs of you, madam, turning to my mother, that you will accept, as from the *major*, another 100*l.* a year for pin-money, which he, or which *you*, madam, will draw upon me for; also quarterly, if you choose not to *trouble him* to do it: for this 100*l.* a year must be appropriated to your sole and separate use, madam; and not be subject to your control, Major O'Hara.

Good God! sir! said the major—What a wretch was I, the last time I was here!—There is no bearing of this!

He got up, and went to the window: and the Captain said, Blessed Jesu! and something else, which I could not mind; for I was weeping like a baby.

What, sir! said my mother, 400*l.* a year! Do you mean so?—I do, madam—And, sir, to be so generously paid me my 100*l.* of it, as if I received it not from my child, but from my husband!—Good God! how you overpower me, sir! What shame, what remorse do you strike into my heart!

And my poor mother's tears ran down as fast as mine.

O madam! said the dear girl to me, clasping her arms

about me, how your tender heart is touched!—It is well you were not there!

Dr. Bartlett came in to tea. My guardian would not permit Antony, who offered himself, to wait. Antony had been my own papa's servant, when my mother was not so good.

Nothing but blessings, nothing but looks and words of admiration and gratitude, passed all the tea-time. How their hearts rejoiced, I warrant!—Is it not a charming thing, madam, to make people's hearts glad?—To be sure it is! How many hearts has my guardian rejoiced! You must bid him be cross to me, or I shall not know what to do with myself!—But then, if he were, I should only get by myself and cry, and be angry with myself, and think *he* could not be to blame.

Oh my love! my Emily! said I, take care of your gratitude: that drew in your true friend.

Well, but how can it be helped, madam? Can a right heart be ungrateful?—Dr. Bartlett says, There is no such thing as true happiness in this life: and is it not better to be unhappy from good men and women, than from bad?—Dear madam, why *you* have often made me unhappy, because of your goodness to me; and because I knew that I neither could deserve nor return it.

The dear prater went on—My guardian called me aside, when tea was over: My Emily, said he [I do love he should call me *his* Emily!—But all the world is *his* Emily, I think], let me see what you will do with these two notes; giving me two bank-notes of 25*l.* each.—Present pin-money and cash may be wanted. We will suppose that your mother has been married a quarter of a year. Her pin-money and the additional annuity may commence from the 25th of December last. Let me, Emily, when they go away, see the graceful manner in which you will dispose of the notes: and from Mr. O'Hara's behaviour upon it, we shall observe whether he is a man with whom your mother, if it be not her own fault (now *you* have made it their interest to be kind to each other), may live well: but let the motion be all your own.

How *good* this was! I could have kissed the hand that

gave me the notes, if I thought it would not have looked too free.

I understand you, sir, said I.

And when they went away, pouring out their very hearts in grateful joy, I addressed myself to Mr. O'Hara. Sir, said I, it is proper that the payment of the additional annuity should have a commencement: let it be from Christmas last. Accept of the first payment from my own hands—and I gave him one 25*l.* note: and looking at my mother, with a look of duty, for fear he should mistake, and discredit himself in the eyes of the deepest discerner in the world, gave him the other.

He looked first upon one, then upon the other note, with surprise—And then bowing to the ground to me, and to my guardian, he stept to my mother and presented them both to her—You, madam, said he, must *speak:* I cannot as I ought. God send me with a whole heart out of this house! He hurried out; and when he was in the hall, wiped his eyes, and sobbed like a child, as one of the servants told my Anne.

My mother looked upon one note, as her husband had done, and upon the other; and lifting up her eyes, embraced me—And would have said something to my guardian; but he prevented her, by saying—Emily will be always dutiful to you, madam, and respectful to Mr. O'Hara: may you be happy together!

And he led her out—was ever such a condescension! He led her out to her husband, who, being a little recovered, was just about to give some money to the servant, who was retiring from the offer.—Nobody, said my guardian, graciously smiling, pays my servants but myself, Mr. O'Hara. They are good people, and *merit* my favour.

And he went to the very door with my mother. I could not. I ran back, crying for joy, into the drawing-room, when *they* went out of it. I could not bear myself. How could I, you know, madam?—Captain Salmonet all the time wiped his eyes, shrugged his shoulders, lifted up his hands, and cried out upon Jesu; and once or twice he crossed himself: but all the time my guardian looked and acted, as if those actions and praises were nothing to be proud of.

When he came in to me, I arose, and threw myself at his feet; but could only say, Thank you, sir, for your goodness to my mother. He raised me. He sat down by me: See, child (said he, and he took my hand: my heart was sensible of the favour, and throbbed with joy), what it is in the power of people of fortune to do. You have a great one. Now your mother is married, I have hopes of her. They will at least keep up appearances to each other, and to the world. They neither of them want sense. *You* have done an act of duty and benevolence both in one. The man who would grudge them this additional 200*l.* a year out of your fortune, to make your parent happy, shall not have my Emily—shall he?

Your Emily, your *happy* Emily, sir, has not, cannot have a heart that is worth notice, if it be not implicitly guided by you.—This I said, madam: and it is true.

And did he not, said I, clasp his Emily to his generous bosom when you said so?

No, Madam; that would have been too great an honour: but he called me, good child! and said, You shall never be put to pay me an *implicit* regard: your own reason (and he called me *child* again) shall always be the judge of my conduct to you, and direct your observances of my advice. Something like this he said; but in a better manner than I can say it.

He calls me oftener *child*, madam, than anything else, when we are alone together; and is not quite so free, I think, at such times, in his behaviour to me (yet is *vastly* gracious, I don't know how), as when we are in company—Why is that?—I am sure I equally respect *him* at one time as at another—Do you think, madam, there is anything in the observation? Is there any *reason* for it? I *do* love to study him, and to find out the meaning of his very looks, as well as words. Sir Charles Grandison's heart is the book of heaven—May I *not* study it?

Study it, my love, while you have an opportunity. But he will soon leave us: he will soon leave England.

So I fear: and I will love and pity the poor Clementina, whose heart is so much wounded and oppressed. But my guardian shall be nobody's but yours. I have prayed night

and day, the first thing, and the last thing, ever since I have heard of Lady Clementina, that you, and nobody but you, may be Lady Grandison: and I will continue my prayers.—But will you forgive me? I always conclude them with praying, that you will both consent to let the poor Emily live with you.

Sweet girl! The *poor* Emily, said she?—I embraced her and we mingled tears, both our hearts full, each for the other; and each perhaps for herself.

She hurried away. I resumed my pen—Run off what had passed almost as swift as thought. I quit it to prepare to attend my cousins to St. James's Square.

LETTER LII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Wednesday Night, April 5.

MISS GRANDISON, as I told you, took with her my letter of yesterday. As soon as my cousins Reeves and I entered Sir Charles's house, the two sisters conducted us into the drawing-room adjoining to the dining-parlour, and congratulated me on the high compliment their brother had made me, though in preference to themselves, and his communicativeness and tender behaviour to me. Lord L—— joined us; and he, having read the letter, congratulated me also—On what, Lucy?—Why on the *possibility*, that if the unhappy Clementina should die; or if she should be buried for life in a nunnery; or if she should be otherwise disposed of; why then, that your Harriet may have room given her to hope for a *civil* husband in Sir Charles Grandison, and *half* a heart: is not this the sum of these humbling congratulations?

Sir Charles, when we came, was in his study with Mr. Lowther, the surgeon, whom he had engaged to go abroad with him: but he just came out to welcome us; and then returned.—He had also with him two physicians, eminent for their knowledge in disorders of the head, to whom he had before communicated the case of the unhappy Clementina; and who brought to him in writing their opinions of

the manner in which she ought to be treated, according to the various symptoms of her disorder.

When he joined us, he told us this, and said very high things at the same time in praise of the English surgeons; and particularly of this gentleman: and added, that as nervous disorders were more frequent in England than in any country in the world, he was willing to hope that the English physicians were more skilful than those of any other country in the management of persons afflicted with such maladies: and as he was now invited over, he was determined to furnish himself with all the means he could think of that were likely to be useful in restoring and healing friends so dear to him.

Miss Grandison told him that we were all in some apprehensions, on his going to Italy, of that fierce and wrong-headed man the general. Miss Byron, said she, has told us that Mrs Beaumont advises not your going over.

The young Marquis della Porretta, said he, is hasty; but he is a gallant man, and loves his sister. His grief on the unhappy situation they are in, demands allowances. It is natural in a heavy calamity to look out of ourselves for the occasion. I have not any apprehensions from him, or from anybody else. The call upon me is a proper one. The issue must be left where it ought to be left. if my visit will give comfort to any *one* of the family, I shall be rewarded: if to *more* than one, happy—and whatever be the event, shall be easier in myself than I could be, were I not to comply with the request of the bishop, were *he* only to have made it.

Lord L—— asked Sir Charles whether he had fixed the day of his setting out?

I have, said he, within this half hour. Mr. Lowther has told me that he shall be ready by the beginning of next week; and on Saturday se'nnight I hope to be at Dover on my way.

We looked upon one another. Miss Grandison told me afterwards that my colour went and came several times, and that she was afraid for me. My heart was *indeed* a little affected. I believe I must not think of taking leave of him when he sets out. Ah, Lucy! Nine days hence!—

Yet, in less than nine days after that, I shall be embraced by the tenderest relations that ever creature had to boast of.

Sir Charles taking his sister aside, I want, said he, to say a few words to you, Charlotte. They were about half an hour together; and then returning, I am encouraged to think, said he, that Charlotte will give her hand to Lord G——. She is a woman of honour, and her heart must therefore go with it.—I have a request to make to her, before all you, our common friends—The Earl of G——, Lady Gertrude, Lord G——, all join in one suit: it is, that I may be allowed to give my sister to Lord G—— before I leave England.

I have told you, brother, that it is impossible, if you go away in nine or ten days' time.

Sir Charles particularly requested my influence. I could have no doubt, I said, but Miss Grandison would oblige her brother.

She vehemently opposed so early a day.

In a most affectionate manner, yet with an air of seriousness, he urged his request. He said, that it was very proper for him to make some dispositions of his affairs before he went abroad. He should leave England with much more pleasure, if he saw his Charlotte the wife of a man so worthy as Lord G——: Lord G——, said he, adores you: You *intended* to be his: resolve to oblige your brother, who, though he cannot be happy himself, wishes to see you so.

O Sir Charles! said she, you ruin me by your solemnity, and by your goodness.

The subject is not a light one. I am greatly in earnest, Charlotte. I have many affairs on my hands. My heart is in this company: yet my engagements will permit me but few opportunities to enjoy it between this and Tuesday next. If you deny me now, I must acquiesce: if you have more than punctilio to plead, say you have; and I will not urge you further.

And so this is the last time of asking, sir?—A little archly—

Not the last time of my Lord G——'s, but of mine—But I will not allow you now to answer me lightly. If

you can name a day before Tuesday, you will greatly oblige me. I will leave you to consider of it. And he withdrew.

Every one then urged her to oblige her brother. Lady L—— very particularly. She told her, that he was *entitled* to her compliance; and that he had spoken to *her* on this subject in a still more earnest manner. She should hardly be able to excuse her, she said, if the serious hint he had given about settling his affairs before he went abroad, had not weight with her. You know, Charlotte, continued she, that he can have no motive but your good; and you have told me that you intend to have Lord G——; and that you esteem his father, his aunt, and every one of his family, whom you have seen; and they are highly pleased with you. Settlements are already drawn: that my brother told you last night. Nothing is wanting but your day.

I wish he was in half the hurry to be married himself.

So he would be, I daresay, Charlotte, if marriage were as much in his power as it is in yours.

What a deuce, to be married to a man in a week's time, with whom I have quarrelled every day for a fortnight past! —Pride and petulance must go down by degrees, sister. A month, at least, is necessary, to bring my features to such a placidness with him, as to allow him to smile in my face.

Your brother has hinted, Charlotte, said I, that he loves you for your vivacity; and should still more, if you consulted *time* and *occasion*.

He has withdrawn, sister, said Lord L——, with a resolution, if you deny him, to urge you no further.

I *hate* his peremptoriness.

Has he not told you, Charlotte, said I, and that in a manner so serious as to affect everybody, that there is a kind of necessity for it?

I don't love this Clementina, Harriet: all this is owing to her.

Just then a rapping at the door signified visitors; and Emily ran in—Lord G——, the Earl, and Lady Gertrude, believe me!

Miss Grandison changed colour. A contrivance of my brother's!—Ah, Lord! Now shall I be beset!—I will be sullen, that I may not be saucy.

Sullen you can't be, Charlotte, said Lady L——: but *saucy* you can. Remember, however, my brother's earnestness, and spare Lord G—— before his father and aunt, or you will give me, and everybody, pain.

How can I? Our last quarrel is not made up: but advise him not to be either impertinent or secure.

Immediately entered Sir Charles, introducing the Earl and Lady Gertrude. After the first compliments, Pray Sir Charles, said Miss Grandison, drawing him aside towards me, and whispering, Tell me truly: did not you know of this visit?

I *invited* them, Charlotte, whispered he. I meant not, however, to surprise you. If you comply, you will give me great pleasure: if you do not, I will not be *dis*-pleased with my sister.

What *can* I do? Either be less good to me, sir, or less hurrying.

You have sacrificed enough to female punctilio, Charlotte. Lord G—— has been a zealous courtier. You have no doubt of the ardour of his passion, nor of your own power. Leave the day to me. Let it be Tuesday next.

Good Heaven! I can't bear you, after such a—— and she gasped, as if for breath; and he turning from her to me, she went to Lady Gertrude, who, rising, took her hand, and withdrew with her into the next room.

They stayed out till they were told dinner was served: and when they returned, I thought I never saw Miss Grandison look so lovely. A charming flush had overspread her cheeks: a sweet consciousness in her eyes gave a *female* grace to her whole aspect, and softened, as I may say, the natural majesty of her fine features.

Lord G—— looked delighted, as if his heart were filled with happy presages. The Earl seemed no less pleased.

Miss Grandison was unusually thoughtful all dinner-time. She gave me great joy to see her so, in the hope, that when the lover becomes the husband, the over-lively mistress will be sunk in the obliging wife—And yet, now and then, as the joy in my lord's heart overflowed at his lips, I could observe *that* archness rising to her eye, that makes one both love and fear her.

After dinner, the Earl of G—— and Lady Gertrude desired a conference with Sir Charles and Lady L——. They were not long absent, when Sir Charles came in, and carried out Miss Grandison to them. Lord G——'s complexion varied often.

Sir Charles left them together, and joined us. We were standing; and he singled me out—I hope, madam, said he, that Charlotte may be prevailed upon for Tuesday next: But I will not urge it further.

I thought he was framing himself to say something particular to me, when Lady L—— came in, and desired him and me to step to her sister, who had retired from the Earl and Lady Gertrude by consent.

Ah, my Harriet! said she, pity me, my dear!—Debasement is the child of pride!—Then turning to Sir Charles, I acknowledge myself overcome, said she, by your earnestness, as you are so soon to leave us, and by the importunities of the Earl of G——, Lady Gertrude, and my sister—Unprepared in mind, in clothes, I am resolved to oblige the best of brothers. Do you, sir, dispose of me as you think fit.

My sister consents, sir, said Lady L——, for next Tuesday.

Cheerfully, I hope. If Charlotte balances whether, if she took more time, she should have Lord G—— at all, let her take it. Lord L——, in my absence, will be to her all that I wish to be, when she shall determine.

I balanced *not*, sir: But I thought to have had a month's time, at least, to look about me; and having treated Lord G—— too flippantly, to give him by degrees some fairer prospects of happiness with me, than hitherto he has had.

Sir Charles embraced her. She was all his sister, he said. Let the alteration *now* begin. Lord G—— would rejoice in it, and consider all that had passed, as trials only of his love for her. The obliging wife would banish from his remembrance the petulant mistress. And now allow me, my dear sister, to present you to the Earl and Lady Gertrude.

He led her into them. Lady L—— took my hand, and led me in also.—Charlotte, my lord, yields to yours and Lady Gertrude's importunities. Next Tuesday will give the two families a near and tender relation to each other.

The earl saluted her in a very affectionate manner: so did Lady Gertrude; who afterwards ran out for her nephew: and, leading him in, presented him to Miss Grandison.

She had just time to whisper me, as he approached her: Ah, Harriet! now comes the worst part of the show.—He kneeled on one knee, kissed her hand: but was too much overjoyed to speak; for Lady Gertrude had told him, as she led him in, that Tuesday was to be his happy day.

It is impossible, Lucy, but Sir Charles Grandison must carry every point he sets his heart upon. When he shall appear before the family of Porretta in Italy, *who* will be able to withstand him?—Is not his consequence doubled, *more* than doubled, since he was with them? The man whose *absence* they wished for, they now *invite* to come among them. They have tried every experiment to restore their Clementina. He has a noble estate now in possession. The fame of his goodness is gone out to distant countries. Oh, my dear! all opposition must fly before him. And if it be the will of Heaven to restore Clementina, all her friends must concur in giving her to him upon the terms he has proposed: and from which, having *himself* proposed them, Sir Charles Grandison cannot recede.

His heart, it is evident, is at Bologna. Well, and so it *ought* to be. And yet I could not forbear being sensibly touched by the following words, which I overheard him say to Lord L——, in answer to something my lord said to him:

'I am impatient to be abroad. Had I not waited for Mr. 'Lowther, the last letters I received from Italy should have 'been answered in person.'

But as honour, compassion, love, *friendship* (still nobler than love!) have demands upon him, let him obey the call. He has set me high in his esteem. Let me be worthy of his friendship. Pangs I shall occasionally feel; but who, that values one person above the rest of the world, does not?

Sir Charles, as we sat at tea, mentioned his cousin Grandison to Lord L——: It is strange, my lord, said he, that we hear nothing of our cousin Everard, since he was seen at White's. But whenever he *emerges*, Charlotte, if I am absent, receive him without reproaches: yet I should be glad

that he could have rejoiced with us. Must I leave England, and not see him?

It has been, it seems, the way of this unhappy man, to shut himself up with some woman in private lodgings, for fear his cousin should find him out; and in two or three months, when he has been tired of his wicked companion, *emerge*, as Sir Charles called it, to notice, and then seek for his cousin's favour and company, and live for as many more months in a state of contrition. And Sir Charles, in his great charity, believes that, till some new temptation arises, he is in earnest in his penitence; and hopes, that in time he will see his errors.

O Lucy! What a poor, creeping, mean wretch is a libertine, when one looks *down* upon him, and *up* to such a glorious creature as Sir Charles Grandison!

Sir Charles was led to talk of his engagement for to-morrow, on the triple marriage in the Danby family. We all gave him joy of the happy success that had rewarded his beneficent spirit, with regard to that family. He gave us the characters of the three couples greatly to their advantage, and praised the families on both sides, which were to be so closely united on the morrow; not forgetting to mention kindly *honest* Mr. Silvester the attorney.

He told us, that he should set out on Friday early for Windsor, in order to attend Lord W—— in his first visit to Mansfield House. You, Lady L——, will have the trouble given you, said he, of causing to be new-set the jewels of the late Lady W——, for a present to the future bride. My lord shewed them to me (among a great number of other valuable trinkets of his late wife's) in my last return from the Hall. They are rich, and will do credit to his quality. You, my Lord L——, you, my sisters, will be charmed with your new aunt, and her whole family. I have joy on the happiness in prospect that will gild the latter days of my mother's brother; and at the same time be a means of freeing from oppression an ancient and worthy family.

Tears were in every eye. There *now*, thought I, sits this princely man, rejoicing every one that sees him and hears him speak: But *where* will he be nine days hence? And *whose* this day twelvemonth?

He talked with particular pleasure of the expected arrival of his Beauchamp. He pleased himself, that he should leave behind him a man who would delight everybody, and supply to his friends *his* absence.—What a character did he give, and Dr. Bartlett confirm, of that amiable friend of his!

How did the Earl and Lady Gertrude dwell upon all he said! They prided themselves on the relation they were likely so soon to stand in to so valuable a man.

In your last letter, you tell me, Lucy, that Mr. Greville has the confidence to throw out menaces against this excellent man—Sorry wretch!—How my heart rises against him!—He—But no more of such an earth-born creature.

—o—

LETTER LIII.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Thursday Morning, April 6.

MISS GRANDISON, accompanied by Miss Jervois, has just left us. Lady L—— has undertaken, she says, to set all hands at work, to have things in tolerable order, early as the day is, for Tuesday next. Miss Grandison (would you believe it?) owns, that she wants *spirits* to order anything. What must be the solemnity of that circumstance, when near, that shall make Charlotte Grandison want spirits?

She withdrew with me to my apartment. She threw herself into a chair: 'Tis a folly to deny it, Harriet, but I am very low, and very silly: I don't like next Tuesday, by any means.

Is your objection only to the day, my dear?

I do not like the man.

Is there any man whom you like better?

I can't say that neither. But this brother of mine makes me think contemptibly of all other men. I would compound for a man but half so good—Tender, kind, humane, polite, and even cheerful in affliction!—O Harriet! where is there such another man?

Nowhere.—But you don't by marriage lose; on the contrary, you further engage and secure the affection of this brother. You will have a good-natured worthy man for

your husband, a man who loves you; and you will have your brother besides.

Do you think I can be happy with Lord G——?

I am sure you may, if it be not your own fault.

That's the thing: I may, perhaps, bear with the man; but I cannot honour him.

Then don't *vow* to honour him. Don't meet him at the altar.

Yet I must. But I believe I *think* too much: and consideration is no friend to wedlock.—Would to Heaven that the same hour that my hand and Lord G——'s were joined, yours and my brother's were also united!

Ah, Miss Grandison! if you love me, try to wean me; and not to encourage hopes of what never, never can be.

Dear creature! You will be greater than Clementina, and that is greater than the greatest, if you can conquer a passion which overturned her reason.

Do not, my Charlotte, make comparisons in which the conscience of your Harriet tells her she must be a sufferer. There is no occasion for me to despise myself, in order to hold myself inferior to Clementina.

Well, you are a noble creature!—But, the approaching Tuesday—I cannot *bear* to think of it.

Dear Charlotte!

And dear Harriet too!—But the officiousness, the assiduities of this trifling man, are disgustful to me.

You don't hate him?——

Hate him—true—I don't *hate* him—but I have been so much accustomed to treat him like a fool, that I can't help thinking him one. He should not have been so tame to such a spirit as mine. He should have been angry when I played upon him. I have got a knack of it, and shall never leave it off, that's certain.

Then I hope he *will* be angry with you. I hope that he *will* resent your ill treatment of him.

Too late, too late to begin, Harriet. I won't take it of him now. He has never let me see that his face can become two sorts of features. The poor man can look sorrowful; that I know full well: but I shall always laugh when he attempts to look angry.

You *know* better, Charlotte. You may give him so much cause for anger, that you may make it habitual to him, and then would be glad to see him pleased. Men have a hundred ways, that women have not, to divert themselves abroad, when they cannot be happy at home. This I have heard observed by——

By your grandmother, Harriet? Good old lady! In *her* reign it might be so; but you will find that women now have as many ways to divert themselves abroad as the men. Have you not observed this yourself in one of your letters to Lucy? Ah, my dear! we can every hour in the twenty-four be up with our monarchs, if they are undutiful.

But Charlotte Grandison will not, cannot——

Why, that's true, my dear—but I shall not *then* be a Grandison. Yet the man will have some security from my brother's goodness. He is not only good himself, but he makes every one related to him, either for fear or shame, good likewise. But I think that when one week or fortnight is happily over and my spirits are got up again from the depression into which this abominable hurry puts them, I could fall upon some inventions that would make every one laugh, except the person who might take it into his head that he may be a sufferer by them: and who can *laugh*, and be *angry*, in the same moment?

You should not marry, Charlotte, till this wicked vein of humour and raillery is stopt.

I hope it will hold me till fifty.

Don't say so, Charlotte—say rather that you hope it will hold you so long only as it may be thought innocent or inoffensive, by the man whom it will be your duty to oblige; and so long as it will bring no discredit to yourself.

Your servant, Goody Gravity!—But what *must* be, must. The man is bound to see it. It will be all his own seeking. He will sin with his eyes open. I think he has seen enough of me to take warning. All that I am concerned about, is for the next week or fortnight. He will be king all that time,—yet, perhaps, not *quite* all neither. And I shall be his sovereign ever after, or I am mistaken. What a deuce, shall a woman marry a man of talents not superior to her own, and forget to reward herself for her condescension?—

But, high-ho!—There's a sigh, Harriet. Were I at home, I would either sing you a song, or play you a tune, in order to raise my own heart.

She besought me then, with great earnestness, to give her my company till the day arrived, and *on* the day. You see, said she, that my brother has engagements till Monday. Dear creature! support, comfort me—don't you see my heart beat through my stays?—If you love me, come to me to-morrow to breakfast; and leave me not for the whole time—are you not my sister, and the friend of my heart? I will give you a month for it, upon demand. Come, let us go down; I will ask the consent of both your cousins.

She did: and they, with their usual goodness to me, cheerfully complied.

Sir Charles set out this morning to attend the triple marriages; dressed charmingly, his sister says. I have made Miss Grandison promise to give me an account of such particulars, as, by the help of Saunders, and Sir Charles's own relation, she can pick up. All we single girls, I believe, are pretty attentive to such subjects as these; as what one day may be our own concern.

—o—

LETTER LIV.

Miss Grandison to Miss Byron.

Thursday Night.

UNREASONABLE, wicked, cruel Byron! To expect a poor creature, so near her execution, to write an account of other people's behaviour in the same tremendous circumstances! The matrimonial noose has hung over my head for some time past; and now it is actually fitted to my devoted neck. —Almost chocked, my dear!—This moment done hearing read, the firsts, seconds, thirds, fourths, to near a dozen of them—Lord be merciful to us!—And the villanous lawyer rearing up to me his spectacled nose, as if to see how I bore it! Lord G—— insulting me, as I thought, by his odious leers: Lady Gertrude simpering; little Emily ready to bless herself—how will the dear Harriet bear these abominable

recitatives?—But I am now up stairs from them all, in order to recover my breath, and obey my Byron.

Well, but what am I now to say about the Danbys? Saunders has made his report; Sir Charles has told us some things: yet I will only give you heads: make out the rest.

In the first place, my brother went to Mrs. Harrington's: (Miss Danby's aunt:) *she* did everything but worship him. She had with her two young ladies, relations of her late husband, dainty damsels of the city, who had procured themselves to be invited, that they might see the man, whom they called, a wonder of generosity and goodness. Richard heard one of them say to the other, Ah, sister, this is a king of a man! What pity there are not many such! But, Harriet, if there were a hundred of them, we would not let one of them go into the city for a wife; would we, my dear?

Sir Charles praised Miss Danby. She was full of gratitude; and of humility, I suppose. Meek, modest, and humble, are qualities in which men are mighty fond in women. But matrimony, and a sense of obligation, are equally great humblers even of spirits prouder than that of Miss Danby; as your poor Charlotte can testify.

The young gentlemen, with the rest, were to meet Sir Charles, the bride, and these ladies, at St. Helen's, I think the church is called.

As if wedlock were an honour, the Danby girl, in respect to Sir Charles, was to be first yoked. He gave her away to the son Galliard. The father Galliard gave his daughter to Edward Danby: but first Mr. Hervey gave his niece to the elder.

One of the brides, I forget which, fainted away; another half fainted—Saved by timely salts: the third, poor soul, wept heartily—as I suppose I shall do on Tuesday.

Never, surely, was there such a matrimony promoter as my brother. God give me soon my revenge upon him in the same way!

The procession afterwards was triumphant—Six coaches, four silly souls in each; and to Mr. Poussin's, at Enfield, they all drove. There they found another large company.

My brother was all cheerfulness; and both men and

women seemed to contend for his notice: but they were much disappointed at finding he meant to leave them early in the evening.

One married lady, the wife of Sir —— somebody (I am very bad at remembering the names of city knights), was resolved, she said, since they could not have Sir Charles to open the ball, to have one dance before dinner with the handsomest man in England. The music was accordingly called in; and he made no scruple to oblige the company on a day so happy.

Do you know, Harriet, that Sir Charles is supposed to be one of the finest dancers in England? Remember, my dear, that on Tuesday—[Lord help me! I shall then be stupid, and remember nothing]—you take him out yourself: and then you will judge for yourself of his excellence in this science—May we not call dancing a science? If we judge by the *few*, who perform gracefully in it, I am sure we may; and a difficult one too.

Oh!—And remember, Harriet, that you get somebody to call upon him to sing—*You* shall play—I believe I shall forget, in that only agreeable moment of the day (for you have a sweet finger, my love), that I am the principal fool in the play of the evening.

O Harriet!—how *can I*, in the circumstances I am in, write any more about the soft souls, and silly? Come to me by day-dawn, and leave me not till—I don't know when. Come, and take my part, my dear: I shall hate this man: he does nothing but hop, skip, and dance about me, grin, and make mouths; and everybody upholds him in it.

Must this (I hope not!) be the last time that I write myself to you CHARLOTTE GRANDISON.

—o—

LETTER LV.

Miss Byron to Miss Selby.

St. James's Square, Friday Morning, April 7.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON set out early this morning for Lord W——'s, in his way to Lady Mansfield's. I am here with this whimsical Charlotte.

Lady L——, Miss Jervois, myself, and every female of the family, or who do business for both sisters out of it, are busy in some way or other, preparatory to the approaching Tuesday.

Miss Grandison is the only idle person. I tell her, she is affectedly so.

The earl has presented her, in his son's name, with some very rich trinkets. Very valuable jewels are also bespoke by Lord G——, who takes Lady L——'s advice in everything; as one well read in the fashions. New equipages are bespoke; and gay ones they will be.

Miss Grandison confounded me this morning by an instance of her generosity. She was extremely urgent with me to accept, as her third sister, of her share of her mother's jewels. You may believe that I absolutely refused such a present. I was angry with her; and told her, she had but one way of making it up with me; and that was, that since she would be so completely set out from her lord, she would unite the two halves, by presenting hers to Lady L——, who had refused jewels from her lord on her marriage; and who then would make an appearance, occasionally, as brilliant as her own.

She was pleased with the hint; and has actually given them (unknown to anybody but me) to her jeweller; who is to dispose them in such figures, as shall answer those she herself is to have, which Lady L—— has not. And by this contrivance, which will make them in a manner useless to herself, she thinks she shall oblige her sister, however reluctant, to accept of them.

Lady Gertrude is also preparing some fine present for her niece elect: but neither the delighted approbation of the family she is entering into, nor the satisfaction expressed by her own friends, give the perverse Charlotte any visible joy, nor procure for Lord G—— the distinction which she ought to think of beginning to pay him. But, for his part, never was man so happy. He would, however, perhaps, fare better from her, if he could be more moderate in the outward expression of his joy; which she has taken it into her head to call an insult upon her.

She does not, however, give the scope she did before the

day was fixed, to her playful captiousness. She is not quite so arch as she was. Thoughtfulness, and a seeming carelessness of what we are all employed in, appear in her countenance. She saunters about, and affects to be diverted by her harpsichord only. What a whimsical thing is Charlotte Grandison! But still she keeps Lord G—— at distance. I told her, an hour ago, that she knows not how to condescend to him with that grace which is so natural to her in her whole behaviour to everybody else.

I have been talking to Dr. Bartlett, about Sir Charles's journey to Italy. Nobody knows, he says, what a bleeding heart is covered by a countenance so benign and cheerful. Sir Charles Grandison, said he, has a prudence beyond that of most young men; but he has great sensibilities.

I take it for granted, sir, said I, that he will for the future be more an Italian than Englishman.

Impossible, madam! A *prudent* youth, by travelling, reaps this advantage—From what he sees of other countries, he learns to prefer his own. An *imprudent* one the contrary. Sir Charles's country is endeared to him by his long absence from it. Italy, in particular, is called the garden of Europe; but it is rather to be valued for what it *was*, and *might be*, than what *it is*. I need not tell a lady, who has read and conversed as you have done, to what that incomparable difference is owing. Sir Charles Grandison is greatly sensible of it. He loves his country with the judgment of a wise man; and wants not the partiality of a patriot.

But, doctor, he has offered, you know, to reside—There I stopt.

True, madam—And he will not recede from his offers, if they are claimed. But this uncertainty it is that disturbs him.

I pity my patron, proceeded he. I have often told you he is not happy. What has indiscretion to expect, when discretion has so much to suffer? His only consolation is, that he has nothing to reproach himself with. Inevitable evils he bears as a man should. He makes no ostentation of his piety: but, madam, Sir Charles Grandison is a CHRISTIAN.

You need not, sir, say more to me to exalt him: and, let

me add, that I have no small pleasure in knowing that Clementina is a lady of strict piety, though a Roman Catholic.

And let me assure you, madam, that Sir Charles's regard for Miss Byron (his *more* than regard for her, why should I not say? since everybody sees it) is founded upon her piety, and upon the amiable qualities of her mind. Beauty, madam, is an accidental and transient good. No man better knows how to distinguish between *admiration* and *love* than my patron. His virtue is virtue upon *full proof*, and against sensibilities, that it is heroic to overcome. Lady Olivia knows this: and here I must acknowledge myself a debtor to you for three articles out of your ten. I hope soon to discharge the obligation.

Your own time, doctor: but I *must* say, that whenever you give me Lady Olivia's story, I shall be pained, if I find that a Clementina is considered by a beauty of an *unhappier* turn, as *her* rival in the love of Sir Charles Grandison.

Lady Olivia, madam, *admires* him for his virtues; but she cannot, as *he* has made it his study to do, divide *admiration* from *love*. What offers has she not refused?—But she declares, that she had rather be the *friend* of Sir Charles Grandison, than the wife of the greatest prince on earth.

This struck me: Have not *I* said something like it? But surely with innocence of heart. But here the doctor suggests, that Olivia has put his virtue to the proof: Yet I hope not.

The FRIEND, Dr. Bartlett!—I hope that no woman, who is not quite given up to dishonour, will pollute the sacred word, by affixing ideas to it, that cannot be connected with it. A *friend* is one of the highest characters that one human creature can shine in to another. There may be *love*, that though it has no view but to honour, yet, even in wedlock, ripens not into friendship. How poor are all such attachments! How much beneath the exalted notion I have of that noblest, that most delicate union of souls! You wonder at me, Dr. Bartlett. Let me repeat to you, sir (I have it by heart), Sir Charles Grandison's tender of friendship to the poor Harriet Byron, which has given me such exalted ideas of this disinterested passion; but you must not take notice that I have. I repeated those words, beginning,

'My heart demands alliance with hers'—and ending with these—'So long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments.' *

The doctor was silent for a few moments. At last, What a delicacy is there in the mind of this excellent man! Yet how consistent with the exactest truth! The friendship he offers you, madam, is *indeed* friendship. What you have repeated can want no explanation: yet it is expressive of his uncertain situation. It is——

He stopt of a sudden.

Pray, doctor, proceed: I love to hear you talk.

My *good* young lady!—I may say too much. Sir Charles, in these nice points, must be left to himself. It is impossible for anybody to express his thoughts as *he* can express them. But let me say, that he justly, as well as greatly, admires Miss Byron.

My heart rose against itself. Bold Harriet, thought I, how darest thou thus urge a good man to say more than he has a mind to say of the secrets of a friend, which are committed to his keeping? Content thyself with the *hopes*, that the worthiest man in the world would wish to call thee his, were it not for an invincible obstacle. And noble, thrice noble Clementina, be thine the preference even in the heart of Harriet Byron, because justice gives it to thee; for, Harriet, hast thou not been taught to prefer right and justice to every other consideration? And, wouldst thou abhor the thought of a common theft, yet steal a heart that is the property, and that by the dearest purchase, of another?

—o—

LETTER LVI.

Miss Byron.—In continuation.

Friday Evening.

We have had a great debate about the place in which the nuptial ceremony is to be performed.

Charlotte, the perverse Charlotte, insisted upon not going to church.

Lord G—— dared not to give his opinion; though his

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father and Lady Gertrude, as well as every other person, were against her.

Lord L—— said, that if fine ladies thought so slightly of the office, as that it might be performed anywhere, it would be no wonder if fine gentlemen thought still more slightly of the obligation it laid them under.

Being appealed to, I said, that I thought of marriage as one of the most solemn acts of a woman's life.

And if of a woman's, of a *man's*, surely, interrupted Lady L——. If your whimsey, Charlotte, added she, arises from modesty, you reflect upon your sister; and, what is worse, upon your mother.

Charlotte put up her pretty lip, and was unconvinced.

Lady Gertrude laid a heavy hand upon the affectation; yet admires her niece-elect. She distinguished between chamber vows and church-vows. She mentioned the word *decency*. She spoke plainer, on Charlotte's unfeeling perverseness. If a bride meant a compliment by it to the bridegroom, that was another thing; but then let her declare as much; and that she was in a hurry to oblige him.

Charlotte attempted to kill her by a look—She gave a worse to Lord G——. And why, whispered she to him, as he sat next her, must thou shew all thy teeth, man?—As Lady Gertrude meant to shame her, I thought I could as soon forgive that lady, as her who was the occasion of the freedom of speech.

But still she was perverse: she would not be married at all, she said, if she were not complied with.

I whispered her, as I sat on the other side of her, I wish, Charlotte, the knot were tied: till then, you will not do even right things, but in a wrong manner.

Dr. Bartlett was not present: he was making a kind visit to my cousins Reeves. When he came in, the debate was referred to him. He entered into it with her, with so much modesty, good sense, propriety, and steadiness, that at last the perverse creature gave way: but hardly would neither, had he not assured her, that her brother would be entirely against her; and that he himself must be excused performing the sacred office but in a sacred place. She has set her heart on the doctor's marrying her.

The Earl of G—— and Lady Gertrude, as also Lord and Lady L——, went away, not dissatisfied with Charlotte's compliance: she is the most ungraciously graceful young woman I ever knew in her compliances. But Lord G—— was to pay for all: she and I got together in the study: in bolted Lord G——, perhaps with *too* little ceremony. She coloured—Hey-day, sir! who expected you? His countenance immediately fell. He withdrew precipitately. Fie, Charlotte! said I; recollect yourself—and rising, stept to the door, My lord—calling after him.

He came back, but in a little ferment—I hoped, I hoped, madam, as you were not in your own apartment, that I might, that I might have been——

Wherever ladies are by themselves, it is a lady's apartment, my lord, said she, with a haughtiness that sat better on *her* features, than they would upon almost any other woman's.

He looked as if he knew not whether he should stay or go. Sit down, my lord, said I; we are not particularly engaged. He came nearer, his hat under his arm, bowing to her, who sat as stately as a princess on her throne: but yet looked disobliged. You give yourself pretty airs, my lord—don't you?

Pretty airs, madam!—Pretty airs!—By my soul, I think, madam—And with such a glow on your face, madam—Taking his laced hat from under his arm, and, with an earnest motion, swinging it backward and forward, as unknowing what he did——

What, sir, am I to be buffetted, sir?——

He put his hat under his arm again—*Buffetted*, madam!—Would to Heaven——

What has Heaven to do with your odd ways, Lord G——?

I beg pardon for intruding, madam—but I thought——

That you had a privilege, sir—But marriage itself, sir, shall not give you a privilege to break into my retirements. You *thought*, sir—You could *not think*—So much the worse if you did——

If I have really offended—I will be more circumspect for the future—I beg pardon, madam—Miss Byron, I hope will forgive me too.

He was going, in great discomposure, and with an air of angry humility.

Charlotte, whispered I, don't be silly——

Come, come, now *you* have broke in upon us, you may stay—But another time, when you know me to be retired with a friend so dear to me, let it enter into your head, that no third person, unsent for, can be welcome.

Poor man!—How he loves her!—His countenance changed at once to the humble placid: he looked as if he had rather be in fault than she.

Oh! how *little* did she make him look!

But he has often, as well as in this instance, let her see her power over him. I am afraid she will use it. I now see it is and will be his misfortune, that she can vex him without being vexed herself: and what may he expect, who can be treated with feigned displeasure, which, while it seems to be in earnest to him, will be a jest to his wife?

I was very angry with her, when we were alone; and told her, that she would be an enemy, I was afraid, of her own happiness. But she only laughed at me: Happiness, my dear! said she: *that* only is happiness which we think so. If I can be as happy in my way, as you can be in yours, shall I not pursue it? Your happiness, child, is in the still life, I love not a dead calm: now a tempest, now a refreshing breeze, I shall know how to enjoy the difference—My brother will not be here to turn jest into earnest; as might, perhaps, be the effect of his mediation—But, heigh-ho, Harriet! that the first week were over, and I had got into my throne!

She ended with an Italian air, contrasted with another heigh-ho; and left me for a few moments.

Poor Lord G——! said I, looking after her.

She returned soon. *Poor Lord G——!* repeated she: those were the piteous words you threw after me—But if I should provoke him, do you think he would not give me a cuff, or so?—You know he can't return joke for joke; and he must revenge himself some way—If that should be the case, *Poor Charlotte,* I hope you would say——

Not if you deserved it.

Deserve a *cuff,* Harriet!—Well, but I am afraid I shall.

Remember next Tuesday, Charlotte!—You must vow

obedience—Will you break your vow?—This is not a jesting matter.

True, Harriet. And that it is *not*, was, perhaps, one of the reasons that made me disinclined to go to so solemn a place as the church with Lord G——. Don't you think it one with those who insist upon being married in their own chamber?

I believe great people, said I, think they must not do right things in the common way: that seems to me to be one of their fantastic reasons: but the vow is the vow, Charlotte: God is everywhere.

Now you are so serious, Harriet, it is time to have done with the subject.

I HAVE no sleep in my eyes; and must go on. What keeps me more wakeful is, my real concern for this naughty Miss Grandison, and my pity for Lord G——; for the instance I have given you of her petulance is nothing to what I have seen: but I thought, so near the day, she would have changed her behaviour to him. Surely, the situation her brother is in, without any fault of his own, might convince her that she need not go out of her path to pick up subjects for unhappiness.

Such a kittenish disposition in her, I called it; for it is not so much the love of power that predominates in her mind, as the love of playfulness: and, when the fit is upon her, she regards not whether it is a china cup, or a cork, that she pats and tosses about. But her *sport* will certainly be the *death* of Lord G——'s happiness. Pity that Sir Charles, who only has power over her, is obliged to go abroad so soon! But she has principles: Lady Grandison's daughter, Sir Charles Grandison's sister, must have principles. The solemnity of the occasion; the office; the church; the altar;—must strike her: The vow—Will she not regard the vow she makes in circumstances so awful? Could but my Lord G—— assume dignity, and mingle raillery with it, and be able to laugh *with* her, and sometimes *at* her, she would not make *him* her sport: she would find somebody else: A butt she must have to shoot at: but I am afraid he will be too sensible of her smartness: and she will have her jest, let who will suffer by it.

Some of the contents of your last are very agreeable to me, Lucy. I will begin in earnest to think of leaving London. Don't let me look silly in your eyes, my dear, when I come. It was not so *very* presumptuous in me (was it?) to hope—When all his relations—When he himself—Yet what room for hope did he, *could* he, give me? He was honest; and I cheated myself: but then all you, my dearest friends, encouraged the cheat: nay, pointed my wishes, and my hopes, by yours, before I had dared (or shall I say, condescended?) to own them to myself.

You may let that Greville know, if you please, that there is no room for his *If's*, nor, of consequence, any for his *menaces*. You may own, that I shall soon be in Northamptonshire. This may prevent his and Fenwick's threatened journey to town.

But, Lucy, though my heart has been ever *dutifully*, as I may say, open to the venerable domestic circle; though it would not have been an honest heart, could it, circumstanced as I was, have concealed itself from Lady D——; and must have been an impenetrable one indeed, if it could have been disguised to the two sisters here—yet, I beseech you, my dear, almost on my knees I beseech you, let not the audacious, the insulting Greville, have ground given him to suspect a weakness in your Harriet, which indelicate minds know not how to judge of delicately. For sex-sake, for example-sake, Lucy, let it not be known, to any but the partial, friendly few, that our grandmamma Shirley's child, and aunt Selby's niece, has been a volunteer in her affections. How many still more forward girls would plead Mrs. Shirley's approbation of the hasty affection, without considering the circumstances, and the object! So the next girl that runs away to a dancing-master, or an ensign, would reckon herself one of Harriet's school.

Poor Mr. Orme! I am sorry he is not well. It is cruel in you, Lucy, at *this* time, to say (so undoubtingly), that his illness is owing to his love of me. You knew that such a suggestion would pain me. Heaven restore Mr. Orme!

But I am vexed, as it cannot be to purpose, that Sir Charles Grandison and I have been named together, and talked of, in your neighbourhood!—He will be gone abroad:

I shall return to Northamptonshire: and shall look *so* silly! So like a refused girl!

'Everybody gives me to him,' you say—So much the worse. I wonder what business this everybody has to trouble itself about me.

One consolation, however, I shall have in my return; and this is, in my Nancy's recovered health; which was so precarious when I set out for London.

But I shall have nothing to entertain you with when I am with you: Sir Charles Grandison, Lord and Lady L——, Lady G—— (as now in three or four days she will be), my dear Miss Jervois, Dr. Bartlett, will be all my subject. And have I not exhausted that by pen and ink? Oh no! The doctor promises to correspond with me; and he makes no doubt but Sir Charles will correspond with him, as usual.

What can the unusually tender friendship be called which he professed for me, and, as I may say, claimed in return from me? I know that he has no notion of the love called *Platonic*. Nor have I: I think it, in general, a dangerous allowance; and, with regard to our sex, a very unequal one; since, while the man has nothing to fear, the woman has everything, from the privileges that may be claimed, in an *acknowledged* confidence, especially in presence. Miss Grandison thus interprets what he said, and strengthens her opinion by some of Dr. Bartlett's late intimations that he really loves me; but not being at liberty to avow his love, he knew not what to say; and so went as near to a declaration as was possible to do in his circumstances.

But might I not expect, from such a profession of friendship in Sir Charles, an offer of correspondence in absence? And if he made the offer, ought I to decline it? Would it not indicate too much on *my* side, were I to do so?—And does it not on *his*, if he make not the offer? He corresponds with Mrs. Beaumont: nobody thinks that anything can be meant by that correspondence on *either* side; because Mrs. Beaumont must be at least forty: Sir Charles but six or seven and twenty: but if he makes not the request to Harriet, who is but little more than twenty; what, after such professions of a friendship so tender, will be inferred from his forbearance?

But I shall puzzle myself, and you too, Lucy, if I go on with this sort of reasoning; because I shall not know how to put all I mean into words. Have I not already puzzled you? I think my expression is weak and perplexed—But this offered and accepted friendship between two persons not indelicate, must be perplexing; since he is the only young man in the world, from whom a woman has no dishonour to fear.—Ah, Lucy!—It would be vanity in me, would it not, to suppose that he had more to fear from Harriet, than she has from him; as the virtue of either, I hope, is not questionable? But the event of his Italian visit will explain and reconcile everything.

I will encourage a drowsy fit, that seems to be stealing upon me. If I have not written with the perspicuity I always aim at, allow, Lucy, for the time of night; for spirits not high; and for the subject, which having its delicacies, as well as uncertainties, I am not able to write clearly upon it.

END OF VOL. II.

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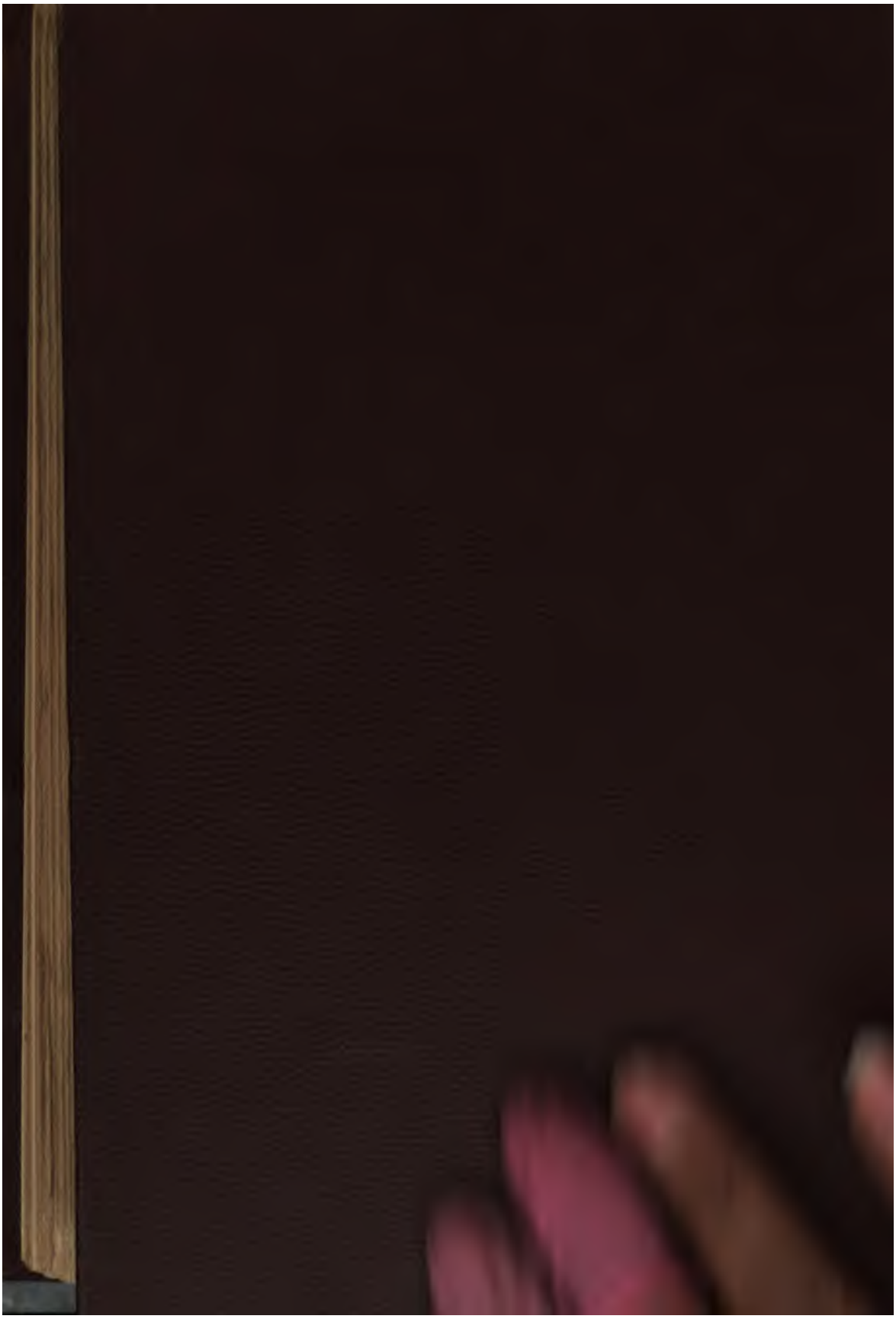
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